

VOL. 1, No. 5
February 1915

The New York Times

PRICE
25 Cents

YERGENY COMMERCE LIBRARY
RECEIVED
JUL 7 1941
HARTFORD, CONN.

CURRENT HISTORY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

THE EUROPEAN WAR

WAR PICTURES

64 Rotogravure Scenes and Portraits

NEW RUSSIA SPEAKS

Expressions of Her Press and Public Men

Cardinal Mercier's Pastoral Letter

PUBLISHED by the NEW YORK TIMES COMPANY
Times Square, New York

ONE DOLLAR

will purchase four copies of the New York Times Current History, delivered postpaid at any address in the United States. This magazine, the first four numbers of which were issued semi-monthly, has now brought the history of the great European War from its beginning to the present time. With this number, it begins to appear monthly. One may start subscribing at any time intelligently,—now if you prefer—but, for historical completeness, it is advisable to begin a subscription with the first number, which is dated December 12, 1914. Any four numbers at any address for

ONE DOLLAR

ADDRESS

NEW YORK TIMES CURRENT HISTORY
TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK

The Century Dictionary and Cyclopaedia

(Revised and Enlarged)

PRINTED ON INDIA PAPER

BOUND IN BRITANNICA STYLES



The India Paper Century
in Britannica Sheepskin Binding

One India Paper Volume as shown here contains absolutely the same contents, every page and every word, as two thick volumes of The Century, the five thin volumes of the Dictionary and one volume of the Cyclopaedia being printed from the same plates as the original eleven thick volumes, thus reducing the size from 27½ inches in width to 10.

9,848 pages, 10,000 illustrations, 600,000 definitions, 300,000 quotations, 55,000 proper names, besides 42 full-page plates, many of them in color.

Another "Revolution in Publishing"

The remarkable innovation of using India paper—thin but strong and opaque—for the new 11th edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* was described as "an inspiration of genius." The use of this expensive India paper for THE CENTURY DICTIONARY AND CYCLOPEDIA OF PROPER NAMES has given equally satisfactory results, and the bindings in Britannica styles are acknowledged to be very handsome.

Heretofore THE CENTURY has been printed on thick paper, and its volumes have measured 12 x 9 x 2½ inches. In its unique India Paper format, THE CENTURY DICTIONARY AND CYCLOPEDIA OF PROPER NAMES will consist of only six volumes, each 1¾ inches in thickness, the Dictionary being in five volumes, the book of proper names in one.

At HALF PRICE—Before Publication

A GENUINE BARGAIN—The Most Successful, The Greatest, Best, and Most Authoritative Dictionary and Cyclopaedia of the Whole English Language, "A Stupendous Magazine of Information on All Matters that Can Engage the Human Intellect"—now offered, for a brief period, at prices which are absolutely without precedent.

\$1.00
1 Down

We have made most favorable arrangements with The Century Company for the right to print THE CENTURY DICTIONARY AND CYCLOPEDIA OF PROPER NAMES (Revised and Enlarged 1914) on our Britannica India paper. These sets we will bind up in the beautiful Britannica bindings which have been so much admired. As we assumed all the risk and expense in the manufacturing, we were able to make a very favorable contract with The Century Company, so that we can offer the work at a very large discount from regular prices—equal to about 50 per cent.; but we can only allow this discount in case book-buyers shall respond quickly, thereby enabling us to print and bind the work in large quantities; only in this way can we save enough in the manufacturing to warrant so great a reduction in price. Our offer is, therefore, *limited both as to time and to price.*

The India paper impression of this celebrated work is now being printed, and the first copies will be ready early in March. Orders in advance are now being registered (by mail only), but, as we anticipate an enormous demand, *prompt* action is necessary. The complete set will be sent for cash in full, or on a first payment of only \$1.00 down. After publication, the price will be increased.

This Great Word-Book and Fact-Book Is:

1.—A Dictionary of Word-History and Etymology. 2.—A Dictionary of Quotations. 3.—A Dictionary of Synonyms. 4.—A Dictionary of Art and Applied Art. 5.—A Dictionary of Medicine and Surgery. 6.—A Dictionary of Scientific Terms. 7.—A Dictionary of Natural History. 8.—A Dictionary of Law and Legal Terms. 9.—A Dictionary of Commerce, Finance, Insurance, etc. 10.—A Dictionary of Military and Nautical Terms. 11.—A Dictionary of Theology. 12.—A Dictionary of Practical Arts and Trades. 13.—A Dictionary of Engineering and Technology. 14.—A Dictionary of Music. 15.—A Handbook of Electricity. 16.—A Dictionary and Cyclopaedia of Architecture. 17.—A Dictionary and Cyclopaedia of Archaeology. 18.—A Dictionary of Astronomical Terms. 19.—A Dictionary of Abbreviations. 20.—A Fictorial Cyclopaedia of Common Things. 21.—Also a Cyclopaedia of 55,000 Proper Names in Biography, Geography, History, Mythology, Literature, Art, Architecture, Institutions, Religion, etc., with explanatory and descriptive data under each entry.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY AND CYCLOPEDIA, the greatest work of American scholarship, has already been bought at higher prices by more than 200,000 persons.

It is the only complete and authoritative dictionary of the whole English language down to 1914. It embraces the entire vocabulary from the obsolete words of Chaucer and Wyclif to the scientific, trade and slang terms of the present day.

It is, at the same time, a condensed cyclopaedia of universal knowledge.

(Full particulars, prices, bindings, specimen pages, etc., free to readers of *The Times History of the War* upon request.)

THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA CO.
120 West 32nd Street, New York City

The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life

By Mme. L. de Hegermann-Lindencrone

The author of "In the Courts of Memory" has written in this new volume further reminiscences of her interesting life as a diplomat's wife in five great capitals.

Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

California: An Intimate History

By Gertrude Atherton

"The early history of California, in the hands of Gertrude Atherton, reads like a romance. Even her description of its geological cataclysms and igneous activities acquires under her pen an almost human interest. . . . Truly a valuable preparation for a visit to the exposition of 1926."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

Life in America One Hundred Years Ago

By Gaillard Hunt

"Comprehensive, thorough, this picture of the customs, tastes, politics, fashions, amusements, social life, and other phases of the daily existence of the America of a hundred years ago is always light in manner, with an unfailing vein of appreciation of the humorous as well as the serious side of things."—*New York Tribune.*

Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

Famous Affinities of History

By Lyndon Orr

History, of course, but as easy and interesting reading as fiction. For Antony and Cleopatra, Queen Elizabeth and Leicester, Catharine of Russia and Prince Potemkin, King Charles and Nell Gwyn, Napoleon and Marie Walewski, Maurice of Saxony and Adrienne Lecouvreur, and many others whose stories are told here not only moulded the world's destiny, but lived romances.

Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

The Spanish Dependencies in South America

By Prof. Bernard Moses, University of California

This important work deals with the period between 1550 and 1730—the beginnings of European civilization in widely separated regions of South America. Conquests, settlements, the slave trade, piracy, the missions, the relation of the clergy to the civil government, and transportation, are some of the subjects interspersed among the records of viceroys, revolts, and assertions of the Crown authority.

Two volumes. \$5.00 net.

Must Protestantism Adopt Christian Science?

A Churchman's View

By Rev. J. Winthrop Hegeman

A bold and earnest document in which a clergyman of the Episcopal Church suggests the adoption by Protestant churches of the essentials of Christian Science. He compares the fruitage of the Christian Scientists' faith with that of the average church; their theology with that of the churches.

12mo. 75 cents net.

A Guide to Good English

By Robert Palfrey Utter

"A helpful little book and offers in accessible form the facts about the use of the English language which every writer needs to have where he can refer to them."—*Times-Picayune*, New Orleans. Deals with spelling, punctuation, grammar, sentence and paragraph structure, expository and argumentative writing, and prosody.

Post 8vo. \$1.20 net.

Party Government in the United States of America

By Prof. William M. Sloane

A history of American politics, an exposition of party political tendencies in practice. The evolution and development of the different parties are traced back to their beginnings.

Crown 8vo. \$2.00 net.

Applied City Government

By Herman G. James

The Principles and Practices of City Charter-Making

The present work is an outgrowth of a special study along constructive lines. The book gives in logical order the matters with which a city charter must deal. In each case this general discussion is followed by model charter provisions in practical form. From actual tests in classroom work this presentation is recommended as useful for classes in municipal government.

16mo, 75 cents, School.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS



"APOLLO AND THE MUSES," by Thorwaldsen. Bas-relief, ivory finish, 10' x 5'

IF you signify that you are a lover of beautiful things, by accepting the coupon offer below, you will receive absolutely **FREE**, all charges prepaid, the beautiful bas-relief shown above, ready to hang on your wall.

The mere fact that you want this exquisite plaque will be a sign to us that you are the kind of reader we want for **THE CRAFTSMAN**. For only if you yearn for beautiful things for your home, beauty in your surroundings, beauty everywhere, will you enjoy **THE CRAFTSMAN**. Not only because it is in itself a thing of beauty—acclaimed in Europe as the most beautiful magazine published—but because it will help you to bring beauty into your home, your life, and the lives of others—so that you too will call it "the most worth-while magazine in America."

Our *Architectural Dept.* will help you draw the plans for your new home. Our *Interior Decorating Dept.* will help you decorate it. Our *Service Dept.* will help you solve your home problems. Our *Homebuilders' Exposition* (four floors) is a complete education for the homelover.

Each issue of **THE CRAFTSMAN** (monthly) is a treasury of unique, sumptuously illustrated articles on art, homebuilding, decoration, gardening, homemaking, the training of youth, the making of beautiful things, the making of beautiful cities,—indeed, everything that makes for a better, happier, more beautiful America.

The Coupon offer below is your opportunity to discover for yourself the potency and beauty of **THE CRAFTSMAN**. If it fails to come up to your expectations, your remittance will be returned, and you will not be asked to return the magazines sent to you.

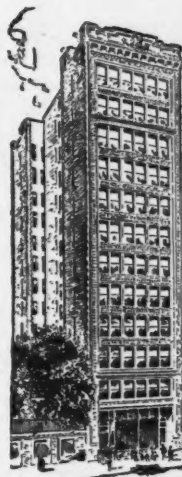
THE CRAFTSMAN, Craftsman Building, 6 East 39th St., New York.

Please record me as a trial subscriber to **THE CRAFTSMAN** for four months, beginning with the February issue. Send me in addition one previous number **FREE**, and the bas-relief, "Apollo and the Muses," all charges prepaid, in accordance with your special offer. I enclose \$1.00, on the understanding that I may cancel my subscription before receiving the March issue, and you will return the \$1.00 promptly, and not require me to return the magazines sent to me.

(Signed).....

TM2

Address.....



This beautiful building, on 30th Street, just off Fifth Avenue, becomes your Club-house when you become a *Craftsman* subscriber.

Visit the famous *Furniture Shops*, the *Homebuilders' Exposition* (four floors), and the *Craftsman Restaurant*—that all New York is talking about.

BOOKS ON THE EUROPEAN SITUATION

The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century

By HOUSTON STEWART CHAMBERLAIN.

A translation from the German by John Lees. With an Introduction by Lord Redesdale. New Popular edition. Two volumes. 8vo. Cloth. \$5.00 net.

One of the most stimulating and important books written in the last twenty years. Mr. Chamberlain has something new to say on such subjects as the Renaissance, the meaning of religion, evolution, the question of race, importance of nations, and the part played by the Teutonic peoples in the history of the world.

Carillons of Belgium and Holland

Tower Music in the Low Countries.

By WILLIAM GORHAM RICE. With 32 illustrations, etc. Large 12mo. Cloth. \$1.50 net.

"This work is the result of painstaking and careful original investigation, deriving additional value from the fact that perhaps many of the towers have been destroyed by the war."—*Alfred Remy, Musical Critic.*

"In every respect one of the most perfect works of its kind that I have ever seen. The choice of the illustrations is especially happy. I take up the book often as a joy and relief."—*Alfred D. White, Chairman of the First Hague Conference.*

Behind the Veil at the Russian Court

By COUNT PAUL VASSILI. With frontispiece and 22 photogravure plates. 8vo. Cloth. \$4.50 net.

"This book, containing graphic revelations of social, political and imperial life in Russia, is one of the most notable of the year. In addition to its personal and historical interest, it contains some pages of marked literary quality."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

The Invincible Alliance

AND OTHER ESSAYS—POLITICAL, SOCIAL AND LITERARY. By FRANCIS GRIERSON. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.25 net.

In this book, written two years ago, Mr. Grierson predicts the present war. He writes: "We are about to enter a phase of existence so new, so strange, so fantastically paradoxical, so extravagantly unhistorical, so ironically bewildering, that it is hardly possible to conceive the situation." As to the final outcome, he says: "The new era will bring with it a spiritual renaissance and the unity of the Anglo-American people."

Changing Russia

By STEPHEN GRAHAM, author of "Undiscovered Russia," etc. With 15 illustrations and a map. 8vo. Cloth. \$2.50 net.

The natural demand for information about the Russian people has caused a boom in the books of Stephen Graham, including "A Vagabond in the Caucasus," "Undiscovered Russia," and "Changing Russia." They give a better idea of the real people of the Czar than any recent book, largely because Mr. Graham endures any privation to get to the heart of things.

"The reader delights over the real charm of the work, its poetic impressions of scenery, incidents and types of character."—*New York Evening Post.*

Adventures With a Sketch Book

By DONALD MAXWELL, author of "A Cruise Across Europe." Profusely illustrated in color by the author. 4to. Cloth. \$3.00 net.

This book is of peculiar interest at the present time, as most of Mr. Maxwell's adventures took place in the country over which the present war has been raging, and he has many sketches of quaint old towns, now, alas, in ruins.

JOHN LANE COMPANY, NEW YORK

WAR FICTION—ILLUMINATING AND ENTERTAINING

The Novel the Kaiser Read Aloud

THE IRON YEAR

By WALTER BLOEM. Authorized translation by Stella Bloch. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.25 net.

This remarkable novel depicts in vivid word-painting the final struggle between France and Germany in the year 1870. The book created an extraordinary sensation in Germany, where more than twenty editions have been exhausted. The German Emperor read it aloud to the members of his Royal Family circle.

The Novel the Kaiser Suppressed

LIFE IN A GARRISON TOWN

By EX-LIEUTENANT BILSE. New popular edition. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.00 net.

The suppressed exposure of German Militarism, for the publication of which the author underwent court-martial and imprisonment in a fortress. This remarkable book provides in novel form a scathing indictment and exposure of the character and training of the Prussian officer.

UNDER THE TRI-COLOUR

By PIERRE MILLE. Being the authorized translation by Berengère Drillien of "Barnavaux et Quelques Femmes." With eight illustrations by Helen McKie. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.25 net.

The translation of this famous French novel should be particularly welcome at this time. Pierre Mille in this book may be said to have done for the French *Piou-Piou* what Kipling did for the British "Tommy." His hero is Barnavaux, a splendid and lovable ragamuffin in the Colonial Infantry. The stories are original works of art. All are striking in different ways. For directness and restraint, for marvelously skillful economy of language, the story of *Marie-faute-en-Fer*, especially, seems worthy of comparison with the work of the greatest of French short-story writers. At a moment when the French "Tommy" is the subject of so much interest and admiration in our eyes, Barnavaux should receive a particularly warm welcome, but it would be his due in any case.

AN EMPEROR IN THE DOCK

By W. DE VEER, author of "Battle Royal." 12mo. Cloth. \$1.25 net.

A Dutchman's yacht, having as passengers two young Englishmen and an American, pursued by a German cruiser; the explosion of a warship by a mine; the Emperor saved from a watery grave, and, subsequently, anarchy on board the yacht; such are the ingredients of this thrilling and timely tale of adventure by sea.

WHEN WILLIAM CAME

A Story of London Under the Hohenzollerns. By H. H. MUNRO, author of "The Chronicles of Clovis," etc. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.25 net.

A prophetic novel of the conquest of England by the Germans. London becomes a city with German and English equal languages. The Jews dominate it, but a discontent among the younger generation shows a hope that in time the English will defeat the Germans and again rule their own land. A plausible, ingenious and particularly timely story.

RED WRATH

By JOHN OXENHAM, author of "The Coil of Carne," "Queen of the Guarded Mounts," etc. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.25 net.

Mr. John Oxenham is one of those authors who may be described best as "reliable." If you have liked his other books you may be quite certain that you will like this one. "Red Wrath" deals with life in the curious little Isles of Chausey and in Paris during and after the Franco-Prussian War. It is an exciting story, with no dramatic detail omitted, and in the graceful figure of Aliette Mr. Oxenham has added another to his long list of plucky, faithful, and altogether charming heroines.

JOHN LANE COMPANY, NEW YORK

A Case of Domestic War—

This English Girl Has a German Husband



Ingeborg breaks the news to her father.

"Judith — engaged?" she stammered faintly.

"No man," began the Bishop, habit being strong within him, "knoweth the hour when the bridegroom—" But he stopped recollecting that Ingeborg was not engaged and therefore could not with propriety be talked to of bridegrooms.

"But — father, I've been doing it too."

"Doing what, Ingeborg?"

"I'm engaged, too."

The Bishop became encased in ice.

"I'm engaged to—to somebody called Dremmel."

"I do not know the name. Do you, Marion?"

"No, oh, no," breathed Mrs. Bullivant, her eyes shut.

"Who are the Dremmels, Ingeborg?"

"There aren't any."

"There aren't any?"

"I—never heard of any," she said. "We usedn't to talk about—about things like more Dremmels."

The Pastor's Wife

By the Author of

"Elizabeth and Her German Garden"

The lighter side of German and English temperament. It gives a delicious picture of German ways in a little Prussian village on the East frontier, and the amusing adventures of an English girl who goes to live there with her German pastor-husband. Incidentally this satire gets at the true racial differences underlying the present war.

Illustrated by Arthur Little

Net \$1.35



Ingeborg and Herr Dremmel call upon his mother.

The Papers say:

It is so surcharged with humor, natural, spontaneous humor, that it is like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land of dull books.

—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

One can only advise those who love good work and a good story to read this book, with its charm of a far and primitive country and a primitive people, its enchanting surprises of the unfolding of a character that is as captivating as it is understandable; above all with its delicious humor of the wife's fond, bewildering discoveries of her husband's personality as it unfolds under her eyes in their life in common.

—*The New York Tribune.*

In no spirit of burlesque or even of criticism the author gives a vivid picture of German domestic manners, and even makes us smell the German dinner.

Here is not only a clever story, but amusing, and timely in more ways than one.

—*New York Globe.*

By David Starr Jordan War and Waste

"There are very few books about war that can stand the test of events more successfully than this one. Not only does the author place his finger unerringly on the causes that have produced the present cataclysm, but he shows us many other causes that threaten cataclysms in the future and from which a sound common sense can save us."—*The Argonaut.*

Net \$1.25

Two War Books

Doubleday, Page & Co.

Garden City NEW YORK

War Stories by the Author of the Famous "Eyewitness" Dispatches The Green Curve

By OLE LUK-OIE
(Lieut. Col. E. D. Swinton, D. S. O.)

Military men declared these eleven short stories to be the most vivid and awe-inspiring war tales they had ever read.

Col. W. M. Black, U. S. A., says:

"It is only through tales of this kind that true ideas of what war is can be obtained."

New Edition, Net \$1.25

"Never was a Great War so Intelligently Recorded"

ISSUED
MONTHLY

The New York Times

PRICE
25 Cents

CURRENT HISTORY The European War

THIS magazine, which The New York Times issues in response to a general demand for the current publication in *an immediately available as well as permanent form* of the Essential Records and Vital Literature of the greatest war in the history of the world, becomes a Monthly with this issue. Its first four numbers, beginning with December 12, 1914, appeared at intervals of two weeks. The change to monthly issue means that Current History has now caught up with events.

DURING the continuance of the war, it will be *a practical necessity for all persons who are following the great catastrophe at all seriously.*

UPON the conclusion of the war, Current History will treat the greater affairs of the world, *including the vast questions arising out of the peace settlements*, with the enterprise, discrimination and thoroughness which now characterize its treatment of the active war.

IN addition to its current interest and importance, it will also become *a permanent record* of the documents and official utterances of all the nations involved and of their rulers; also of the more notable public utterances by men of influence in all lands; also of all notable writings about the war.

IT will carry in detail many important documents and utterances which have appeared necessarily in part in the daily press.

EACH number will have more than two hundred pages and will contain portraits in rich, brown rotogravure of men distinguished as participants in the European War and as authors of speeches, documents, and articles appearing in the magazine. Special rotogravure features will appear at intervals.

*For Historical Completeness, One Should Begin With The First Issue
December 12, 1914.*

Price 25 Cents *\$1.00 for Four Numbers;
\$3.00 a Year*

THE NEW YORK TIMES CURRENT HISTORY
TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK

1st Number

New York Times
Current History

Published December 12, 1914

Subject: What Men of Letters say

A Small Part of the Contents

COMMON SENSE ABOUT THE WAR

By George Bernard Shaw

SHAW'S NONSENSE ABOUT BELGIUM

By Arnold Bennett

BENNETT STATES THE GERMAN CASE

By George Bernard Shaw

FLAWS IN SHAW'S LOGIC

By Cunninghame Graham

SHAW EMPTY OF GOOD SENSE

By Christabel Pankhurst

OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT WILSON

By George Bernard Shaw

THE FOURTH OF AUGUST—EUROPE AT WAR

By H. G. Wells

WHAT THE GERMAN CONSCRIPT THINKS

By Arnold Bennett

BARRIE AT BAY: WHICH WAS BROWN?

An Interview on the War

A CREDO FOR KEEPING FAITH

By John Galsworthy

HARD BLOWS, NOT HARD WORDS

By Jerome K. Jerome

"AS THEY TESTED OUR FATHERS"

By Rudyard Kipling

ON THE IMPENDING CRISIS

By Norman Angell

WHY ENGLAND CAME TO BE IN IT

By Gilbert K. Chesterton

SOUTH AFRICA'S BOERS AND BRITONS

By H. Rider Haggard

TO ARMS!

By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

THE NEED OF BEING MERCILESS

By Maurice Maeterlinck

THE VITAL ENERGIES OF FRANCE

By Henri Bergson

FRANCE THROUGH ENGLISH EYES

With René Bazin's Appreciation

GERMANY'S CIVILIZED BARBARISM

By Emile Boutroux

A LETTER TO GERHART HAUPTMANN

By Romain Rolland

ARE WE BARBARIANS?

By Gerhart Hauptmann

TO AMERICANS FROM A GERMAN FRIEND

By Ludwig Fulda

TO AMERICANS IN GERMANY

By Prof. Adolf von Harnack

THE CAUSES OF THE WAR

By Theodore Niemeyer

And 26 other Features.

Also

16 ROTOGRAVURE PORTRAITS

2d Number

New York Times
Current History

Published December 26, 1914

Subject: Who began the War and why

A Small Part of the Contents

I. THE CASE FOR GERMANY

TWELVE SPEECHES, PROCLAMATIONS AND ORDERS

By Kaiser Wilhelm II

FIVE STATEMENTS AND ADDRESSES

By the German Imperial Chancellor

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY'S VERSION OF THE WAR

By Kaiser Franz Joseph and Count Berchtold

A GERMAN REVIEW OF THE EVIDENCE

By Bernard Dernburg, German ex-Colonial Secretary

II. THE CASE FOR THE TRIPLE ENTENTE

FIRST WARNINGS OF EUROPE'S PERIL

Speeches and Statements by Sir Edward Grey, Prime Minister Asquith, Sir Edward Carson and Bonar Law

MESSAGE TO THE BRITISH DOMINIONS

By King George

SUMMONS OF GREAT BRITAIN TO ARMS

Speeches by Earl Curzon, the Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Asquith, Winston Spencer Churchill, David Lloyd George

ENTRANCE OF FRANCE INTO THE WAR

Proclamation and Addresses by President Poincaré and Premier Viviani

PLEDGE TO RUSSIAN STATESMEN AND SOLDIERS

By Czar Nicholas II

APPEAL TO THE POLES

By Grand Duke Nicholas

III. THE FACTS ABOUT BELGIUM

A BELGO-BRITISH PLOT

Statement by the German Embassy

GREAT BRITAIN'S DENIAL

By the British Foreign Office

REPLY TO GREAT BRITAIN

By Count von Bernstorff

THE GREY BOOK'S TESTIMONY

By Belgian Minister Havenith

IV. THE ATROCITIES OF THE WAR

V. THE SOCIALISTS' PART

And very many others, constituting a Minute and Invaluable Collection of the Data Concerning the War's Beginning.

Also

16 ROTOGRAVURE PORTRAITS

3d Number

New York Times
Current History

Published January 9, 1915

Subject: What Americans Say to Europe

PART CONTENTS

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF CIVILIZATION

Argued by James M. Beck

CRITICS DISPUTE MR. BECK

WHAT GLADSTONE SAIL ABOUT BELGIUM

By George Louis Beer

FIGHT TO THE BITTER END

An Interview with Andrew Carnegie

THE WAY TO PEACE

An Interview with Jacob H. Schiff

THE ELIOT-SCHIFF LETTERS

By Jacob H. Schiff and Charles W. Eliot

PROBABLE CAUSES AND OUTCOME OF THE WAR

*Series of Five Letters by Charles W. Eliot,
with Related Correspondence*

A WAR OF DISHONOR

By David Starr Jordan

MIGHT OR RIGHT

By John Grier Hibben

THE KAISER AND BELGIUM

By John W. Burgess

AMERICA'S PERIL IN JUDGING GERMANY

By William M. Sloane

"TO AMERICANS LEAVING GERMANY"

A German Circular

GERMAN DECLARATIONS

By Rudolf Eucken and Ernst Haeckel

CONCERNING GERMAN CULTURE

By Brander Matthews

CULTURE VS. KULTUR

By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

APPORTIONING THE BLAME

By Arthur von Briesen

FRENCH HATE AND ENGLISH JEALOUSY

By Kuno Francke

IN DEFENSE OF AUSTRIA

By Baron L. Hengelmüller

RUSSIAN ATROCITIES

By George Haven Putnam

"THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE"

Interview with Nicholas Murray Butler

THE VERDICT OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

By Newell Dwight Hallis

WHAT THE ECONOMIC EFFECTS MAY BE

By Irving Fisher

EFFECTS OF WAR ON AMERICA

By Roland G. Usher

MILITARISM AND CHRISTIANITY

By Lyman Abbott

And 22 other articles of importance

Also

16 ROTOGRAVURE PORTRAITS

4th Number

New York Times
Current History

Published January 23d, 1915

Subject: The War at Close Quarters

PART CONTENTS

SIR JOHN FRENCH'S OWN STORY

*Famous Dispatches of the British Commander-in-Chief to Lord Kitchener
(With Maps)*

STORY OF THE "EYE-WITNESS"

By Col. E. D. Swinton of the Intelligence Department of the British General Staff

THE GERMAN ENTRY INTO BRUSSELS (With Map)

By John Boon

THE FALL OF ANTWERP

By a Correspondent of "The London Daily Chronicle"

AS THE FRENCH FELL BACK ON PARIS

By G. H. Perris

THE RETREAT TO PARIS

By Philip Gibbs

A ZOUAVE'S STORY

By Philip Gibbs

WHEN WAR BURST ON ARRAS

By a Special Correspondent

THE BATTLES IN BELGIUM (With Map)

By the Associated Press

AT THE KAISER'S HEADQUARTERS

By Cyril Brown, of "The New York Times"

HOW THE BELGIANS FIGHT

By a Correspondent of "The London Daily News"

A VISIT TO THE FIRING LINE IN FRANCE

By a Correspondent of "The New York Times"

ALONG THE GERMAN LINES NEAR METZ

By the Associated Press

THE SLAUGHTER IN ALSACE

By John H. Cox

RENNENKAMPF ON THE RUSSIAN BORDER

By a Correspondent of "The London Daily Chronicle"

THE FIRST FIGHT AT LODZ (With Map)

By Perceval Gibbon

THE FIRST INVASION OF SERBIA (With Map)

By a Correspondent of "The London Standard"

THE ATTACK ON TSING-TAU

By Jefferson Jones

THE EMDEN'S LAST FIGHT

By the Cable Operator at Cocos Islands

THE EFFECTS OF WAR IN FOUR COUNTRIES

By Irvin S. Cobb

PARIS IN OCTOBER

From "The London Times"

A NEW RUSSIA MEETS GERMANY

By Perceval Gibbon

And many other articles of importance.

Also

16 ROTOGRAVURE PORTRAITS

The March Number

(The Sixth)

Will have exceptional interest because it will deal, in part, with the hotbed and vortex of European international intrigue. A feature will be called

The Caldron of the Balkans

This starting point of the Great Conflagration will be pictured, with all its complicated bearings upon later events, as it was on August 1, 1914; many things will become plain. It will consider

**The War through Turkish Eyes
The War as Greece Sees It
The Bulgarian Viewpoint
Rumania's Special
Interests, etc.**

Also the Full Text of
**The Official French Report
on German Atrocities**

Also
**A SPECIAL ROTOGRAVURE FEATURE
War Cartoons from All Countries**

In all respects an exceptional and absorbing number

Following Numbers

Of

The New York Times
CURRENT HISTORY

Will carry out to the full the purposes
and standards indicated by the con-
tents of the first four numbers.

Upon the Conclusion of the War,
CURRENT HISTORY will

treat of the Greater
Affairs of the World,

including the vast

questions arising

out of the peace

settlements,

with thorough-

ness and dis-

crimination.



To Subscribe

for The New York Times Cur-
rent History for yourself or friends,
tear off this sheet along the diagonal
line, fill out the form below and mail,
enclosing price.

The New York Times Current History
Times Square, New York City

Enclosed please find \$ _____, for which please enter my
subscription to your **CURRENT HISTORY**, for
months _____
year _____ beginning _____

Please send the magazine to

Name

Street

City State

25 cents a copy

\$1 first 4 numbers

\$3 a year

Joseph H. Choate

Former Ambassador to
Great Britain, writes:

"The New York *Times* is rendering an inestimable service to all future historians and to the world by the wonderful compilation which, under the title of 'Current History of the European War,' it is publishing of the contemporaneous utterances of all the great personages involved concerning its cause and progress.

"A very great difficulty which the student and the writer of history has found in the past is the lack of original materials and of knowing where and how to find them; but this publication gives, in their own language, and in an impartial way, exactly what emperors, kings, state men, publicists, authors of every nation concerned, said about every act at the time when it challenged public attention, and a great many of the utterances are themselves actual facts of history, and steps in the origin and progress of the war.

"Each nation here speaks for itself, by its own authorized spokesman, and the reader who desires to make up his mind on the merits of any question involved can do so after hearing the best that can be said by every party to the conflict.

"In fact, a careful reading of even these two first numbers, which contain also the views and arguments of distinguished critics on every question, will possess the reader with the full means of making up his mind on the merits of the conflict up to date.

"I regard the collection as simply invaluable, and it is just what the student or the writer of the history of any former war would have searched for in vain and could only have gathered together by infinite labor and pains on his own part."

The New York Times

CURRENT HISTORY

THE EUROPEAN WAR

Published Monthly by the New York Times Company, New York

Vol. I—No. 5

February, 1915

25 cents a Copy
\$3.00 a Year

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE NEW RUSSIA SPEAKS	
AN APPEAL BY RUSSIAN AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND ACTORS	817
With Their Signatures	
RUSSIA IN LITERATURE	819
By British Men of Letters	
RUSSIA AND EUROPE'S WAR	821
By Paul Vinogradoff	
RUSSIAN APPEAL FOR THE POLES	825
By A. Kononov of the Russian Duma	
I AM FOR PEACE (Poem)	826
By Laurana Sheldon	
UNITED RUSSIA	827
By Peter Struve	
PRINCE TRUBETSKOI'S APPEAL TO RUSSIANS	830
To Help the Polish Victims of War	
HOW PROHIBITION CAME TO RUSSIA	831
An Interview with the Reformer Tchelisheff	
INFLUENCE OF THE WAR UPON RUSSIAN INDUSTRY	834
By the Russian Ministry of Commerce	
DECLARATION OF THE RUSSIAN INDUSTRIAL INTERESTS	835
A RUSSIAN FINANCIAL AUTHORITY ON THE WAR	836
By Prof. Migoulin	
PROPOSED INTERNAL LOANS OF RUSSIA	837
(Prof. Migoulin's Plan)	
HOW RUSSIAN MANUFACTURERS FEEL	838
Digested from Russkia Vedomosti	
NEW SOURCES OF REVENUE NEEDED	839
By A. Sokolov	
OUR RUSSIAN ALLY	840
By Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace	
CONFISCATION OF GERMAN PATENTS	849
By the Russian Ministry of Commerce	
A RUSSIAN INCOME TAX	850
Proposed by the Ministry of Finance	
PING PONG (Poem)	850
By Beatrice Barry	
TOOLS OF THE RUSSIAN JUGGERNAUT	851
By M. J. Bonn	
FATE OF THE JEWS IN POLAND	854
By Georg Brandes	
COMMERCIAL TREATIES AFTER THE WAR	863
By P. Maslov	
THE WOMAN'S PART (Poem)	864
By Mazie V. Caruthers	
PHOTOGRAPHIC REVIEW OF THE WAR	
64 WAR PICTURES PRINTED IN ROTOGRAVURE	865

Copyright, 1915, by The New York Times Company. All Rights Reserved. Entered at the Post Office in New York as second class matter.

CONTENTS—Continued

	PAGE
PATRIOTISM AND ENDURANCE	
The Pastoral Letter of Cardinal D. J. Mercier, Archbishop of Malines	913
APPEAL TO AMERICA FOR BELGIUM (Poem)	924
By Thomas Hardy	
WITH THE GERMAN ARMY	
By CYRIL BROWN	925
STORY OF THE MAN WHO FIRED ON RHEIMS CATHEDRAL	928
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S COMMENT	931
THE GERMAN AIRMEN	932
GERMAN GENERALS TALK OF THE WAR	934
HUMAN DOCUMENTS OF THE WAR	
SWIFT REVERSAL TO BARBARISM	939
By Vance Thompson	
CIVIL LIFE IN BERLIN	943
From <i>The London Times</i>	
BELGIAN BOY TELLS STORY OF AERSCHOT	945
From <i>The New York Times</i>	
THE NEUTRALS (Poem)	948
By Beatrice Barry	
FIFTEEN MINUTES ON THE YSER	949
From <i>The New York Times</i>	
SEEING NIEUPOORT UNDER SHELL FIRE	951
From <i>The New York Times</i>	
RAID ON SCARBOROUGH SEEN FROM A WINDOW	954
By Ruth Kauffmann	
HOW THE BARONESS HID HER HUSBAND ON A VESSEL	956
From <i>The New York Times</i>	
WARSAW SWAMPED WITH REFUGEES	957
By H. W. Bodkinson	
AFTER THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE IN GALICIA	958
From <i>The London Times</i>	
OFFICER IN BATTLE HAD LITTLE FEELING	959
By the Associated Press	
THE BATTLE OF NEW YEAR'S DAY	961
By Perceval Gibbon	
BASS'S STORY	963
From <i>The New York Times</i>	
THE WASTE OF GERMAN LIVES	964
By Perceval Gibbon	
THE FLIGHT INTO SWITZERLAND	966
By Ethel Therese Hugh	
ONCE FAIR BELGRADE IS A SKELETON CITY	969
From <i>The New York Times</i>	
LETTERS AND DIARIES	
A GROUP OF SOLDIERS' LETTERS	971
THE FIRST GERMAN PRISONERS	974
TWO LETTERS FROM THE TRENCHES	975
THE BAPTISM OF FIRE	977
AN ALL-NIGHT ATTACK	979
THE GERMANS AS SEEN FROM A CONVENT	981
WAR-TIME SCENES IN ROUEN	982
"IT IS FOR US AND FOR FRANCE"	983
"CHANT OF HATE AGAINST ENGLAND"	984
How Ernst Liesauer's Lines were "Sung to Pieces" in Germany	
ANSWERING THE "CHANT OF HATE"	988
By Beatrice M. Barry	
ENGLAND CAUSED THE WAR	989
By T. von Bethmann-Hollweg, German Imperial Chancellor	
A SONG OF THE SIEGE GUN (Poem)	992
By Katharine Drayton Mayrant Simons, Jr.	

CONTENTS—*Continued*

	PAGE
WHY ENGLAND FIGHTS GERMANY	993
By Hilaire Belloc	
AT THE VILLA ACHILLEION, CORFU (Poem)	999
By H. T. Sudduth	
GERMANY'S STRATEGIC RAILWAYS (With Map)	1000
By Walter Littlefield	
GLORY OF WAR (Poem)	1004
By Adeline Adams	
AREA OF WAR IN WESTERN EUROPE (Map)	1005
AREA OF WAR IN EAST PRUSSIA AND POLAND (Map)	1006

CHRONOLOGY OF THE WAR

SHOWING PROGRESS OF CAMPAIGNS ON ALL FRONTS AND COLLATERAL EVENTS FROM OCT. 15, 1914, TO
JAN. 7, 1915

CAMPAIGN IN EASTERN EUROPE	1007
CAMPAIGN IN WESTERN EUROPE	1010
CAMPAIGN IN THE FAR EAST	1012
CAMPAIGN IN AFRICA	1012
CAMPAIGN IN ASIA MINOR AND EGYPT	1012
NAVAL RECORD	1013
AERIAL RECORD	1015
AMERICAN INTERESTS	1015
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY	1015
BELGIUM	1016
CANADA	1017
ENGLAND	1017
FRANCE	1018
GERMANY	1019
HOLLAND	1020
INDIA	1020
ITALY	1020
JAPAN	1021
RUSSIA	1021
TURKEY	1021
RELIEF WORK	1022
RESERVISTS	1023
SOUTHEASTERN THEATRE OF THE WAR (Map)	1024

LIST OF PORTRAITS

	PAGE
THE PRINCE OF WALES IN WAR KIT	817
FIELD MARSHAL PAUL VON HINDENBURG	817
ADMIRAL SIR CHRISTOPHER CRADOCK	832
ADMIRAL COUNT VON SPEE	832
VICE ADMIRAL FREDERICK STURDEE	928
ADMIRAL SIR JOHN FISHER	928
ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ	944
PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA	944
H. S. H. PRINCE LOUIS ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG	964
FIELD MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS	964
FIELD MARSHAL EARL KITCHENER	972
GEN. VON BISSING	972
ARCHDUKE FREDERICK	976
DR. VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG	976
GEN. LIMAN VON SANDERS PASHA	992
GEN. KAMIO	992

BY THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. EVENING SUN

Third Revised Edition

THE GREAT WAR

THE FIRST PHASE

(FROM THE ASSASSINATION OF THE ARCHDUKE TO THE
FALL OF ANTWERP)

By FRANK H. SIMONDS

With 13 new maps

A BOOK THAT NO THOUGHTFUL MAN
OR WOMAN CAN AFFORD NOT TO READ

"Interesting, informing, brilliant."

The New Republic.

"...a fair, impartial, comprehensive view of
the whole field of the actual campaign."

Indianapolis News.

"...from cover to cover of the book, there is
not so much as a dull line."

San Francisco Chronicle.

"...of special value to Americans."

Cincinnati Enquirer.

"The Great War' is the most timely and
one of the most valuable books on the European
war to come from the press."

Pittsburgh Sun.

"It is an attempt, and a brilliant one, to give
a connected, logical account of the first phase
of the war. Among all the war books of the
day, it stands alone as a real record, and is
therefore invaluable."

Kentucky Post.

"...their brilliant combination of exceptional
knowledge of military history and a vividly
rapid and colorful style. Mr. Simonds' book
contains considerable matter of permanent
value."

N. Y. Evening Post.

"One of the most competent commentators
on the world war now being fought has been Mr.
Frank H. Simonds, displaying a knowledge of
the theory and conduct of war, and giving evi-
dence of being a student of military history."

Boston Evening Transcript.

"The author not only is a recorder of facts,
but an explainer of them; he translates into a
word picture, so that all can understand, the
sometimes mysterious, often perplexing, move-
ments of armies; he throws such a calcium upon
the battling millions of Europe that the aims
and methods of strategists and tacticians
become very much less foggy to the average
American mind."

New York Times.

"Mr. Simonds' book possesses definite
historic value, and it is written in a fashion
admirably calculated to present the essentials
before the average reader in readily compre-
hensive terms."

Philadelphia Press.

"...obviously the work of a man profoundly
informed as to political and military history as
to give them rare, one may say singular, im-
portance. It is scant justice to this volume to
say that it stands alone in the literature of the
present war."

New York Press.

"They present the battle stories of Europe
almost in terms of vision. One really seems to
see through them the alignments and deploy-
ments of great armies and the movements to
fighting fronts."

New York World.

"...combining an exceptional knowledge of
military history with a vivid and rapid style.
His attitude is absolutely impartial. Altogether
his book is a valuable one for the layman."

Montreal Star.

\$1.25 net at all bookshops

The Second Volume of *The Great War* will be ready in May

MITCHELL KENNERLEY



PUBLISHER, NEW YORK



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN WAR KIT.
(Photo © by American Press Assn.)



FIELD MARSHAL PAUL VON HINDENBURG.
Commander of the German Armies in the East.
(Photo from Brown Bros.)

The New York Times

CURRENT HISTORY

THE EUROPEAN WAR

FEBRUARY, 1915

The New Russia Speaks

An Appeal by Russian Authors, Artists, and Actors

[From the *Russkia Vedomosti*, No. 223, Sept. 28, (Oct. 11,) 1914, P. 6.]

WE appeal to our country, we appeal to the whole civilized world.

What our heart and our reason refused to believe has come indisputably true, to the greatest shame of humanity. Every new day brings new horrible proofs of the cruelty and the vandalism of the Germans in the bloody clash of nations which we are witnessing, in that neutral slaughtering of brothers provoked by the madness of these same Germans; in their vainglorious ambition to rule the world with violence, they are throwing upon the scales of the world's justice nothing but the sword. We fancy that Germany, oblivious of her past fame, has turned to the altars of her cruel national gods whose defeat has been accomplished by the incarnation of the one gracious god upon earth. Her

warriors seem to have assumed the miserable duty of reminding humanity of the latent vigor of the aboriginal beast within man, of the fact that even the leading nations of civilization, by letting loose their ill-will, may easily fall back on an equal footing with their forefathers—those half naked bands that fifteen centuries ago trampled under their heavy feet the ancient inheritance of civilization. As in the days of yore, again priceless productions of art, temples, and libraries perish in conflagration, whole cities and towns are wiped off the face of the earth, rivers are overflowing with blood, through heaps of cadavers savage men are hewing their path, and those whose lips are shouting in honor of their criminal supreme commander are inflicting untold tortures and infamies upon defenseless people, upon

aged men and women, upon captives and wounded.

Let these horrible crimes be entered upon the Book of Fate with eternal letters! These crimes shall awake within us one sole burning wish—to wrest the arms from the barbarous hands, to deprive Germany forever of that brutal power upon whose achievement she has concentrated all her thoughts. Already the seed of national pride and of hatred, widely sown by her, has awakened a magnificent growth. This hatred may spread like wildfire among other nations, and then will resound the voice of those blinded by wrath, the voice of those demanding vengeance, the voice of those repudiating everything great and

beautiful among the creations of the German genius to the rejoicing and for the benefit of all mankind.

But let us remember the disastrous results of such a course—for the black crimes thrust by Germany upon herself by drawing the sword, and the outrages in which she has indulged herself while drunk with victory are the inevitable fruits of the darkness which she has voluntarily entered. At present she is pursuing this course, encouraged even by her poets, scientists, and social and political leaders.

Her adversaries, carrying peace and victory to their peoples, shall indeed be inspired solely by holy motives.

Signed by:

- K. ARSENIYEV, I. BUNIN, A. VESSELOVSKI, NESTOR KOTLIAREVSKI, and D. OVSIANIKO-KULIKOVSKI, Honorary Members of the Academy.
- F. KORSCH, Regular Member of the Academy.
- A. GRUZINSKI, President of the Society of the Amateurs of Russian Literature.
- Prof. P. SAKULIN, Vice President.
- Prof. L. LOPATIN, President of the Moscow Psychological Association.
- N. DAVYDOV, President of the Tolstoy League of Moscow.
- Prince V. GOLYTZIN, President of the Literary, Dramatic and Musical Society of A. N. Ostrovski.
- S. SHPAZINSKI, President of the League of Russian Authors and Composers.
- I. KONDRATIEV, Secretary.
- I. POPOV, President of the Literary-Artistic Circle.
- S. IVANTZOV, Vice President.
- V. FRITSCH, President of the Council of the Newspaper Writers and Authors' Association.
- V. ANZIMIROV, Chairman of the Board.
- JULIUS BUNIN, President of the Literary Circle "Sreda" and the Vice President of the Moscow Society for Aid to Authors and Newspaper Writers.
- N. TELESHEV, Chairman of the Moscow Board of the Mutual Aid Fund for Authors and Scientists.
- A. BAKHRUSHIN, Chairman of the Board of the Literary-Theatrical Museum of the Academy of Sciences in Moscow.
- JOANN BRUSSOV, Member of the Committee of the Society of Free Esthetics.
- P. STRUVE, editor of the magazine, *Russkaya Mysl*.

N. MIKHAILOV, editor of the magazine, *Vestnik Vospitania*, (Educational Messenger.)

D. TIKHOMIROV, editor of the magazine, *Yunaia Rossiia*, (Young Russia.)

S. MAKHALOV RAZUMOVSKI, and D. GOLUBEV. TH. ARNOLD, Prof. N. BAZHENOV, Y. BALTRUSHAITIS, A. BIBIKOV, BOGDANOVITSCH, I. BELORUSSOV, Lecturer D. GENKIN, SERGIUS GLAGOL, MAXIME GORKY, V. YERMILOV, V. KALLASH, Prof. A. KIESEVETTER, E. KURTSCH-EK, V. LADYSHENSKI, A. LEDNITZKI, SERGIUS NAIDENOV, Prof. M. ROZANOV, Prof. M. ROSTOVITZEV, A. SERAFIMOVICH, SKITALET, (S. PETROV,) I. SURGUTSHEV, Lecturer K. USPENSKI, L. KHITROVO, A. TZATURIAN, Prof. A. TZINGER, I. TSHEKHOV, Lecturer S. SHAMBINAGO, N. SHKLIAR, and I. SHMELEV, the representatives of the Publishing House of the Authors in Moscow.

RUSSIAN PAINTERS.—A. ARKHIPOV, Member of Academy; A. ALADZHALOV, V. BKSHEIEV, V. BYTSCHKOV, A. VASNETZOV, Member of Academy; VICTOR VASNETZOV, S. VINOGRADOV, Member of Academy; S. ZHUKOVSKI, M. ZAITZEV, P. KELIN, A. KORIN, K. KOROVIN, S. KONENKOV, K. LEBEDEV, S. MALIUTIN, S. MERKULOV, sculptor; S. MILORADOVITCH, Y. MINTSCHENKO, L. PASTERNAK, V. PEREPLETTSCHIKOV, K. PERVUKHIN, A. STEPANOV, Member of Academy; A. SREDIN, E. SHANKS, and M. SHEMIKIN.

F. O. SHEICHTTEL, the President of the Association of the Moscow Architects, Member of the Academy.

REPRESENTING THE GREAT IMPERIAL THEATRE. — U. AVRANEK, Ancient Artist; K. ANTAROVA, L. BALANOVSKAIA, A. BOGDANOVICH, A. BONAT-CHITCH, N. BAKALEINIKOV, K. VALTZ, R. VASILEVSKI, P. VASILIEV, S. GARDENIN, A. GERASIMENKO, E. GREMINA, E. DAVYDOVA, A. DOBROVOLSKAIA, N. DOCTOR, E. KUPER, M. KUZHIAMSKI, A. LABINSKI, V. LOSSKI, E. LUTSCHEZARSKAIA, N. MAMONTOV, S. MIGDI, A. NEZHDA-NOVA, S. OLSHANSKI, V. OSIPOV, N. OSTROGRADSKAIA, V. OBTSCHINIKOV, F. ORESHKEVITCH, O. PABLOVA, TH. PAVLOVSKI, A. PRAVDINA, V. PETROV, G. PIROGOV, E. PODOLSKAIA, L. SAVRANSKI, M. SEMENOVA, S. SINITZYNA, LEONID SOBINOV, E. STEPANOVA, V. SUK, TOLKATCHEV, TRIANDOPHILION, P. TIKHONOV, A. USPENSKI, N. THEODOROV, P. FIGUROV, R. FIDELMAN, L. FILSHIN, TH. SHALIAPIN, V. SHKAFER, and F. ZRIST.

SMALL IMPERIAL THEATRE.—S. AIDAROV, &c., altogether the signatures of forty artists.

ARTISTIC THEATRE.—N. ALEXANDROV, &c., altogether the signatures of forty-nine artists.

THEATRE OF KORSCH.—Director, Mr. TH. KORSH; regisseur, A. LIAROV; representatives of the artists, A. TSCHARIN and G. MARTYNOVA.

THEATRE OF NEZLOBIN.—A. ALIABIEVA - NEZLOBINA; regisseur, N. ZVANTZEV; representatives of the artists, V. NERONOV, E. LILINA, and A. TRETIAKOVA.

MOSCOW DRAMATIC THEATRE.—Director, I. DUVAN; the regisseurs, A. SANIN and I. SCHMIDT; artists, B. BORISOV and M. BLUMENTHAL-TAMARINA.

THEATRE OF MR. P. STRUISKI.—Director, P. STRUISKI; regisseur, V. VISKOVSKI; M. MORAVSKAIA.

CHAMBER THEATRE.—A. KOONEN, N. ASLANOV, A. ZONOV, and A. TAIROV.

OPERA OF S. I. ZIMIN.—Director, S. ZIMIN; the regisseurs, PETER OLENIN and A. IVANOVSKI; conductor, E. PLOTNIKOV; representatives of the artists, M. BOTCHAROV, P. VOLGAR, V. DAMAIEV, S. DRUZIAKINA, M. ZAKREVSKAIA, V. PETROVA-ZVANTZEVA, V. TZIKOK, A. KHOKHLOV, N. SHEVELIEV, M. SHUVANOV, and the whole orchestra and the chorus.

M. IPPOLITOV-IVANOV, Director of the Moscow Conservatory; ancient professor, I. GRZHIMALI; professor, A. ILIINSKI.

P. KOTSCHETOV, Director of the Musical and Dramatical School of the Philharmonic Society; A. BRANDUKOV, Inspector of same school; professor, A. KORESHTSCHENKO.

Y. VASILIEVA, President of the Actors' Aid Society.

Russia in Literature

By British Men of Letters.

The following address, signed by a number of distinguished writers in Great Britain, and intended for publication in Russia, appeared in The London Times on Dec. 23, 1914.

To Our Colleagues in Russia:

AT this moment, when your countrymen and ours are alike facing death for the deliverance of Europe, we Englishmen of letters take the opportunity of uttering to you feelings which have been in our hearts for many years. You yourselves perhaps hardly realize what an inspiration Englishmen of the last two generations have found in your literature.

Many a writer among us can still call back, from ten or twenty or thirty years

ago, the feeling of delight and almost of bewilderment with which he read his first Russian novel. Perhaps it was "Virgin Soil" or "Fathers and Sons," perhaps "War and Peace," or "Anna Karenina"; perhaps "Crime and Punishment" or "The Idiot"; perhaps, again, it was the work of some author still living. But many of us then felt, as our poet Keats felt on first reading Homer,

"like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken."

It was a strange world that opened before us, a world full of foreign names which we could neither pronounce nor remember, of foreign customs and articles of daily life which we could not understand. Yet beneath all the strangeness there was a deep sense of having discovered a new home, of meeting our unknown kindred, of finding expressed great burdens of thought which had lain unspoken and half-realized at the depths of our own minds. The books were very different one from another, sometimes they were mutually hostile; yet we found in all some quality which made them one, and made us at one with them. We will not attempt to analyze that quality. It was, perhaps, in part, that deep Russian tenderness, which never derides but only pities and respects the unfortunate; in part that simple Russian sincerity which never fears to see the truth and to express it; but most of all it was that ever-present sense of spiritual values, behind the material and utterly transcending the material, which enables Russian literature to move so naturally in a world of the spirit, where there are no barriers between the ages and the nations, but all mankind is one.

And they call you "barbarians"! The fact should make us ask again what we mean by the words "culture" and "civilization." Critics used once to call our Shakespeare a barbarian, and might equally well give the same name to Aeschylus or Isaiah. All poets and prophets are in this sense barbarians, that they will not measure life by the standards of external "culture." And it is at a time like this, when the material civilization of Europe seems to have betrayed us and shown the lie at its heart, that we realize that the poets and prophets are right, and that we must, like them and like your great writers, once more see life with the simplicity of the barbarian or the child, if we are to regain our peace and freedom and build up a better civilization on the ruins of this that is crumbling.

That task, we trust, will some day lie before us. When at last our victorious

fleets and armies meet together, and the allied nations of East and West set themselves to restore the well-being of many millions of ruined homes, France and Great Britain will assuredly bring their large contributions of good-will and wisdom, but your country will have something to contribute which is all its own. It is not only because of your valor in war and your achievements in art, science, and letters that we rejoice to have you for allies and friends; it is for some quality in Russia herself, something both profound and humane, of which these achievements are the outcome and the expression.

You, like us, entered upon this war to defend a weak and threatened nation, which trusted you, against the lawless aggression of a strong military power; you, like us, have continued it as a war of self-defense and self-emancipation. When the end comes and we can breathe again, we will help one another to remember the spirit in which our allied nations took up arms, and thus work together in a changed Europe to protect the weak, to liberate the oppressed, and to bring eventual healing to the wounds inflicted on suffering mankind both by ourselves and our enemies.

With assurances of our friendship and gratitude, we sign ourselves,

WILLIAM ARCHER,	J. W. MACKAIL,
MAURICE BARING,	JOHN MASEFIELD,
J. M. BARRIE,	A. E. W. MASON,
ARNOLD BENNETT,	AYLMER MAUDE,
A. C. BRADLEY,	ALICE MEYNELL,
ROBERT BRIDGES,	GILBERT MURRAY,
HALL CAINE,	HENRY NEWBOLT,
G. K. CHESTERTON,	GILBERT PARKER,
ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE	ERNEST DE SELINCOURT
NEVILL FORBES,	MAY SINCLAIR,
JOHN GALSWORTHY,	D. MACKENZIE WAL-
CONSTANCE GARNETT,	LACE.
EDWARD GARNETT,	MARY A. WARD,
A. P. GOUDY,	WILLIAM WATSON,
THOMAS HARDY,	H. G. WELLS,
JANE HARRISON,	MARGARET L. WOODS,
ANTHONY HOPE,	C. HAGBERG WRIGHT.
HENRY JAMES,	

Russia and Europe's War

By Paul Vinogradoff.

The following letter to The London Times by Paul Vinogradoff, Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford University, appeared on Sept. 14, 1914. Prof. Vinogradoff was invited to return to Russia a few years ago to become a Minister of State, but on going there he found the Ministry not liberal enough for him, and returned to Oxford.

To the Editor of The Times:

SIR: I hope you may see your way to publish the following somewhat lengthy statement on one of the burning questions of the day.

In this time of crisis, when the clash of ideas seems as fierce as the struggle of the hosts, it is the duty of those who possess authentic information on one or the other point in dispute to speak out firmly and clearly. I should like to contribute some observations on German and Russian conceptions in matters of culture. I base my claim to be heard on the fact that I have had the privilege of being closely connected with Russian, German, and English life. As a Russian Liberal, who had to give up an honorable position at home for the sake of his opinions, I can hardly be suspected of subserviency to the Russian bureaucracy.

I am struck by the insistence with which the Germans represent their cause in this worldwide struggle as the cause of civilization as opposed to Muscovite barbarism; and I am not sure that some of my English friends do not feel reluctant to side with the subjects of the Czar against the countrymen of Harnack and Eucken. One would like to know, however, since when did the Germans take up this attitude? They were not so squeamish during the "war of emancipation," which gave birth to modern Germany. At that time the people of Eastern Prussia were anxiously waiting for the appearance of Cossacks as

heralds of the Russian hosts who were to emancipate them from the yoke of Napoleon. Did the Prussians and Austrians reflect on the humiliation of an alliance with the Muscovites, and on the superiority of the code civil when the Russian Guard at Kulm stood like a rock against the desperate onslaughts of Vandamme? Perhaps by this time the inhabitants of Berlin have obliterated the bas-relief in the Alley of Victories, representing Prince William of Prussia, the future victor of Sedan, seeking safety within the square of the Kaluga regiment! Russian blood has flowed in numberless battles in the cause of the Germans and Austrians. The present Armageddon might perhaps have been avoided if Emperor Nicholas I. had left the Hapsburg monarchy to its own resources in 1849, and had not unwisely crushed the independence of Hungary. Within our memory, the benevolent neutrality of Russia guarded Germany in 1870 from an attack in the rear by its opponents of Sadowa. Are all such facts to be explained away on the ground that the despised Muscovites may be occasionally useful as "gun meat," but are guilty of sacrilege if they take up a stand against German taskmasters in "shining armor"? The older generations of Germany had not yet reached that comfortable conclusion. The last recommendation which the founder of the German Empire made on his deathbed to his grandson was to keep on good terms with that Russia which is now proclaimed to be a debased mixture of Byzantine, Tartar, and Muscovite abominations.

Fortunately, the course of history does not depend on the frantic exaggerations of partisans. The world is not a classroom in which docile nations are distributed according to the arbitrary stand-

ards of German pedagogues. Europe has admired the patriotic resistance of the Spanish, Tyrolese, and Russian peasants to the enlightened tyranny of Napoleon. There are other standards of culture besides proficiency in research and aptitude for systematic work. The massacre of Louvain, the hideous brutality of the Germans—as regards non-combatants—to mention only one or two of the appalling occurrences of these last weeks—have thrown a lurid light on the real character of twentieth-century German culture. “By their fruits ye shall know them,” said our Lord, and the saying which He aimed at the Scribes and Pharisees of His time is indeed applicable to the proud votaries of German civilization today. Nobody wishes to underestimate the services rendered by the German people to the cause of European progress, but those who have known Germany during the years following on the achievements of 1870 have watched with dismay the growth of that arrogant conceit which the Greeks called *ubris*. The cold-blooded barbarity advocated by Bernhardt, the cynical view taken of international treaties and of the obligations of honor by the German Chancellor—these things reveal a spirit which it would be difficult indeed to describe as a sign of progress.

One of the effects of such a frame of mind is to strike the victim of it with blindness. This symptom has been manifest in the stupendous blunders of German diplomacy. The successors of Bismarck have alienated their natural allies, such as Italy and Rumania, and have driven England into this war against the evident intentions of English Radicals. But the Germans have misconceived even more important things—they set out on their adventure in the belief that England would be embarrassed by civil war and unable to take any effective part in the fray; and they had to learn something which all their writers had not taught them—that there is a nation's spirit watching over England's safety and greatness, a spirit at whose mighty call all party differences and racial strifes fade into insignificance. In the same way they had reck-

oned on the unpreparedness of Russia, in consequence of internal dissensions and administrative weakness, without taking heed of the love of all Russians for Russia, of their devotion to the long-suffering giant whose life is throbbing in their veins. The Germans expected to encounter raw and sluggish troops under intriguing time-servers and military Hamlets whose “native hue of resolution” had been “sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought.” Instead of that they were confronted with soldiers of the same type as those whom Frederick the Great and Napoleon admired, led at last by chiefs worthy of their men. And behind these soldiers they discovered a nation. Do they realize now what a force they have awakened? Do they understand that a steadfast, indomitable resolution, despising all theatrical display, is moving Russia's hosts? Even if the Russian Generals had proved mediocre, even if many disappointing days had been in store, the nation would not belie its history. It has seen more than one conquering army go down before it—the Tartars and the Poles, the Swedes of Charles XII., the Prussians of Frederick the Great, the Grand Army of Napoleon were not less formidable than the Kaiser's army, but the task of mastering a united Russia proved too much for each one of them. The Germans counted on the fratricidal feud between Poles and Russians, on the resentment of the Jews, on the Mohammedan sympathies with Turkey, and so forth. They had to learn too late that the Jews had rallied around the country of their hearths, and that the best of them cannot believe that Russia will continue to deny them the measure of justice and humanity which the leaders of Russian thought have long acknowledged to be due to them. More important still, the Germans have read the Grand Duke's appeal to the Poles and must have heard of the manner in which it was received in Poland, of the enthusiastic support offered to the Russian cause. If nothing else came of this great historical upheaval but the reconciliation of the Russians and their noble kinsmen the Poles, the sacrifices which this crisis demands

would not be too great a price to pay for the result.

But the hour of trial has revealed other things. It has appealed to the best feelings and the best elements of the Russian Nation. It has brought out in a striking manner the fundamental tendency of Russian political life and the essence of Russian culture, which so many people have been unable to perceive on account of the chaff on the surface. Russia has been going through a painful crisis. In the words of the Manifesto of Oct. 17, (30,) 1905, the outward casing of her administration had become too narrow and oppressive for the development of society with its growing needs, its altered perceptions of rights and duties, its changed relations between Government and people. The result was that deep-seated political malaise which made itself felt during the Japanese war, when society at large refused to take any interest in the fate of the army; the feverish rush for "liberties" after the defeat; the subsequent reign of reaction and repression, which has cast such a gloom over Russian life during these last years. But the effort of the national struggle had dwarfed all these misunderstandings and misfortunes as in Great Britain the call of the common fatherland has dwarfed the dispute between Unionists and Home Rulers. Russian parties have not renounced their aspirations; Russian Liberals in particular believe in self-government and the rule of law as firmly as ever. But they have realized as one man that this war is not an adventure engineered by unscrupulous ambition, but a decisive struggle for independence and existence; and they are glad to be arrayed in close ranks with their opponents from the Conservative side. A friend, a Liberal like myself, writes to me from Moscow: "It is a great, unforgettable time; we are happy to be all at one!" And from the ranks of the most unfortunate of Russia's children, from the haunts of the political exiles in Paris, comes the news that Bourtzeff, one of the most prominent among the revolutionary leaders, has addressed an appeal to his comrades

urging them to stand by their country to the utmost of their power.

I may add that whatever may have been the shortcomings and the blunders of the Russian Government, it is a blessing in this decisive crisis that Russians should have a firmly knit organization and a traditional centre of authority in the power of the Czar. The present Emperor stands as the national leader, not in the histrionic attitude of a war lord but in the quiet dignity of his office. He has said and done the right thing, and his subjects will follow him to a man. We are sure he will remember in the hour of victory the unstinted devotion and sacrifices of all the nationalities and parties of his vast empire. It is our firm conviction that the sad tale of reaction and oppression is at an end in Russia, and that our country will issue from this momentous crisis with the insight and strength required for the constructive and progressive statesmanship of which it stands in need.

Apart from the details of political and social reform, is the regeneration of Russia a boon or a peril to European civilization? The declamations of the Germans have been as misleading in this respect as in all others. The masterworks of Russian literature are accessible in translation nowadays, and the cheap taunts of men like Bernhardt recoil on their own heads. A nation represented by Pushkin, Turgeneff, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky in literature, by Kramskoy, Verestchagin, Repin, Glinka, Moussorgsky, Tchaikovsky in art, by Mendeleiff, Metchnikoff, Pavloff in science, by Kluchevsky and Solovieff in history, need not be ashamed to enter the lists in an international competition for the prizes of culture. But the German historians ought to have taught their pupils that in the world of ideas it is not such competitions that are important. A nation handicapped by its geography may have to start later in the field, and yet her performance may be relatively better than that of her more favored neighbors. It is astonishing to read German diatribes about Russian backwardness when one remembers that as recently as fifty years ago Austria and Prus-

asia were living under a régime which can hardly be considered more enlightened than the present rule in Russia. The Italians in Lombardy and Venice have still a vivid recollection of Austrian jails; and, as for Prussian militarism, one need not go further than the exploits of the Zabern garrisons to illustrate its meaning. This being so, it is not particularly to be wondered at that the eastern neighbor of Austria and Prussia has followed to some extent on the same lines.

But the general direction of Russia's evolution is not doubtful. Western students of her history might do well, instead of sedulously collecting damaging evidence, to pay some attention to the building up of Russia's universities, the persistent efforts of the Zemstvos, the independence and the zeal of the press. German scholars should read Hertzén's vivid description of the "idealists of the forties." And what about the history of the emancipation of the serfs, or of the regeneration of the judicature? The "reforms of the sixties" are a household word in Russia, and surely they are one of the noblest efforts ever made by a nation in the direction of moral improvement.

Looking somewhat deeper, what right have the Germans to speak of their cultural ideals as superior to those of the Russian people? They deride the superstitions of the *mujikh* as if tapers and genuflections were the principal matters of popular religion. Those who have studied the Russian people without prejudice know better than that. Read Selma Lagerloef's touching description of Russian pilgrims in Palestine. She, the Protestant, has understood the true significance of the religious impulse which leads these poor men to the Holy Land, and which draws them to the numberless churches of the vast country. These simple people cling to the belief that there is something else in God's world besides toil and greed; they flock toward the light, and find in it the justification of their human craving for peace and mercy. For the Russian people have the Christian virtues of patience in suffering; their pity for the poor and op-

pressed are more than occasional manifestations of individual feeling—they are deeply rooted in national psychology. This frame of mind has been scorned as fit for slaves! It is indeed a case where the learning of philosophers is put to shame by the insight of the simple-minded. Conquerors should remember that the greatest victories in history have been won by the unarmed—by the Christian confessors whom the Emperors sent to the lions, by the "old believers" of Russia who went to Siberia and to the flames for their unyielding faith, by the Russian serfs who preserved their human dignity and social cohesion in spite of the exactions of their masters, by the Italians, Poles, and Jews, when they were trampled under foot by their rulers. It is such a victory of the spirit that Tolstoy had in mind when he preached his gospel of non-resistance, and I do not think even a German on the war path would be blind enough to suppose that Tolstoy's message came from a craven soul. The orientation of the so-called "intelligent" class in Russia—that is, the educated middle class, which is much more numerous and influential than people suppose—is somewhat different, of course. It is "Western" in this sense, that it is imbued with current European ideas as to politics, economics, and law.

It has to a certain extent lost the simple faith and religious fervor of the peasants, but the keynote of popular ideals has been faithfully preserved by this class. It is still characteristically humanitarian in its view of the world and in its aims. A book like that of Gen. von Bernhardt would be impossible in Russia. If anybody were to publish it it would not only fall flat, but earn for its author the reputation of a bloodhound. Many deeds of cruelty and brutality happen, of course, in Russia, but no writer of any standing would dream of building up a theory of violence in vindication of a claim to culture. It may be said, in fact, that the leaders of Russian public opinion are pacific, cosmopolitan, and humanitarian to a fault. The mystic philosopher Vladimir Solovieff used to dream of the union of the churches with

the Pope as the spiritual head, and democracy in the Russian sense as the broad basis of the rejuvenated Christendom. Dostoyevsky, a writer most sensitive to the claims of nationality in Russia, defined the ideal of the Russians in a celebrated speech as the embodiment of a universally humanitarian type. These are extremes, but characteristic extremes pointing to the trend of national thought. Russia is so huge and so strong that material power has ceased to be attractive to her thinkers. But we need not yet retire into the desert and

deliver ourselves to be bound hand and foot by civilized Germans. Russia also wields a sword—a charmed sword, blunt in an unrighteous cause, but sharp enough in the defense of right and freedom. And this war is indeed our “Befreiungskrieg.” The Slavs must have their chance in the history of the world, and the date of their coming of age will mark a new departure in the growth of civilization. Yours truly,

PAUL VINOGRADOFF.

Court Place, Iffley, Oxford.

Russian Appeal for the Poles

By A. Konovalov of the Russian Duma.

[A Letter to the *Russkia Vedomosti*, No. 231, P. 2, Oct. 8, 1914.]

THE population of Poland has been forced to experience the first horrible onslaught of the wrathful enemy. All points within the sphere of the German offensive offer a picture of utter desolation. The people are fleeing in horror before the advancing enemy, leaving their homes and their property to sure destruction. An uninterrupted line of arson fire shines on the sorrowful path of the exiles. Their fields have been devastated and furrowed by the trenches, their animals have been taken away, their savings have been wasted, and all their chattels destroyed. The prosperity of millions has been destroyed and men have been turned into homeless beggars without a morsel of bread.

The flight of these people is beyond description. One cannot fail to realize the stupefying horrors of such a deep and overwhelming national calamity. The strokes of fate have come down upon

the people of Poland with a most merciless cruelty. Shall we gaze upon these horrors with indifference? Can the Russian people remain neutral witnesses of the sufferings and privations thrust upon the population of the devastated country?

The Russians are making heavy sacrifices for the war, but in these historic days we must speed up our energies still more, we must double and treble our sacrifices. Let us not forget that despite all our sacrifices, despite all our sorrow and alarm we are not deprived of peaceful work, we have not been drawn into destruction as the people of Poland have been. Without further delay we have to hasten to their aid.

A widely organized social aid must be brought to the fleeing people. We must provide them with shelter and food. These victims are flocking to the central provinces of Russia, to Moscow, and they must be assisted up to the time when

they shall be able to return to their country. It is necessary to ascertain the degree of their distress and to help to provide them with the necessities of life in places already cleared from the enemy by the aggressiveness of the Russian Army.

Of course, the main duty in the regaining of the prosperity of Poland lies with the Government. Only the Government is able to stand the expense of millions required for this task, only the State through its legislative organs is capable of creating the social, economic, and political conditions making possible the reconstruction of the civilization of Poland. But we also owe a duty of help, a sacred duty of immediate sympathy to those stricken with disaster.

To carry out our task we need funds. In submitting this problem to the Russian people, in calling upon it for the solution of this tremendous and pressing issue, as far as possible, I herewith for-

ward my little contribution of 10,000 rubles for aid to the people of Poland suffering from war.

A. KONOVALOV,
Member of the Duma.

Moscow, Oct. 7, (20,) 1914.

Note.—Kononov's appeal met with a most generous response. Not only individuals and charitable associations came forward with funds and food, but a large number of Russian cities organized permanent aid committees for the benefit of the war victims in Poland. Street and house-to-house collections were organized, and considerable funds have already been collected. Not only Russians, but also the Armenians, the Jews, and other nationalities of Russia have shown a deep and substantial sympathy for the Poles.

Prince Trubetskoï's appeal emphasized the political side of this campaign of succor, while Mr. Kononov has given prominence to the human side of it. Prince Trubetskoï's appeal follows.

I AM FOR PEACE!

By LURANA SHELTON.

I AM of New England! A daughter of mountains,
Wide-stretching fields, broad rivers that smile
With the sun on their breasts. I am of the hills—
The great, bald hills where the cattle roam.
The peace of the valleys still clings and thrills,
And the joy of the tinkling fountains,
Where the deep-creviced boulders pile.
I am of it, New England, my home!

The tenure of conflicts, the feeble thriving,
Are lore of the past. Now the giant peaks
May sleep and sleep. Their watch is ended.
The beacon towers may crumble and fall.
So well have my people defended—
So well have they prospered through striving—
Today her triumph New England speaks
In the mantling calm that envelops all.

They have come to New England, the woeful invaders.
The hills attracted, the valleys lured;
They have sowed their seeds of disturbance and fear.
They wrought for destruction, but all in vain.
They were told that order was master here.
The hills turned censors, the streams, up-braiders.
No war of men should be fought, endured!
They need wage no battle for peace again!

Like my native hills, my strife is ended;
Like my sleeping hills, I have earned life's calm.
The sun that smiles on New England's streams
Bids human conflicts forever cease.
Let those who must, writhe in their dreams
At thought of days with horror blended.
For me, the meadow's gentle balm—
I am of New England—where all is peace!

United Russia

By Peter Struve.

[From The London Times.]

Prof. Peter Struve, editor of the monthly, *Russian Thought*, is recognized as one of the most acute political thinkers in Europe. He was one of the chief founders of the Constitutional Democratic Party (the Cadets) and was member for St. Petersburg in the Second Duma. He is also known as an economist of great erudition.

PETROGRAD, Sept. 16.

THE future historian will note with astonishment that official Germany, when she declared war on Russia, was in no way informed of the state of public opinion in our country.

This is all the more astonishing because not a single country to the west of Russia maintains so close a communication with Russia as Germany. The Germans, better than other peoples, could and should have known Russia and her material resources, her internal state, and her moral condition. When she declared war on Russia, Germany evidently counted, above all, on the weakness of the Russian Army. There was nothing, however, to justify such an estimate of the armed forces of Russia. Certainly Russia had been beaten in the Japanese war, but in that war the decision was reached on the sea, and after the fall of Port Arthur the land war had no object. The Germans have probably convinced themselves already how superficial was such an estimate of the forces of Russia, but in reality their mistake was due to an entirely superficial view of the national culture of Russia and an extremely elementary idea of our internal development. The Germans did not believe that there is in Russia a genuine and growing national civilization, and did not understand that the liberation movement in Russia had not only not shaken the power of the Russian State, but had, on the contrary, increased it.

Not understanding this, they thought

that any blow from outside would tumble over the Russian State like a rotten tree. German aggression, on the contrary, united the whole population of Russia, and by this alone strengthened a hundredfold her external power. This, of course, would have been the natural effect of any attack from without upon any sound people or any State that was not in decomposition. But in this case there was something else. Such a war as this could not fail to take on at once the character both of a world war and of a national war. That is why in this struggle with Germany and Austria-Hungary, elemental forces united in one impulse and spirit both the Russian Radicals, with their tendency to cosmopolitanism, and the extreme Nationalist Conservatives. Nay, more than that, all the races of Russia understood that a challenge had been thrown out to Russia by Germany that morally compelled her, in the interests of the whole and of the various parts, to forget for the time all quarrels and grievances.

This showed itself in the most natural and inevitable way with the Poles, of whose national culture Germanism is the sworn foe. The well-known manifesto of the Commander in Chief did not awake this feeling among the Poles of Russia, but simply met it and gave it support. Equally natural and elemental was the patriotic outburst that spread among the Jews of Russia. In their case the political and social Radicalism which we always find in the Jews turned by some sound instinct against

German militarism, which had shown itself the chief cause and occasion of a world catastrophe.

The German declaration of war on Russia at once dispersed all doubts and hesitations in the many millions of the population of the Russian Empire. Some may put in the forefront of this war the struggle with the uncivilizing militarism of Prussia. Others may see in it, above all things, a struggle for the national principle and for the inured rights of nationalities—Serbians, Poles, and Belgians. Others, again, see in the war the only means of securing the peaceful future of Russia and her allies from the extravagant pretensions of Germany. But all alike feel that this war is a great, popular, liberating work, which starts a new epoch in the history of the world. Thus the war against united Germany and Austria-Hungary has become in Russia a truly national war. That is the enormous difference between it and the war with Japan, whose political grounds and objects, apart from self-defense against a hostile attack, were alien to the public conscience.

There is one other consideration which cannot be passed over in silence. In Russia many are convinced, and others instinctively feel, that a victorious war will contribute to the internal recovery and regeneration of the State. Many barriers have already fallen, national and political feuds have been softened, new conditions are being created for the mutual relations of the people and the Government. There is every reason to think that some members of the Government—unfortunately, it is true, not all—have understood that at the present time of complete national

union many of the old methods of administration and all the old Government psychology are not only out of place, but simply impossible. In one question, the Polish, this conviction has received the supreme sanction of the sovereign and of the Commander in Chief, and a striking expression in the latter's manifesto to the Poles. Further than this, the actual attitude of Russian Liberals and Radicals toward a whole series of problems and relations cannot fail to be changed. Thus the war will help to reconcile and soften many internal contradictions in Russia.

How far we are, with this state of public opinion and these perspectives of the internal development of Russia, from those fantastic pictures of civil disunion and revolutionary conflagration which were anticipated before the war and have sometimes been, even since the war, portrayed in the German and Austro-Hungarian press! Our enemies counted on these domestic divisions, and they have made a bitter mistake. Constitutional Russia, precisely because of the radical internal transformation which it has experienced in the period that began with the Japanese war, has proved to be fully equal to the immense universal and national task that has devolved upon it. The national and political consciousness of Russia not only has not weakened, but has wonderfully strengthened and taken shape. As one who has had a close and constant share in the struggle for the Russian Constitution, I can only note with the greatest satisfaction the striking result of Russia's entry into the number of constitutional States, a result which has so plainly showed itself in the tremendous part that Russia is playing in the great world-crisis of 1914.

Prince Trubetskoi's Appeal to Russians to Help the Polish Victims of War

[Russia Vedomosti, No. 231, Oct. 8, (21,) 1914, P. 2.]

A NEW era of Russian-Polish relations has begun, and the noble initiative of A. J. Kononov, who has donated 10,000 rubles for the needs of the war victims of Poland, offers a shining testimony.

Up to the present the Polish people have had relations with official Russia only. The war has brought them for the first time into immediate touch with *the Russian people*. Thousands of Polish exiles have gone forth to our central provinces. In Moscow alone there are not less than 1,000 former inhabitants of Kalisz, to say nothing of fleeing people from other provinces. Moscow, of course, attracts the largest number of these unfortunates. Some particular instinctive faith draws the Poles to Moscow, to the centre of popular Russia. To my query why she had chosen Moscow among all Russian cities, a poor Polish woman, the wife of a reservist, said:

"I was sent here by the military chief. 'Go to Moscow,' said he. 'You won't perish there.'"

And indeed in Moscow the Polish exiles have not perished. They have found here brotherly love, shelter, and food. The municipality of Moscow, numerous philanthropists, both Polish and Russian, are rendering them assistance.

It is needless to describe the impression made upon the Poles by this attitude of the people of Russia. A prominent municipal worker of the City of Kalisz, with tears in his eyes, told me: "Up to the present moment Poland has been segregated from Russia by a wall of officialdom erected by the Germans;

now for the first time this wall has been broken down, two peoples are seeing each other and feeling each other."

A tremendous process of mutual understanding has begun before our eyes! It has barely begun as yet; for what has been accomplished by Russia for Poland is but a drop as compared with what still remains to be done. It is not enough to help the Polish immigrants in our central provinces. Our help must be carried to the provinces devastated by the German and Austrian hordes. Right there the scenes of misery make the hair stand upon our heads.

Let us realize that the City of Kalisz alone has suffered not less than 40,000,000 rubles in loss of property. Representatives of Polish municipalities with whom I had opportunity to discuss the situation told me that in the City of Kalisz there is no longer a single drug store, nor a grocery store, and there were about three thousand of them before.

There are numerous cities and villages where everything has been pillaged by the German requisitions. Horses, cows, food, even mattresses, have been taken away, and for all these ironical receipts have been tendered: "So much worth of goods have been taken; the payment for same will be made by the Russian Government."

Owing to the destruction of the inventory and the stock in the villages, there is nothing to till the soil with, and the fields have to remain unseeded.

Poland is indeed the Belgium of Russia. Belgium is aided by England and France, but there is nobody to help Poland except us. The appeal of the

Commander in Chief has promised, in case of Russian victory, the political regeneration of Poland, with her own religion, with her own language, and with her own self-government. But before the political regeneration we have to think of the saving of the unfortunate country from starvation.

This must be above all our national, Russian affair. Let the exhausted, suffering people of Poland feel that the people of Russia are their real brothers; let them see that our words are backed up by deeds. Perhaps in this way we shall forever clear away their ancient distrust toward us, a distrust which unfortunately had ground in the past relations between Russia and Poland.

We are not speaking of a commonplace charity at the present moment. There is need for a help which should mark the beginning of a historical change in the lives of both peoples. Both peoples should not only silence their material sufferings, but they should draw a spiritual comfort from this great historical trial and make it a source of their moral vigor.

They should feel that their sufferings and their sacrifices have not been in vain, that no matter what their further resolutions might be the popular affair should by all means be carried on right now, and that irrespective of the outcome of the present war one tremendous result has already been accomplished. The Polish affair has already become a Russian national affair. And this means that henceforth there shall be no discrepancy between words and deeds in the relations of both peoples.

The whole might of the people of Russia and their ideals, expressed by the Supreme Commander in Chief, shall be the bond for the Poles, guaranteeing them the realization of the dreams of their forefathers for the resurrection of Poland.

Let us Russians prepare this resurrection and help it by all means within our power. Now or never the aid to the suffering people of Poland shall grow into a national Russian demonstration. Let all Russian papers throw open their col-

umns for subscriptions for aid to the people of Poland suffering from war, without prejudice to their religion and race. As the funds will be forthcoming, a national Russian committee shall be organized to take charge of their distribution.

Let us not fear for the modest beginnings. The tremendous wave of sympathy and love which has now swept over the Russian people can create wonders, if need be, for the success of the Russian national issue.

Let us hope that wonders will happen even now. I myself witnessed in our neighborhood the following dramatic scene: The small provincial City of Kaluga was getting ready in August to receive the wounded. Unexpectedly it got many times more than at first had been contemplated. The wounded had to be placed on the floor, without straw, without linen, without food. But within two days all were comfortably placed, fed, and clothed. *Unknown* persons secured straw, other *unknown* persons sent mattresses, linens, and pillows, *unknown* peasants brought food from their villages.

All this was done as a matter of course, without a previous concert, without any organization, through an elementary popular movement.

This elementary movement which can heal the wounds is needed at this moment in most tremendous proportions. It is not a question of a few wounded individuals, not even a question of thousands of wounded, but the problem of a whole wounded Polish nation.

Let the great Russian tide of sympathy rise to its aid, without a previous agreement, without a previous organization. Let this impulse show Poland her protector—*Russia, the liberator of nations.*

This movement of sympathy for a brotherly people shall be our guarantee that our coming victory over Germany will call forth the triumph of light in Russian herself.

Prince EUGENE TRUBETSKOI.
Moscow, October 7, (20,) 1914.

How Prohibition Came to Russia

Interview with the Peasant-Born Millionaire Reformer, Tchelisheff.

[By the Associated Press.]

PETROGRAD, Nov. 18.—There is prohibition in Russia today, prohibition which means that not a drop of vodka, whisky, brandy, gin, or any other strong liquor is obtainable from one end to the other of a territory populated by 130,000,000 people and covering one-sixth of the habitable globe.

The story of how strong drink has been utterly banished from the Russian Empire was related by Michael Demitrovitch Tchelisheff, the man directly responsible for putting an end to Russia's great vice, the vodka habit.

It should be said in the beginning that the word prohibition in Russia must be taken literally. Its use does not imply a partially successful attempt to curtail the consumption of liquor resulting in drinking in secret places, the abuse of medical licenses and general evasion and subterfuge. It does mean that a vast population who consumed \$1,000,000,000 worth of vodka a year; whose ordinary condition has been described by Russians themselves as ranging from a slight degree of stimulation upward, has been lifted almost in one day from a drunken inertia to sobriety.

On that day when the mobilization of the Russian Army began, special policemen visited every public place where vodka is sold, locked up the supply of the liquor, and placed on the shop the imperial seal. Since the manufacture and sale of vodka is a Government monopoly in Russia, it is not a difficult thing to enforce prohibition.

From the day this step was taken drunkenness vanished in Russia. The results are seen at once in the peasantry;

already they are beginning to look like a different race. The marks of suffering, the pinched looks of illness and improper nourishment have gone from their faces. There has been also a remarkable change in the appearance of their clothes. Their clothes are cleaner, and both the men and women appear more neatly and better dressed. The destitute character of the homes of the poor has been replaced with something like order and thrift.

In Petrograd and Moscow the effect of these improved conditions is fairly startling. On holidays in these two cities inebriates always filled the police stations and often lay about on the sidewalks and even in the streets. Things are so different today that unattended women may now pass at night through portions of these cities where it was formerly dangerous even for men. Minor crimes and misdemeanors have almost vanished.

Tchelisheff, the man who virtually accomplished this miracle, was a peasant by birth, originally a house painter by profession, then Mayor of the city of Samara, and now a millionaire. Physically he is a giant, standing over 6 feet 4 inches in his stocking feet, and of powerful build. Although he is 55 years old, he looks much younger. His movements display the energy of youth, his eyes are animated, and his black hair is not tinged by gray.

In Petrograd Mr. Tchelisheff is generally found in a luxurious suite of rooms in one of the best hotels. He goes about clad in a blue blouse with a tasseled girdle, and baggy black breeches tucked into heavy boots. He offers his visitors tea from a samovar and fruit from the

Crimea. Speaking of what he had accomplished for the cause of sobriety in Russia, Mr. Tchelisheff said:

"I was reared in a small Russian village. There were no schools or hospitals, or any of the improvements we are accustomed to in civilized communities. I picked up an education from old newspapers and stray books. One day I chanced upon a book in the hands of a moujik, which treated of the harmfulness of alcohol. It stated among other things that vodka was a poison.

"I was so impressed with this, knowing that everybody drank vodka, that I asked the first physician I met if the statement were true. He said yes. Men drank it, he explained, because momentarily it gave them a sensation of pleasant dizziness. From that time I decided to take every opportunity to discover more about the use of vodka.

"At the end of the eighties there came famine in Russia, followed by agrarian troubles. I saw a crowd of peasants demand from a local landlord all the grain and foodstuffs in his granary. This puzzled me; I could not understand how honest men were indulging in what seemed to be highway robbery. But I noted at the time that every man who was taking part in this incident was a drinking man, while their fellow villagers, who were abstemious, had sufficient provisions in their own homes. Thus it was that I observed the industrial effects of vodka drinking.

"At Samara I decided to do more than passively disapprove of vodka. At this time I was an Alderman, and many of the tenants living in my houses were workmen. One night a drunken father in one of my houses killed his wife. This incident made such a terrible impression on me that I decided to fight vodka with all my strength.

"On the supposition that the Government was selling vodka for the revenue, I calculated the revenue received from its consumption in Samara. I then introduced a bill in the City Council providing that the city give this sum of money to the imperial treasury, requesting at the same time that the sale of vodka be

prohibited. This bill passed, and the money was appropriated. It was offered to the Government, but the Government promptly refused it.

"It then dawned upon me that Russian bureaucracy did not want the people to become sober, for the reason that it was easier to rule autocratically a drunken mob than a sober people.

"This was seven years ago. Later I was elected Mayor of Samara, capital of the Volga district, a district with over a quarter of a million inhabitants. Subsequently I was elected to the Duma on an anti-vodka platform. In the Duma I proposed a bill permitting the inhabitants of any town to close the local vodka shops, and providing also that every bottle of vodka should bear a label with the word poison. At my request the wording of this label, in which the evils of vodka were set forth, was done by the late Count Leo Tolstoy. This bill passed the Duma and went to the Imperial Council, where it was amended and finally tabled.

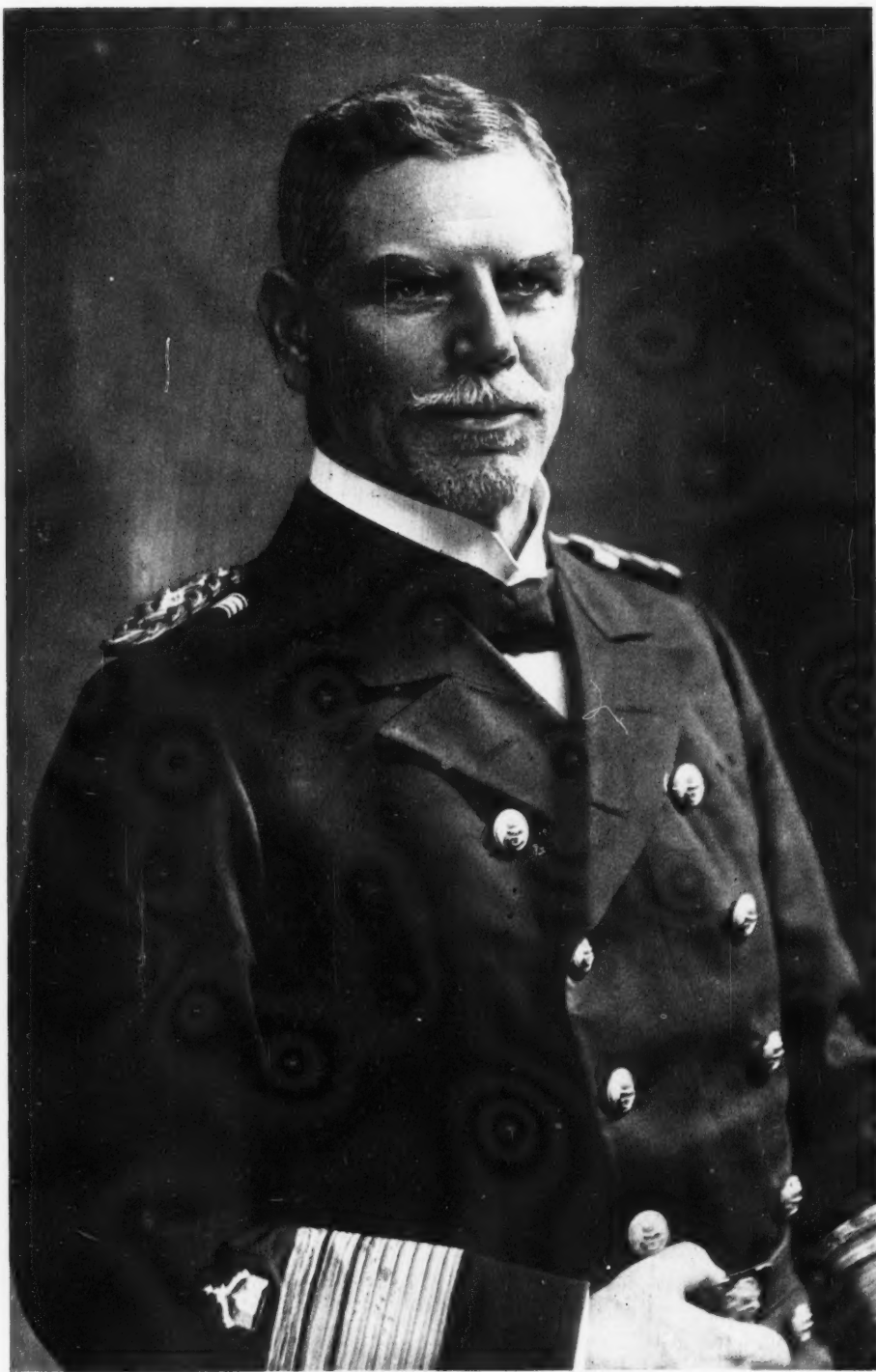
"I then begged an audience of Emperor Nicholas. He received me with great kindness in his castle in the Crimea, not far from the scene of the recent Turkish bombardment. He listened to me patiently. He was impressed with my recital that most of the revolutionary and Socialist excesses were committed by drunkards, and that the Svesborg, Kronstadt, and Sebastopol navy revolts and the Petrograd and other mutinous military movements were all caused by inebriates. Having heard me out his Majesty promised at once to speak to his Minister of Finance concerning the prohibition of vodka.

"Disappointed at not having been able to get through a Government bill regulating this evil, I had abandoned my seat in the Duma. It was evident that the bureaucracy had been able to obstruct the measure. Minister of Finance Kokovsoff regarded it as a dangerous innovation, depriving the Government of 1,000,000,000 rubles (\$500,000,000) yearly, without any method of replacing this revenue.

"While I lobbied in Petrograd the Emperor visited the country around Mos-



ADMIRAL SIR CHRISTOPHER CRADOCK,
Who Went Down with His Flagship, the Good Hope, in the Naval
Engagement Off the Coast of Chile.
(Photo from a Kodak Negative.)



ADMIRAL COUNT VON SPEE.

**Who Went Down with His Flagship, the Scharnhorst, in the Battle with
the British Squadron Off the South American Coast.**

(Photo © by Brown Bros.)

cow and saw the havoc of vodka. He then dismissed Kokovsoff, and appointed the present Minister of Finance, M. Bark.

"Mobilization precipitated the anti-vodka measure. The Grand Duke, remembering the disorganization due to drunkenness during the mobilization of 1904, ordered the prohibition of all alcoholic drinks except in clubs and first-class restaurants. This order, enforced for one month, showed the Russian authorities the value of abstinence.

"In spite of the general depression caused by the war, the paralysis of business, the closing of factories, and the interruption of railroad traffic, the people felt no depression. Savings banks showed an increase in deposits over the preceding month, and over the corresponding month of the preceding year. At the same time there was a boom in the sale of meats, groceries, clothing, dry goods, and housefurnishings. The 30,000,000 rubles a day that had been paid for vodka were now being spent for the necessities of life.

"The average working week increased from three and four days to six, the numerous holiday of the drinker having been eliminated. The working day also became longer, and the efficiency of the worker was perhaps doubled. Women and children, who seldom were without marks showing the physical violence of the husband and father, suddenly found them-

selves in an undreamed-of paradise. There were no blows, no insults, and no rough treatment. There was bread on the table, milk for the babies, and a fire in the kitchen.

"I decided to seize this occasion for a press campaign, so far as this is a possible thing in Russia. I organized delegations to present petitions to the proper authorities for the prolonging of this new sobriety for the duration of the war. This step found favor with his Imperial Majesty, and an order was issued to that effect. Another similar campaign to remove the licenses from privileged restaurants and clubs was successful, and strong liquor is no longer available anywhere in Russia.

"The second month of abstinence made the manifold advantages so clear to everybody that when we called upon his Majesty to thank him for his orders, he promised that the vodka business of the Government would be given up forever. This promise was promulgated in a telegram to the Grand Duke Constantine.

"There remains only now to find elsewhere the revenue which up to the present time has been contributed by vodka. There has been introduced in the Duma a bill offering a solution of this question. The aim of this bill is not the creation of new taxes or an increase in the present taxes, but an effort to render the Government domains and possessions more productive."



Influence of the War Upon Russian Industry

[From *Russkia Vedomosti*, No. 260, Nov. 11, (Nov. 24,) 1914, P. 3.]

The Russian Ministry of Commerce and Industry has lately published the preliminary results of an inquiry into the changes in industry which have occurred during the first two and one-half months of the war, Aug. 1 to Oct. 14, 1914.

ALTOGETHER 8,550 of the largest industrial establishments, excepting those of Poland, have been investigated. These employ 1,602,000 workers. Of those investigated 502 factories employing 46,586 employes had to be closed down entirely, while 1,034 establishments with 435,000 wage-earners have cut down their working force to 319,000. Thus about one-third of the total industrial wage-earning force has felt the effects of the war either through total discharge or through diminished output.

The lack of trained labor power and the failure to obtain funds have affected 222 establishments with 58,000 workers. Lack of funds has been very severely felt in the Baltic provinces, (there, especially, in the chemical industry,) affecting fourteen establishments with 15,701 workers. Altogether 132 establishments with 50,000 employes have cut down their operations, and of these 30 per cent. employing 15,000 workers belonged to the chemical industry. Also twenty establishments of the metal working (fine machinery) industry with 11,000 employes had to curtail their volume of business. In other industries the lack of labor supply has not been felt. Evidently only the industries requiring highly qualified labor have suffered from this cause. The shortage of fuel forced 108 establishments with 49,000 workers to diminish their output, and eleven es-

tablishments with 3,000 workers had to close down altogether.

The lack of fuel was very severely felt in the provinces of Petrograd and in the Baltic, owing to the stoppage of the importation of British coal. Of all establishments closed down for this reason, about 60 per cent. belong to the provinces of Petrograd, Livland, and Estland.

In other regions this want was felt less severely. The output of coal in the Donetz basin and of naphtha in the Baku region has increased, and the decreased demand for fuel owing to the diminished production has somewhat lowered the prices of naphtha. Thus in 1913 the average monthly price of light naphtha in Balakhany was 42 copecks per pood, (two-thirds of a cent per pound,) but in September, 1914, it was 36, and on Nov. 5 it fell to 25-26 copecks per pood, (13 cents per thirty-six pounds—a little over 1-3 cent per pound.)

The main difficulty in the fuel supply lies, however, in the inadequate transportation facilities.

The next obstacle in the way of normal development of industry is the lack of transportation facilities. This cause alone forced 223 factories with 128,000 workers to curtail their output, and fifty-six factories with 5,300 workers stopped production.

But the most disastrous effect upon the Russian industry has been produced by the diminished demand and by the lack of raw materials. For lack of market, 671 establishments with 219,000 workers reduced their output. The greatest sufferers have been the building trades and the industries connected there-

with—structural iron, cement, (concrete,) brickmaking, &c.

The railroads have suffered greatly through the cancellation of registered orders and by the stoppage of further orders from Poland, also by the military mobilization.

During the month of August, 1914, the gross earnings of the Russian railroads, both State and private, were only half of their gross earnings for August the year before.

The unexpected prohibition of alcoholic beverages has almost ruined the liquor industry.

For lack of demand 83 textile factories with 95,000 employes have reduced

their output. The lack of raw material forced 103 cotton mills with 188,000 weavers to cut down their output. This makes 40 per cent. of the total cotton mills of Russia. Similar reductions have occurred in the silk, woolen, linen, and hemp industries.

The Ministry has withheld the data as to the exact nature of the raw materials wanting, but it may be surmised that raw cotton and dyestuffs are among the chief items.

Among the remedies suggested are better credit facilities and the resumption of interrupted intercourse with friendly and neutral powers for the securing of raw material.

Declaration of the Russian Industrial Interests

[*Russkia Vedomosti*, No. 217, Sept. 21, (Oct. 4,) 1914, P. 5.]

REFERRING to the abundance of donations forthcoming from the industrial interests for the victims of war, the Council of the Conventions of the industrial interests declares its confidence in the ability of Russian industry to bear the burden of war cheerfully and whole-heartedly.

The Council finds the proposed measures of the Government for its financing of the campaign insufficient, and promises to come forward with its own project of a special single property and personal war tax.

Then the causes of the war are summed up and the importance of the war for the industrial interests is outlined. The chief cause of the war is assigned to the irreconcilable economic conflict between the German and Russian interests created by commercial treaties favorable to Germany.

Victorious Russia should dictate her own economic programme to the defeated enemy. Without such a result all sac-

rifices made will be in vain, and will fall as a heavy and unbearable burden upon the shattered economic organization of the country.

The industrial interests desire a war to the finish, and they say:

"Let the Government know how to cultivate in the future among the people the conviction that the war will be brought to an end, then the task of finding the means for carrying on the campaign will be greatly facilitated; for no sacrifice is too great for us for the overthrow of the economic yoke of Germany and for the conquest of economic independence. Nothing but strong will and determination are needed."

The Council of Industrial Conventions is a permanent organization corresponding roughly to the executive board of the National Manufacturers' Association of the United States. All big industrial interests, like the mining companies, the textile manufacturers, iron manufacturers, are represented in the council.—Translator.

A Russian Financial Authority on the War

[Russkia Vedomosti, No. 167, July 22, (Aug. 4,) 1914, P. 4.]

Prof. Migoulin, member of the Council of the Russian Ministry of Finance and the author of several works on Russian indebtedness, in his article, published immediately after the beginning of the war and evidently written before the position of Italy had become known, thus sums up the war situation:

THE moment for the declaration of war has been well chosen and carefully planned by Germany and Austria. Russia had her hands full with the numerous labor strikes and poor crops in certain parts of the country.

England had her troubles with the Ulsterites, and the President of France was absent from his country when the Austrian ultimatum was handed to Serbia.

Austria had already mobilized large numbers of her troops in Bosnia under the pretext of manoeuvres, Italy had a partial mobilization, and Germany was preparing herself for a grand army show.

The German strategists are looking for a brief campaign. But they are mistaken. Even with the capture of Petrograd the war will have barely begun, for Petrograd is only the frontier of Russia.

Our troops are numerous and well equipped. The vastness of our country, her poor roads, and her severe climate are her defenses. The French frontier is strongly fortified. A quick surrender is unthinkable, and there is no reason for surrender, for the war will continue to the bitter end.

But a long campaign threatens Germany. She is a country with highly developed industry and with a tremendous foreign commerce, the breakdown of

which cannot be compensated by any territorial conquest. A war of Germany against England, France, and Russia will stop her commerce entirely. It will be impossible for her to export her goods and to import foodstuffs. Her manufactures and her commerce will come to a deadlock, and unemployment will threaten her cities. All the victories of her army will be of no avail. If her enemies draw out the war for a year or two Germany will be exhausted. We are not talking of the possibility of a German defeat, although Germany is not invincible.

The gold reserve of Russia, France, and England amount to about 350,000,000 rubles, (\$155,000,000,) while the gold reserve of Germany, Austria, and Italy is only about 160,000,000 rubles.

The gold currency of the first three countries amounts to about 7,000,000,000 rubles, (\$3,500,000,000,) while the gold currency of the other three is only \$1,500,000,000.

The food supply of Russia is inexhaustible. Her industries are working chiefly for the home market. They can only win by the campaign. The curtailing of food and raw material exports may benefit her home industries by cheapening production.

In case of a shortage of war supplies Russia will be able to get them from neutral countries—for example, from the United States. But where will Germany get them? What shall she do when her stock of saltpetre runs out? For the time being saltpetre is obtained by all countries from Chile only.

France is an agricultural country which has large supplies of food. Her manu-

factures are poorly developed, and they are working for a foreign market which will not be closed. Her resources are so large that she will be able to stand the campaign with comparative ease.

Owing to her insular position, England will lose but very little through this war, provided she is able to maintain the

supremacy of her navy over the German fleet. The British merchant marine and her manufactures will gain quite considerably.

The public credit of France and Great Britain is inexhaustible, and it will not be restricted to Russia, while she is an ally of these countries.

Proposed Internal Loans of Russia

[*Russkia Vedomosti*, No. 222, Sept. 27, (Oct. 3,) 1914, P. 3.]

PROF. MIGOULIN has submitted to the Russian Minister of Finance a scheme for new internal loans to meet the extraordinary expenditures caused by the present war.

It is proposed to enlist the support of various groups of capitalists and of small property holders and to obtain from them about 2,500,000,000 rubles, (\$1,500,000,000.)

Four different loans are contemplated. Persons desiring to invest their savings at a small but sure interest rate will be able to buy the certificates at a 5 per cent loan. These certificates will have a face value of 100 rubles, and they will sell at \$90. The interest rate will not be changed within the next fifteen or twenty years. Therefore, the actual interest rate will be 5.56 per cent. on the original investment.

A 6 per cent. loan will cater to those investors who like to place their loans at shorter terms. The certificates of this loan will be sold at premiums. Five-year certificates will be sold at ninety-six for a hundred rubles face value, four-year certificates at ninety-seven, three-year certificates at ninety-eight, two-year certificates at ninety-nine, and one-year certificates at par. This loan will be free from the interest (coupon) tax, but not from the income and inheritance taxes. In case of success one billion

worth of these certificates will be issued.

For persons interested in the changes of values upon Stock Exchange different loans will be issued. In the first place, no interest-bearing ten-ruble certificates with a large number of winners will be issued. A considerable number of these certificates will be redeemed each year. It is proposed to have one winner of 200,000 rubles, one of 100,000, two of 50,000, one of 25,000, about fifty of 10,000 rubles each, some 3,950 "chances" of from 100 to 500 rubles each. The whole loan may amount to 100,000,000 rubles. It is to be redeemed within fifty years.

Should this loan prove a success it will be followed by another of equal amount.

Finally, Prof. Migoulin proposes to obtain about 200,000,000 rubles by selling 4 per cent. Government bonds in fifty-ruble denominations. This loan, too, will be equipped with the winners at the annual draw for the redemption.

The first of the proposed loans will be realized soon. The Government has decided to obtain 500,000,000 rubles at 5 per cent. This new loan will increase the present debt of the Russian Government of 8,838,000,000 rubles (\$4,500,000,000) to 9,338,000,000 rubles. Russia has to pay 370,000,000 rubles annually for the interest on her debts. About one-half of her indebtedness is due to railroad building and to other more or less

productive expenditures. But the other half of her indebtedness has been spent on armaments, wars, and other unproductive items.

Russia's new budget is about 3,500,000,000 rubles (\$1,800,000,000.) The interest on the new loan will increase this budget only 6 per cent. But this new loan increases again her unproductive debt and places a heavy burden upon the taxpayer for whom the Government has prepared many "surprises" this year.

The possibilities of *internal* loans are

not very great. During the first month of the war about 380,000,000 rubles of savings were withdrawn from the banks. Of this sum only 76,000,000 were redeposited later when the first excitement had passed. The rest of the money evidently was either used up for production, for consumption, or for private storing of ready cash. How much of this money will come forth to buy the various short-time loans no one is able to tell beforehand. But the big manufacturing interests are craving for *foreign gold loans*, not for internal paper money loans.

How Russian Manufacturers Feel

[Digested from *Russkia Vedomosti*, No. 266, Nov. 18, (Dec. 1,) 1914, P. 6.]

THE manufacturers of war supplies are making large profits through the war. All they need is Government advances to buy their raw material. The Government permits them to borrow from the State bank upon Government orders for war supplies. The only difficulty lies in the extent of the credit. The Government would not permit borrowing more than one-third of the amount of its orders, while the manufacturers are asking for two-fifths.

The manufacturers who are using imported raw material and are working for the private consumer are suffering heavily from the war. The lack of coal, of hides, of wool and of cotton is threatening Russian industry with a crisis. There is a great want of hydroscopic (absorbent) cotton, since the only factory for this product was in Poland (City of Zgerzc) and has been destroyed. Lack of dyestuffs and other chemicals is hampering many other industries. The importation of tea and coffee has been curtailed considerably.

Russian cotton mills used to get 45

per cent of their raw material from the United States, since only 55 per cent. of their demand can be supplied by Central Asia.

Furthermore, this Asiatic cotton can be used for the coarser grades of manufacturing only.

The war has cut off the American supply altogether.

Moreover, the manufacturers need cash to buy the cotton available. But they have none. They have already applied for some hundred million rubles gold loan from the Treasury, but the Government has promised them only about eight million from the new loan.

The wool manufacturers are faring no better than the cotton interests. The only way to get raw wool seems to be to ship it from Australia via Vladivostok. But the lack of foreign exchange prevents them from using this source.

The tea trade of Russia will be paralyzed soon for the same reason.

The big manufacturers see only three possibilities of remedying this situation.

The first would be to export gold, the other to export Russian commodities on a large scale, and the third—to get a gold loan from Great Britain.

The first proposition is impossible, since the Government will not permit any exportation of gold at this moment. The second proposition won't work owing to the demoralized transportation. Thus the only escape from a serious national

crisis seems to lie in a large foreign gold loan.

This idea is favored by such prominent manufacturers as S. I. Tschetverikov, G. M. Mark, and A. E. Vladimirov of Moscow, the first speaking for the wool interests, and other two for the tea wholesalers. Mr. N. A. Vtovov voices the same sentiments on behalf of the Russian cotton mill owners.

New Sources of Revenue Needed

By A. Sokolov.

[From *Russkia Vedomosti*, No. 171, July 26 (Aug. 8), 1914.]

RUSSIA entered upon the present war better equipped financially than ever before in her history.

But it is evident that her ordinary resources will not suffice, and the Ministry of Finance will have to find new sources of revenue to meet the gigantic expenditures. The Ministry of Finance has begun the usual banking and credit operations—the supervision of specie payments, the issuance of paper money, and the discounting of the Treasury notes in the State Bank. In addition to these the Ministry is ready to turn to new taxes.

It proposes to increase the tax on tobacco and to raise the price of whisky. Both are desirable objects of taxation. The tobacco tax has been relatively low in Russia. Only the poorer grades of tobacco have been taxed 100 per cent. ad valorem, while the higher grades have been taxed at a lower rate.

Any increase of indirect taxation can be justified only by the present emergency. We should bear in mind that already three-fourths of the Russian revenue raised by taxation comes through indirect taxes. Further increase of these

taxes will inflict new heavy burdens upon the poorer classes, who in any case will have to bear the heaviest burden of the war.

The present historical moment is of such magnitude that it can be compared only with the Napoleonic wars. But at that time also the higher classes had to contribute to the war expenditures. In 1810 an income tax was put upon the landed nobility. Wishing to make it appear that the war tax is a voluntary contribution, the Government levied it according to the declarations of the taxpayers and refused to listen to informers as to tax-dodging. The tax rate was progressive, with a maximum of 10 per cent. All incomes below 500 rubles (\$250)* were exempt.

It is to be hoped that the great memory of the year 1812 will induce the well-to-do classes to contribute their share to the expenditures inflicted upon us by the war. An income tax and possibly a temporary property tax should be accepted by them.

A. SOKOLOV.

*It should be noted that the purchasing power of money was then approximately four times higher than at present.

Our Russian Ally

By Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace.

LAILAWSTIEL, Oct. 5, 1914.

THE Publications Committee of the Victoria League, which is endeavoring to enlighten the general public on the origin and issues of the war, has suggested to me that, as Russia is now in alliance with us, I might write an article on her recent advance in civilization and the ideals of her people. To condense satisfactorily such a big subject into a few pages seems to me hardly possible; but, considering that we are embarked on a great national undertaking in which it is the sacred duty of every loyal subject to lend a hand according to his abilities, I cannot refuse to comply with the committee's suggestion.

To many thoughtful observers of current events it must seem strange that in the present worldwide convulsion we should be fighting vigorously on the same side as Russia, who has long been regarded as one of our natural enemies. Some worthy people may even feel qualms of conscience at finding themselves in such questionable company, and may be disposed to inquire how far we are politically and morally justified in thus putting aside, even for a time, our traditional convictions. It is mainly for the benefit of such conscientious doubters, who deserve sympathy, that I have undertaken my present task; and I propose to place before them certain facts and considerations which may help them in their difficulties. For this purpose, I begin by examining the grounds on which the traditional conceptions are founded.

If we were to question a dozen fairly intelligent, educated Englishmen why Russia has usually been regarded as a hereditary enemy and an impossible ally, they would probably give two main

reasons: First, that she is the modern stronghold of barbarism, ignorance and tyrannical government, and, secondly, that she threatens our interests in Southeastern Europe and Central Asia. Let us examine dispassionately these two contentions.

As to barbarism, there is no doubt that in the general march of civilization Russia long remained far behind her West European sisters and that she has not yet quite overtaken them, but it should be remembered—and here I appeal to the Englishman's proverbial love of fair play—that she did not get a fair start. Living on an immense plain which stretches far into Asia, her population was for centuries constantly exposed to the incursions of lawless, predatory hordes, and this life-and-death struggle culminated in the so-called Mongol domination, during which her native princes were tributary vassals of the great Tartar Khan. Under such circumstances she could hardly be expected to make much social progress, and she was further impeded by difficulties of intercourse with the more favored nations of the West, from whom she was separated by differences of language, customs and religious beliefs. It was as if Europe had been divided into two halves by a formidable barrier, which condemned the unfortunate Russians to isolation. The herculean task of demolishing this barrier was, as we all know, begun by Peter the Great. He built for himself a new capital on the northwest frontier of his dominions—the beautiful city on the Neva, recently christened Petrograd—in order to have, as he expressed it, a window through which he might look into Europe. He looked into Europe with very good results, and his successors have

done likewise; but the demolition of the barrier proved a very tedious undertaking, and it was not completed till comparatively recent times.

The laudable efforts of the Russians to make up for lost time have been particularly successful during the last fifty years. Immediately after the Crimean War, which some of us are old enough to remember distinctly, a new era of progress began. The Czar of that time, Nicholas I., whose name is still familiar to the present generation, was a patriotic, chivalrous, well-intentioned man, but unfortunately, as a ruler, he belonged to the mailed-fist school, delighted in shining armor, and put his faith largely in drill sergeants. Even in the civil administration he fostered the spirit of military discipline, and he was at no pains to conceal his contemptuous dislike of the self-government and constitutional liberties of other countries. By unsympathetic critics he has been not inaptly described as "the Don Quixote of Autocracy," and for thirty years he remained faithful to his principles; but toward the close of his reign, in his struggle with England and France, he learned by bitter experience that true national greatness is not to be found in militarism. This salutary lesson was happily laid to heart by his son and successor, Alexander II., and the more enlightened of his subjects. The period of triumphant militarism was accordingly followed by a period of national repentance, which was also a memorable epoch of beneficent reforms and genuine progress.

No sooner was peace concluded in 1856 than premonitory symptoms of the new order of things became apparent in St. Petersburg, in Moscow, and throughout the country generally. To all who had eyes to see and ears to hear, the war had proved that if their country was to compete successfully with its rivals, it must adopt a whole series of administrative and economic reforms; and there was a general desire that those reforms should be undertaken as speedily as possible. The young Czar took the lead in the work of national

regeneration, and he had the good fortune to find sympathy and co-operation among the educated classes. For the first time in Russian history—for on previous occasions the efforts of reforming Czars had always encountered a good deal of passive resistance—the Government and the people were anxious to aid each other, and the main results may be described as eminently satisfactory. Three great reforms deserve special mention—the emancipation of the serfs, the radical reorganization of the civil and criminal courts, and a great extension of local self-government.

By the emancipation decree of 1861, which had been carefully prepared by liberal-minded officials in conjunction with local committees of the landed proprietors, the millions of serfs, who had been habitually bought and sold with the estates on which they were settled, and who had known no law except the arbitrary will of their masters, were transformed suddenly into a class of free and independent citizens! Next came the reorganization of the judicial administration, by which a similar beneficent change was effected. In the old times the civil and criminal tribunals had been hotbeds of bribery and corruption to such an extent that a satirical author had once ventured to write a comedy with the significant title, "An Unheard-of Wonder; or, The Honest Clerk of Court!" Now they were thoroughly cleansed, and during some half a dozen years, when I traveled about the country in search of information, I never heard of a Judge suspected of taking bribes. The lawsuits, which were previously liable to be prolonged for a lifetime, were curtailed by simplifying the procedure; trial by jury was introduced for criminal cases; and the condition of the prisoners was greatly improved both materially and morally. Some of the new prisons were quite excellent. A big reformatory, for example, founded by a benevolent society in Moscow and largely supported by voluntary contributions, seemed to me the best institution of the kind I had ever seen.

Regarding the new system of local

self-government, I may say briefly that I was very favorably impressed by the results. The first time I followed, as an attentive spectator, the proceedings of a Provincial Assembly, I was fairly astonished. It was in 1870—only nine years after the beginning of the great reforms—and already the local affairs were being discussed, on a footing of perfect equality, by noble landed proprietors in fashionable European costume and emancipated serfs in sheepskins. Some of the peasants were very able, unpretentious speakers, and in one respect they had an advantage over some of their former masters—they knew thoroughly what they were talking about. While the frock-coated young gentlemen who had finished their education in a university or agricultural college were often inclined to deal in scientific abstractions, their humble colleagues, who had come direct from the plow, confined themselves to thoroughly practical remarks, and usually exercised a very beneficial influence on the discussions.

The favorable impressions which I received from this Provincial Assembly were subsequently confirmed by wider experience, especially when I worked regularly during a Winter in the head office of the local administration of the Novgorod province. The chief defect of the new institutions seemed to me to be the very pardonable habit of attempting too much, without duly estimating the available resources. This illustrates a very important national characteristic—intense impatience to obtain gigantic results in an incredibly short space of time. Unlike the English, who crawl cautiously along the rugged path of progress, looking attentively to the right and to the left, and seeking to avoid obstacles and circumvent opposition by conciliation and compromise, the Russian dashes boldly into the unknown, keeping his eye fixed on the distant goal and striving to follow a bee-line, regardless of obstacles and pitfalls. The natural consequence is that his moments of sanguine enthusiasm are frequently followed by hours of depression border-

ing on despair, when he is inclined to attribute his failure to some malign influence rather than to his own recklessness. When in this depressed mood the more violent natures are apt to have recourse to extreme measures.

By bearing in mind this national peculiarity the reader will more easily understand the strange events which followed close on the heels of the great reforms which I have just mentioned. Alexander II. was preparing to advance further along the path on which he had entered so successfully, when his reforming ardor was suddenly cooled by alarming symptoms of a widespread revolutionary agitation. Many members of the young generation, male and female, had imbibed the most advanced political and socialist theories of France and Germany, and they imagined that, by putting these into practice, Russia might advance by a single bound far beyond the more conservative nations and set an example for imitation to the future generations of humanity! The less violent of these enthusiasts, recognizing that a certain amount of preparatory work was necessary, undertook a campaign of propaganda among the lower classes, as factory workers in the towns and school teachers in the villages. The more violent, on the contrary, considered that a quicker and more efficient method of attaining the desired object was the destruction of autocracy by revolvers and bombs, and several attempts were accordingly made on the lives of the Czar and his advisers. For more than ten years, undismayed by these revolutionary manifestations, Alexander II. clung to his ideas of reform, but at last, in 1881, on the eve of issuing a decree for the convocation of a National Assembly, he fell a victim to the bomb throwers.

The practical result of all this was that for the next quarter of a century no great reforms were initiated, but those already effected were consolidated, and some progress was made in a quiet, unostentatious way, especially in the sphere of economic development.

A new period of reform began after

the Japanese war, and this time the reform current took the direction of parliamentary institutions. At last, after much waiting, the political aspirations of the educated classes were partially realized, so that Russia has now a Chamber of Deputies, called the Imperial Duma, freely elected by the people, and an upper house, called the Imperial Council, whose members are selected partly by election and partly by nomination.

What strikes a stranger on first entering the Duma is the variety of costumes, showing plainly that all classes of the population are represented. There are landed proprietors not unlike English country squires; long-haired priests in ecclesiastical robes; working-men from the factories and peasants from the villages in their Sunday clothes; one or two Cossacks in uniform; Mussulmans from the Eastern provinces in semi-Oriental attire. The various nationalities seem to live happily together—Great Russians, Little Russians, Poles, Lithuanians, Russo-Germans, Circassians, Tartars, &c. Almost as numerous as the nationalities are the recognized political parties—Conservatives, Nationalists, Liberals, Radicals, Labor Members, Social Democrats, and Socialists. Great liberty of speech is allowed, but the President has generally no difficulty in keeping order.

Thus, to all appearance, the Duma seems exactly what was required to complete the edifice of self-government founded fifty years ago; but we must not suppose that a Constitution not yet ten years old can be as strong and efficient as a Constitution which has gradually emerged from centuries of political struggle. In other words, the Russian Duma differs in many respects from the British House of Commons. One fundamental difference may be cited by way of example. In England, as all the world knows, the Cabinet is practically chosen by the party which happens to be predominant for the moment, and as soon as it fails to command a majority it must resign; where-

as in Russia, as in Germany, the Cabinet is nominated by the Emperor. This is, of course, a very important difference, and all to our advantage, but it is not so great in practice as in theory. The Czar, though free theoretically to choose his Ministers as he pleases, must choose such men as can obtain a working majority in the Assembly; otherwise, the whole parliamentary machinery comes to a standstill. Such a deadlock actually occurred in the First Duma. Smarting under the humiliation of the Japanese war, attributing the defeats to the incurable incapacity of the Supreme Government, and believing that the old system had become too weak to withstand a vigorous assault, the majority of the Deputies resolved to abolish at once the autocratic power and replace it by ultra-democratic institutions. They accordingly adopted, from the very first day of the session, an attitude of irreconcilable hostility to the Cabinet, refused to listen to Ministerial explanations, abstained from all useful legislative work, and carried their strategy of obstruction so far that the Government had to take refuge in a dissolution.

For this unfortunate result, which tended to retard the natural growth of constitutional freedom in Russia, the Government was severely blamed by many of its critics, but I venture to think that a large share of the responsibility must be attributed to the unreasonable impatience of the Deputies and their supporters. In defense of this opinion I might adduce many strong arguments, but I confine myself to citing a significant little incident from my personal experience. Happening to meet at dinner one evening immediately after the dissolution an old friend who had played a leading part in the policy of obstruction, I took the liberty of remarking to him that he and his party appeared to me to have committed a strategical mistake. If they had shown themselves ready to co-operate with the Government in resisting the dangerous revolutionary movement and favoring moderate reforms, they might have made for themselves, in the course of nine or

ten years, a very influential position in the parliamentary system, and might have greatly advanced the cause of democracy which they had at heart. Here my friend interrupted me with the exclamation: "Nine or ten years? We can't wait so long as that!"

The Second Duma was shipwrecked, like its predecessor, through youthful impatience. Among the Deputies there was a small group of Social Democrats who attempted to prepare a military insurrection, and when the conspiracy was discovered there was great reason to fear that the Government might adopt a reactionary policy; but it happily confined itself to some changes in the suffrage regulations and a dissolution of the Chamber, followed by a general election. Since that time the parliamentary machinery has worked much more smoothly. The Duma has learned the truth of the old adage that half a loaf is better than no bread, and on many important subjects, such as the preparation of the annual budget, it now co-operates loyally with the Ministers. In this way it gets its half loaf, and the country benefits by the new-born spirit of compromise.

Before going further, perhaps I ought to warn my readers that I am often reproached by my Russian friends with taking too favorable a view of the Duma and of many other things in Russia. To this I usually reply by taking those friends to task for their habitual pessimism in criticising themselves and their institutions. Naturally inclined to idealism, and not possessing sufficient hereditary experience to correct this tendency, they compare their institutions with ideals which nowhere exist in the real world, and consequently they condemn them very severely. The impartial foreigner who wishes to form a true estimate of these institutions must always take this into account. In spite of the impassioned philippics to which I have listened hundreds of times from my Russian friends, I am strongly of opinion that the Russian people have made in recent years considerable progress in their political education, and

that they will continue to do so in the future.

But how is genuine national progress possible so long as the great mass of the population are grossly ignorant, conservative, and superstitious? Here again we must beware of adopting current exaggerations. To begin with the peasantry, who are by far the most numerous class, we must admit that they are very far from being well educated, but they are keen to learn and they gladly send their children to the village schools, which have been greatly increased and improved in recent years. Another source of education is the army. Since the introduction of universal military service every unlettered recruit must learn to read and write. A third educational agency is the peculiar village organization. As every head of a family has a house of his own and a share of the communal land, he is a miniature farmer; and, unlike agricultural laborers, who need not look much ahead beyond the weekly pay day, he must make his agricultural and domestic arrangements for an entire year, under pain of incurring starvation or falling into the clutches of the usurer. This is in itself a sort of practical education. Then he has to attend regularly the meetings of the village assembly, at which all communal affairs are discussed and decided. To this I must add that he is by no means obstinately conservative. Habitually cautious, he may be slow to change his traditional habits and methods of cultivation, but he does change them when he sees, by the experience of his neighbors, that new methods are more profitable than old ones. Ask any dealer in improved implements and machines how many he has sold to peasants in a single year. Or ask any director of a peasant land bank how many thousand peasants within the area of his activity are purchasing land outside the communal limits and farming on their own account. If you desire any further information on this subject, ask any liberal-minded landed proprietor who takes an interest in the prosperity of

his humble neighbors to describe to you the small credit societies and similar associations which have recently sprung up in his neighborhood. Nor is it only in agricultural affairs that the peasants have manifested a progressive spirit. If you should happen to pass through the industrial districts around Moscow, you will see many gigantic factories, which employ thousands of hands. Incredible as it may seem, not a few of these were founded by unlettered peasants, whose sons and grandsons have become millionaires.

Let us now go up a step in the social scale and inquire whether those born in the mercantile class are as progressive as the peasantry. Formerly they were regarded, and not without reason, as extremely conservative, and certainly they used to show little sympathy with education or culture; but in recent years their character has been profoundly modified by the ever-increasing influx of foreign capital and foreign enterprise. The upper ranks at least are now being Europeanized in the best sense of the term, not only in their methods of doing business, but also in many other respects. Their homes are becoming more comfortable and elegant according to modern ideas, refinement is gradually permeating their daily life, and the sons of not a few of them are being sent abroad to complete their education in universities or technical colleges.

Compared with the peasantry and the mercantile community, the clergy as a class do not show signs of great progress, but I must do them the justice to say that they do not obstruct. Toward science and culture the Russian Church has always maintained an attitude of neutrality, and it has rarely troubled the adherents of other confessions by aggressive missionary propaganda, while among its own flock it has systematically fostered a spirit of humility and resignation to the Divine will. This helps to explain the wonderful tolerance habitually shown by all classes toward people of another faith. I remember once asking a common laborer what he

thought of the Mussulman Tartars among whom he happened to be living, and his reply, given with evident sincerity, was: "Not a bad sort of people." "And what about their religion?" I inquired. "Not at all a bad sort of faith; you see, they received it, like the color of their skins, from God." He assumed, of course, in his simple piety, that whatever comes from God must be good.

Why, then, it may be asked, is this tolerance not extended to the Jews? They complain, and apparently not without reason, that they are subject to certain disabilities and exposed to persecution in Russia. Thereby hangs a tale! Peter the Great would not allow Jews to settle in his dominions on the ground that his simple-minded, ignorant subjects could not compete with a naturally clever race endowed with a marvelous talent for money-making. Under his successors, by the annexation of Poland, several millions of Polish Jews became Russian subjects; but the policy of exclusion, so far as Russia proper is concerned, has been maintained down to the present day, so that, throughout the purely Russian provinces, Jews are not yet allowed to settle in the villages. If you ask the reason, you will probably be told that if a single Jew were allowed to live in a village, all the Orthodox inhabitants would soon be deeply in debt to him. In some respects, however, the old regulations have been relaxed. A certain proportion of Jewish students are admitted to the universities and higher schools, and such of them as pass their examinations may settle in the towns and freely exercise their professions. As a matter of fact, a considerable proportion of the most capable barristers, physicians, bankers, &c., in Petrograd, Moscow, and other cities are Jews by race and religion, and I have never heard of any of them being persecuted. Anti-Semitic feeling, so far as it exists, has nothing to do with religious beliefs. It is confined to such people as the trader who suffers from the competition of Jewish rivals, or the peasant

who finds that the money-lender, from whom he has borrowed at a high rate of interest, exacts rigorously the fulfillment of the contract. The pillaging of Jewish shops and houses which occurred some years ago in certain towns of the southwestern provinces and was graphically described in the English press was due to pecuniary rather than religious enmity, and was organized by political intriguers.

In order to complete my cursory review of the various social classes from the point of view of social and political progress, I must say something of the nobility and gentry; but I need not say much, because their general character is pretty well known in Western Europe. They are well educated, highly cultured, remarkably open-minded, most anxious to acquaint themselves with the latest ideas in science, literature, and art, and very fond of studying the most advanced foreign theories of social and political development, with a view to applying them to their own country. Thus it may safely be asserted that they are unquestionably progressive. They are, in fact, more disposed to rush forward regardless of consequences than to lag behind in the race, so that their impatience has sometimes to be restrained in the sphere of politics by the Government. This brings us face to face with the important question as to how far the Government and the Supreme Ruler are favorable to national progress and enlightenment.

The antiquated idea that Czars are always heartless tyrants who devote much of their time to sending troublesome subjects to Siberia is now happily pretty well exploded, but the average Englishman is still reluctant to admit that an avowedly autocratic Government may be, in certain circumstances, a useful institution. There is no doubt, however, that in the gigantic work of raising Russia to her present level of civilization the Czars have played a most important part. As for the present Czar, he has followed, in a humane spirit, the best traditions of his ancestors. Any one who has had oppor-

tunities of studying closely his character and aims, and who knows the difficulties with which he has had to contend, can hardly fail to regard him with sympathy and admiration. Among the qualities which should commend him to Englishmen are his scrupulous honesty and genuine truthfulness. Of these—were I not restrained by fear of committing a breach of confidence—I might give some interesting illustrations.

As a ruler Nicholas II. habitually takes a keen, sympathetic interest in the material and moral progress of his country, and is ever ready to listen attentively and patiently to those who are presumably competent to offer sound advice on the subject. At the same time he is very prudent in action, and this happy combination of zeal and caution, which distinguishes him from his too impetuous countrymen, has been signally displayed in recent years. During the revolutionary agitation which followed close on the disastrous Japanese war, when the impetuous would-be reformers wished to overturn the whole existing fabric of administration, and the timid counselors recommended vigorous retrograde measures, he wisely steered a middle course, which has resulted in the creation of a moderate form of parliamentary institutions. That seems to indicate that Nicholas II. has something of the typical Englishman's love of compromise.

So much for the first of the two reasons commonly adduced to prove that Russia is an undesirable ally. I trust I have said enough to show that the idea of her being the great modern stronghold of barbarism, ignorance, and tyrannical government is very far from the truth. Now I come to the second reason—that she has repeatedly threatened our interests in the past and is sure to threaten them in the future because she has an insatiable territorial appetite.

That Russia has a formidable territorial appetite cannot be denied, but it ill becomes us Britishers to reproach her on that score, because, if we may judge by results, our own territorial ap-

petite is at least equally formidable. Like her, we began our national life with a very modest amount of territory, and now the British Empire is considerably larger than the Empire of the Czars. According to recent trustworthy statistics, the former contains over 13,000,000 square miles, and the latter less than 8,500,000. To this I may add that the motives and methods of annexation have a strong family resemblance. Both of us have been urged forward partly by rapidly increasing population and partly by national ambition; and both of us have systematically added to our dominions, partly by colonization and partly by conquest. As examples of colonizing expansion we may take Siberia and Australia, and as examples of expansion by conquest we may point to Russian Central Asia and British India.

Fortunately for the peace of the world, the two spheres of expansion long lay wide apart. The Russians, as a continental nation hemmed in by no natural frontiers, naturally overflowed into adjacent thinly peopled territory and spread out very much as a drop of oil spreads out on soft paper; while we, being islanders with an adventurous seafaring population, chose our fields of colonization and conquest in various distant regions of the globe. Thus, until comparatively recent times, we had no occasion to come into conflict with our rivals, or, to speak more accurately, the two nations were not rivals at all. Now, it is true, we have approached within striking distance of each other, and there is some danger of our coming into hostile contact. Of this danger and the possibility of averting it I shall speak presently, but meanwhile I must make a little digression in order to anticipate an objection that may be made to the foregoing remarks.

Some conscientious inquirer, while admitting that there is a certain resemblance between British and Russian territorial expansion, may reasonably point to some important differences in the results. The expansion of England, he may say, has resulted in spreading

over the world the benefits of civilization and freedom; her more important colonies have grown into self-governing sister nations, who are showing their loyalty and affection for the mother country by rushing to her assistance in the present crisis; at the same time her great Indian dependency and her Crown Colonies, which do not yet enjoy complete self-government, are likewise showing their sympathetic appreciation of the blessings conferred on them by the central power.

In comparison with all this, what has Russia to show? Not so much, I confess, but she has effected considerable improvements in the annexed territories. The great plains to the north of the Black Sea, which were formerly the home of nomadic, predatory tribes, have been brought under cultivation; the tents of the nomads have been replaced by thriving villages, flaming blast furnaces, great foundries, and fine towns, such as Odessa, Taganrog and Rostoff; the Crimea, whose inhabitants once lived mainly by marauding expeditions and the slave trade, is now a peaceful and prosperous province; in the Caucasus, which was long the scene of constant tribal warfare and where the well-to-do inhabitants were not ashamed to sell their young, beautiful daughters to the Pashas of Constantinople, permanent order has been everywhere established and many abuses suppressed; in Siberia, which was little better than a wilderness, there are now thousands of prosperous farmers, railways and river steamboats have been constructed, and the mineral resources are being rapidly developed; thanks to the improvement of communications in that part of the empire, Peking is now well within a fortnight of Petrograd. Even in Central Asia there is evidence of improvement; the Russian military administration, with all its defects, is better than the native rule which preceded it. Such was, at least, the impression which I received in semi-Russianized territories like Bokhara and Samarcand. Thus, while we may be justly proud of our achievements in imperial consolidation

and progress, we may well regard with sympathy the efforts of our rival in the same direction.

Apologizing for this little digression, I proceed now to consider very briefly the danger of future conflict between the two great empires which have come within striking distance of each other.

This danger, as it seems to me, though serious enough, is not so great as is commonly supposed. We have many interests in common, as our present alliance proves, and there are only two localities in which a future conflict is to be apprehended. These are Constantinople and our Indian frontier.

Napoleon is reported to have said that the nation which occupies Constantinople must dominate the world. The present occupants have proved that this dictum is, to say the least, an exaggeration, but there is no doubt that if Russia possessed the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, her power, for defensive and offensive purposes, would be greatly increased, and she might seriously threaten our line of communications with India through the Suez Canal. This danger, however, is very remote. So many great powers are interested in preventing her from obtaining such a commanding position in the Mediterranean, that if she made any aggressive movement in that direction she would certainly find herself confronted by a very formidable European coalition.

An attack on our Indian frontier is likewise, I venture to think, a very improbable contingency. There may possibly be in Russia some political dreamers who imagine, in their idle hours, that it would be a grand thing to conquer India, with its teeming millions of inhabitants, and appropriate the countless wealth which it is falsely supposed to possess; but I have never met or heard of any serious Russian politician capable of advocating such a hazardous enterprise. Certainly there is no immediate danger. When the European struggle in which we are now engaged is brought to an end, the nations who are taking part in it will husband their resources for many years before launch-

ing into any wild adventures. Moreover, our position in our great Eastern dependency has never previously been so secure as it is now. The Government has long been taking precautionary measures against possible troubles on the frontier, and in the interior of the country the great mass of the inhabitants are prosperous and contented. Hindus and Mahomedans alike are learning to appreciate the benefits of British rule, as is shown by the fact that in the present crisis the native Princes are generously placing all the available resources of their States at the disposal of the Central Government.

An additional security against danger in that quarter is afforded by the character of the present Czar. His natural disposition is not at all of the adventurous type, and he will doubtless profit by past experience. He will not soon forget how he inadvertently drifted into the Japanese conflict because he let himself be persuaded by ill-informed counselors that a war with Japan was altogether out of the question. We can hardly suppose that he will listen to such counselors a second time. Moreover, he showed on one memorable occasion that he was animated with friendly sentiments toward England. The incident has hitherto been kept secret, but may now be divulged. During the South African war a hint came to him from a foreign potentate that the moment had arrived for clipping England's wings and that Russia might play a useful part in the operation by making a military demonstration on the Afghan frontier. To this suggestion the Czar turned a deaf ear. I am well aware that in semi-official conversation the foreign potentate in question has represented the incident in a very different light, but recent experience has taught us to be chary of accepting literally any diplomatic assurances coming from that quarter.

On this subject of possible future conflicts with Russia and of the best means of averting them, I have a great deal more to say, but I have now reached the limits of the space at my disposal,

not to mention the patience of my readers. I confine myself, therefore, to a single additional remark. The conflicting interests of the two great empires are not so irreconcilable as they are often represented, and the chances of

solving the difficult problem by mutually satisfactory compromises may be greatly increased by cultivating friendly relations with the power which was formerly our rival and is now happily our ally.

Confiscation of German Patents

[From *Russkia Vedomosti*, No. 235, Oct. 12 (25), 1914; No. 273, Nov. 27 (Dec. 10), 1914.]

THE conference of the representatives of industry at the Ministry of Commerce and Industry decided that it is desirable that the Government should confiscate the patents granted to Austrian and German subjects for inventions which may be of special interest for the State, provided, however, that the patent holders should be reimbursed after the end of the war.

The conference found it impossible to abolish the trade marks of German and Austrian subjects, for this would hurt the Russian consumer, who could be then easily cheated by false labels.

Two conflicting opinions prevailed in the conference. The one held that the commercial treaties between Russia and Germany (and Austria) have left the question of patents out of consideration, while the other pointed out that the commercial treaties had granted to German subjects equal rights and privileges with Russians as regards patents.

The decision seems to be a compromise between the two.

A delegation of the Moscow Merchants' Association, consisting of Messrs. N. N.

Shustov, I. G. Volkov, and A. D. Liamin, will soon go to Petrograd to petition the Ministers of Finance, Commerce and Industry and of the Interior for measures against German "oppression." The delegation intends to ask for the revocation of all privileges (franchises) and patents granted to Austrian, German, and Turkish subjects and for the granting to the Moscow merchants of the right to admit foreigners to the Merchants' Association only at its own discretion.

Finally, the delegation intends to discuss with the Ministers the special fund created recently at the State Bank for the settlement of payments to foreign merchants belonging to the warring nations. With this fund Russian merchants are depositing money for their matured notes. Thus the payment for foreign goods is now better guaranteed than before. The German merchants are taking advantage of this arrangement, offering their goods to Russian consumers through their agents and branch houses and commercial agents located in neutral countries. Therefore the new arrangement helps rather than hurts the German trade in Russia.

A Russian Income Tax

Proposed by the Ministry of Finance.

[From Russkia Vedomosti, No. 225, Oct. 1 (14), 1914.]

IN the long list of new Russian taxes the income tax is the most interesting. It is still only a drafted bill. The Government hesitates to press it. Perhaps the Duma will take some steps to make this bill a law. Its main provisions are as follows:

All annual incomes of 1,000 rubles (\$500) and above are to be assessed at a progressive rate ranging from 1½ per cent. on 1,000 rubles to the maximum of 8 per cent. on incomes of 200,000 rubles (\$100,000) and above. All persons engaged actively in the present war shall be exempt from this tax.

All persons freed from military service within the last four years are to pay an additional tax equal to 50 per cent. of their income tax, provided the incomes of the parents whose sons have been freed reach 2,000 rubles (\$1,000).

All persons freed from military service having incomes below 1,000 rubles (\$500) are to pay a uniform tax of 6 rubles (\$3). A special war tax is to be levied in provinces where the whole population or certain groups of the population are freed from military service.

Note: For a poor country like Russia the minimum exempt from taxation is very high. The large number of able-bodied men in war would cut into this tax considerably. It has been figured out that the special 6-ruble tax on those freed from the military service would yield about 13,000,000 rubles (\$6,500,000). The total revenue from this tax would hardly reach 50,000,000 rubles. Commenting upon this bill, critics have proposed to reduce the minimum exempt from taxation from 1,000 rubles (\$500) to 750 rubles (\$375) and to cut out the special 6-ruble war tax.

PING PONG.

By BEATRICE BARRY.

FAITH, hear our soldier boys a-sighin'
'Cause Major General John O'Ryan
Won't let 'em dance!
The hard-wood floors he's goin' to rip—
They may not hesitate or dip;
I'm told that he was heard to say
They're 'sposed to work and not to play

Ping Pong!

Ping Pong!

Ping Pong!

I cannot say—I do not know
Whether the boys would have it so;
But if by chance
We should engage in carnage grim,
And harm, alas! should come to him—
Would they feel sorrow then, or bliss,
The while they heard the bullets hiss

Ping Pong.

Ping Pong.

Ping Pong?

No more about a slender waist
Shall arm in uniform be placed.

He looks askance

At signs of happiness and mirth;
Soldiers were put upon the earth
To sweat and dig in hard dirt floors,
And so prepare 'emselves for war's—

Ping Pong!

Ping Pong!

Ping Pong!

Tools of the Russian Juggernaut

By M. J. Bonn.

Prof. Bonn is Professor of Political Economy at the University of Munich and German Visiting Professor to the University of California. The following article by him was published on Aug. 8, 1914, in the first week of war.

AS long as hostile censors muzzle truth there is no use in discussing the European military situation. Where the ingenuity of American newspaper men has failed it would be presumptuous for any one to try. But the question, Why are we at war? can be answered fairly well by anybody conversant with the facts of the European situation.

We are not at war because the Emperor, as war lord, has sent out word to his legions to begin a war of world-wide aggression, carrying into its vortex intellectual Germany, notwithstanding all her peaceful aspirations.

I may fairly claim to be a representative of that intellectual Germany which comes in now for a good deal of sympathy, but I must own that intellectual Germany, as far as I know about her, thoroughly approves of the Emperor's present policy.

She approves of it not on the principle merely "Right or wrong, my country"; she does so because she knows that war has become inevitable, and that we must face that ordeal when we are ready for it, not at the moment most agreeable to our enemies. If intellectual Germany wants to develop the moral and intellectual qualities of the German people she can do so only if there is peace—real peace—not endangered by the fear of some sudden and treacherous aggression.

We approve of the war because we realize that such a peace was no longer possible. Some of our critics are trying

to show that we wanted a war, as we wanted the colonial empire of France.

We have, indeed, refused the demand made by England as the price for her neutrality—that we should not be allowed to take any part of France's colonial domains, even in case of complete victory.

We refused this stipulation, not because we were after those colonies, but because a so-called neutral power tried to impose conditions upon us she would never have dreamed of asking from France.

If we were hankering after conquest we would have made war long ago. We would have done so during the Morocco crisis, when Russia had not yet recovered from the Japanese war; when Turkey was still a mighty empire, ready to take our side, overawing the Balkan States and threatening Russia; when Rumania was our ally and when France, trying to swallow up the independent States of Morocco, but put herself morally in the wrong.

We refrained from war not because England supported France. The developments of the last week have shown that we are ready to face England, too, when needs must be. We decided for peace because we were convinced that no amount of colonial aggrandizement could compensate us for the dangers and horrors of a big European war.

Our diplomatic methods during those days may have been brusque and annoying, but our aim was peace. Though we are held up continually as the disturber

of European peace, driven on by a mad desire for territorial aggrandizement, we are the only big European nation which has not increased her territory during the last twenty-five years.

Russia tried to steal the Far East and is now going half shares with England in Persia. England annexed the Boer republics and is playing with Russia for the Persian States.

France has taken Morocco; Italy, Tripoli; Austria-Hungary has formally annexed Bosnia.

Even little Serbia, who is praised just now as the most just and God-fearing nation, has succeeded in wresting a large part of Macedonia, inhabited by Bulgarians, from her Bulgarian allies.

The only conquest we went in for was an exchange of a strip of West Africa, which we got from France as a kind of hush money, for her Morocco policy, England, Italy, and Spain having taken their payment in advance.

We have led no war of aggression for new territories, and we are held up to moral contempt by all those nations who have taken their shares.

We went to war because we had to keep faith with Austria. We do not and we did not approve of every step our ally has taken. But our idea of a faithful alliance is not that you can chuck your partner whenever he has made a mistake, but that you must stick to him through good and evil.

You may upbraid him privately if you dislike his methods; you may give him a fair warning, but as long as your bargain exists you must stick to it.

And our alliance with Austria is not a mere piece of political strategy, not an unholy alliance like that of republican France with despotic Russia or Anglo-Saxon England with Mongol Japan.

Our States have a common history. We are, as far as the Austrian Germans are concerned—about a third of the population of Austria—the same people. We have, and that is perhaps the most decisive point in the alliance, nearly the same position on the surface of the globe.

We are both inland empires situated

in the centre of Europe, surrounded by many different nations, all of whom may bear some grudge against us.

As long as our joint frontiers are safe we can stand back to back and face calmly any unnatural confederation like the present one.

We concluded the alliance with Austria because we wanted to safeguard ourselves against foreign attack; it has turned out the alliance has involved us in war. We might have avoided the war at present if we had broken faith with our ally.

It would not have been difficult for us to find some legal quibbles, like those which Italy, following a policy of very sober national egotism, is now earnestly exclaiming to all the world.

If we had done so we should have been knaves, but we should have been fools as well. For surely nobody can believe that the forces antagonistic to Germany would have ceased to act if we had left Austria in the lurch.

Neither France nor Russia nor England would have changed their policy. They might, moreover, have tried to make Austria join in some future conspiracy against us.

There are three main causes to which the war is due:

1. The French have never forgotten their defeat in 1870 and 1871. They have always been thirsting for revenge.

2. We are at war because Russia thinks she has a mission on behalf of the Slavic world; she feels that mission can only be fulfilled by smashing Germany, the bulwark of Western idea.

3. We are at war because England has returned to her old political ideals. She means to enforce anew the balance of power and she wants to cut down Germany to that normal dead-level which alone, she thinks, is consistent with her own security.

As far as our antagonism to France is concerned, we have always looked upon it as a regrettable fact which time, perhaps, might do away with. We are just enough to understand that a country like France, with a glorious past, a gallant

spirit and an undaunted courage, cannot forget the blow we dealt her forty-three years ago.

We think we have been right in retaking from her Alsace-Lorraine, belonging originally to the German Empire. But we look with a kind of envy upon her who succeeded in denationalizing the people of those provinces to such a degree that we have not yet been able to make them Germans once more.

We have always regretted that the two most civilized nations in Continental Europe should be rent asunder by an forgotten past.

We hoped that the creation of a wonderful African empire might in the long run soothe French national feeling. We should have been always willing to come to an understanding on the existing state of affairs, but though there have been lucky statesmen in France who tried such a policy, public opinion was too strong for them. French people preferred to sacrifice the main ideas on which their republican government is based and made an alliance with Russia.

Religious, national, and political oppression in Russia against Pole, Jew, and Finn, against workingman and intellectual, is propped up by the help of liberal thinking France, whose conservatism threw a Western glamour over Russian ill-deeds.

We have regretted more than words can say it that France has annihilated herself as a power for the moral improvement of the universe by making herself a tool of the Russian Juggernaut.

We read in the papers today that after

a small frontier engagement in Alsace-Lorraine the signs of mourning were taken off from the statues representing Alsatian towns on Parisian squares.

We know in our innermost hearts that they will have to be attached for a long time to come to those three emblems of human progress for which France is supposed to stand, liberty, fraternity, equality, if our arms are not successful.

We realize that the gallant spirit of the French people has furnished the mainspring which has made this war possible.

We honor her for her courage. For we know well enough that it is she alone among the partners who runs real risks. We know that she is not moved by sordid motives. But as we know her unforgiving attitude, as we knew that she was helping Russia and egging her on against us; that she was instigating Britain and Belgium as well as Serb and Rumanian, we had to take her attitude as what it was; as the firm policy of a patriotic and passionate people, waiting for the moment when they could wipe out the memory of 1870, putting nationality to the front, sacrificing their own ideals of humanity.

Would France have given up this attitude if we had not stood by our Austrian ally? Would she have broken her word to her Russian friend if we had been a little more conciliatory?

I think we would commit a libel on French honor and on French patriotism if we assumed that any step on our part could have prevented her from trying to redress the state of affairs produced by the events of 1871.



Fate of the Jews in Poland

By Georg Brandes.

[From The Day, Nov. 29, 1914.]

Georg Brandes, Denmark's critic and man of letters, has lived in many European countries and spent the year 1886-87 in Russian Poland. His books on "Impressions of Poland" and "Impressions of Russia" show his interest in the political and social conditions of the Russian Empire.

THE war raging in and out of Europe does not give the experienced much reason to hope. The immense mischief daily caused by it is certain enough. The benefits which are believed to be the result of it and of which the various nations dream differently are so uncertain that they cannot possibly be reckoned upon. Before those whose sympathy was with the deep national misfortune of the Polish people, there rose the image of the reunion and emancipation of this tripartited people under extensive autonomy, and most probably under the protection and supremacy of a great power.

For the present we are far away from that goal. Poles are compelled by necessity to fight in the Prussian, Austrian and Russian armies, against each other. Not the smallest attempt at emancipation has been made either in Prussian Posen or in the Russian "Kingdom" or in Austrian Galicia. We might even say that the dismemberment at present is going deeper than ever, as it is now cleaving the minds as well.

The only indication of a future union is the manifesto of the Grand Duke Nikolai, the Russian Field Marshal, to the Poles, issued in the middle of August. It began: "Poles, the hour has struck in which the holy dream of your fathers and grandfathers may be fulfilled. Let the borders cutting asunder the Polish people be effaced; let them unite under the sceptre of the Czar. Under this

sceptre Poland will regenerate, free in religion, language, and autonomy."

And it ended in the following way: "The dawn of a new life is beginning for you. In this dawn let the sign of the cross, the symbol of the sufferings and the resurrection of the people, shine."

How clearly this manifesto, with its surprising love of liberty, its pious reference to the cross, bore the stamp of having been enforced by circumstances, and how accustomed one had become to disregard promises from the Russian Government of full constitutional liberty and the like, as those given before had not meant very much either in Finland or in Russia itself. Still the manifesto, as a sign of the time, was well apt to make an impression on the great masses who had always heard the authorities stamp as criminal plots, as high treason, what was now suddenly called from the supreme place "the holy dream of the forefathers."

The purpose of the proclamation was probably, above all, to prevent a revolt in Russian Poland the moment hostile troops invaded it. On the Austrian Poles the manifesto seems to have failed to produce its effect. As these Poles enjoy full autonomy in Galicia, and for a century have witnessed the severity and cruelty with which their kinsmen in Russian Poland have been oppressed, they received the proclamation with loud vows of faithfulness to the house of Hapsburg; nay, all the *sokol* societies which in time

of peace (keeping a decision in view) had trained their members in games and the use of arms, placed themselves as Polish legions at the disposal of the Government against the Russians. But that was not all. The Ruthenian inhabitants of Galicia, one-half the population of the country, founded a *League for the Release of Ukraine* and flooded Europe from the 25th of August with notifications and descriptions hostile to Russia. The founders did not withhold their names. They are D. Donzow, W. Doroschenko, M. Melenewsky, A. Skoropyss-Joltuchowsky, N. Zalizniak and A. Zuk.

And it has very soon proved that, in spite of the proclamation of the independence of Poland, the Czar, at any rate, includes East Galicia in Poland as little as the inhabitants are regarded or treated as Poles or Ruthenians. The Russians were hardly in Lemberg, before this town and the whole of East Galicia were called in the orders of the day old Russian land and the inhabitants described as Russians, whom their brothers had now come to set free.

What impression the imperial manifesto made in Posen can scarcely be proved, as each hostile remark against Prussia would have been punished as high treason.

The German Emperor has, however, no less than the Russian Czar, been courting the favor of the Poles and trying to win them through promises. One month after the issue of the Czar's manifesto, a proclamation from von Morgen, the German Lieutenant General, was displayed in the Governments of Lomza and Warsaw. In this the following sentences are to be found: "Arise and drive away with me those Russian barbarians who made you slaves; drive them out of your beautiful country, which shall now regain her political and religious liberty. That is the will of my mighty and gracious King." Knowing the passion with which the Poles have hitherto been driven away from their soil and persecuted because of their language, we learn from this proclamation

that the German Government has felt the necessity of outbidding the Czar.

As far as may be seen, the Czar's manifesto made very little impression on the intellectual in Russian Poland, who, of course, received it with much suspicion. The masses in Russian, as in Austrian, Poland have for some time stood passionately against each other, hurling accusations of treason to the holy cause of their native country, until a new party has now been formed which is politically most unripe, but for that very reason has an enormous extension. Its password is this: "We do not want to hear of Russia or of Austria; we only want one thing: the Polish State without guardianship from any side." In other words, we want the quite impossible. Political oppression for almost one and one-half centuries brings its own punishment to a people. In such a people political skill too easily becomes local patriotism, or it remains in the state of innocence.

Of what use is it to begin singing: *Polonia farà de sè*? That Poland cannot become free by itself is evident to anybody who has any political idea.

Still I am inclined to say, never mind the forms which the Polish independence and thirst of liberty are taking: they seem to pass like a purifying storm through all Polish minds. Many times before this has a glorious future risen before the Poles—1812, when Napoleon began the second Polish campaign; 1830, when the Poles were buoyed up by the sympathy of Europe; 1848 and 1863. But hardly has a change of established conditions appeared so possible and painful barriers so near the point of falling, as in this great and dreadful crisis.

He who for a generation has been busy with Polish and Russian affairs can therefore, without much difficulty, imagine how many young Polish hearts are now beating and burning with hope, expectation and the most noble aspirations.

Nevertheless, the state of affairs in Russian Poland is at present more desperate than it has ever been before, during war and revolt; and this is not due to the pressure of the conditions or the horror of the situation, but is due to the

Poles themselves, to the overstimulation of the national feeling which sends forth its breath of madness all over Europe and now whirls round in Polish brains to drive out magnanimity and humanity, not to speak of reason, which, on the whole, has no jubilee in Europe in the year 1914.

I dare truthfully say that for no other people have I felt the enthusiasm that I have felt for the Poles. I have revealed this feeling at a time when they were not the order of the day, and only very few shared my sentiments. I pronounced this feeling long ago, but it had slight effect in drawing the attention of the Poles to my writings about them or in winning their thanks. The Poles did not discover my book about them till ten years after it had appeared, and when it had been by chance translated into German. To write in Danish is as a rule to write in water.

It would be very ungrateful of me, on this occasion, when I am obliged to use sharp words to the Poles, not to remember the indescribable affection and kindness they have shown me in Russian Poland as well as in Austrian Poland. Among them I have found quite incomparable friends.

For a long time I have therefore refused to say an unkind, not to mention an offensive word. As far back as in 1898 I refused so absolutely to make myself the advocate of the Ruthenians against them that the Ruthenian leaders became my bitter enemies, who never tired of attacking me, and I was mute as a fish when Björnstjerne Björnson, not long before his death, upon application of the Ruthenians, attacked the Poles, fortunately for them with such unreasonable exaggerations that the attacks did no harm. (Björnson maintained that the Pole as such was the devil himself as the Middle Ages had imagined him.) I knew better than Björnson what might be said against electioneering and pressure on electors in Galicia, but I remained silent because I considered it unworthy to attack a people which was in such a difficult po-

sition and which was able to defend many minor injustices committed by it as self-defense. I considered it especially impossible for me to attack the Poles to whom I was bound by honor and toward whom I bore the warmest, most sincere sympathy.

It is therefore with no light heart that I write these lines.

Denial of the rights of man to Jewish subjects belongs to the nature of Russia. Now and then Europe has been startled when an uncommon massacre of innocent Jews has taken place, as in Kishineff, but all have known and know that Russia stows her Jewish population together in the Polish outskirts of the realm, stows them together so tightly that they can neither live nor die, denies them the liberty of moving, the liberty of studying, even the right of school—and university—education beyond a certain (too small) percentage. Only such Jews who hold a university degree are allowed to live in the capitals of the Empire. No young Jewish woman is allowed to take up her abode near the universities in Petrograd or Moscow, unless she has been enrolled as a prostitute, and it has happened that the police have made their appearance and accused her of forgery, complaining that she did not carry on her profession, but was reading scientific books instead. If a man is, for instance, a doctor of medicine, he may take up his abode in Moscow; in case he is married his wife may live there with him. But if the couple has a two-year-old child, the mother is not allowed to take it with her into the railway carriage and let it live with her in the capital. For the child has no right to live there. If this right is wanted a detailed petition must be sent in to the Governor General, in whose power it is to grant or refuse it.

In a few of the cases where plunder and murder of a Jewish population in Russia have taken place, the outrages have partly been excused, or at any rate explained, through the almost incomprehensible ignorance of the peasants. Russia's most famous political economist, who at the same time is a great estate owner, has told me himself that when

the elections to the First Duma took place he was informed that each of the peasants on his estate had voted for himself. He asked them, surprised, what they meant, and explained to them that in this way none of them could be elected; but they answered with the question, "Does not each Deputy get so many rubles a day? Yes. And do you think that we should let so much money go to another if we, perhaps, might get it ourselves?"

The same prominent estate owner told me that one day he asked some of his peasants if they really had partaken in a Pogrom which had taken place in the neighboring parish—he could not believe it, as they looked so good-natured. To his astonishment they answered yes, and when he asked them about the reason they replied: "You know it very well." They then explained that they had killed these Jews because the Jews had killed their Saviour. He: "But that was so long ago and it was not they who did it and it did not happen in this country." To which they, again astonished, exclaimed: "Was it long ago? We thought it was last week." It appeared that they had understood from the priest's explanation that the crucifixion had taken place then and there.

Under such conditions one is not surprised by any outrage. But to see the hatred of the Jews spread in Russian Poland, where people understand how to read and write, that must surely fill one with wonder. The great number of Jews in the old Polish Kingdom originated in the days of Casimir the Great (1309-1370,) who out of love for his concubine, Esther, opened his country to the Jews and made conditions favorable for them. Since then the number has increased, as the Czars locked up all their Jewish subjects there. So they have been living separated and with a special dress like the Jews of Denmark at the time of Holberg. They have, however, felt and suffered as Polish patriots. As early as 1794 a regiment of Jewish volunteers fought under Kosciuszko; their Colonel fell in 1809. In 1830 the shallow Polish national Government refused the

Jews' petition to be allowed to enter the army. As they then ventured to apply for admission to the Polish public schools Nicholas I. punished them, allowing 36,000 families to be carried away to the steppes of South Russia, where the regulation for the enlistment of children overtook them. All their small boys from the age of 6 years were sent to Archangel in Cossack custody to be trained as sailors. They died in multitudes on the way.

The evils which befell all the inhabitants of Poland regardless of their creed for some time suppressed the hatred of the Jews which is always lurking in the masses. The great men of Poland checked its development. Adam Mickiewicz, Poland's greatest author, went so far that in his chief work, Poland's national epic, "*Pan Tadeusz*" (1834) he makes a Jewish innkeeper one of the most sympathetic leading characters. He is introduced in the fourth canto as a genius in music, the great master of the national instrument, the cymbal; and Mickiewicz makes the culmination of his poem the moment when Jankiel before Dombrowski himself plays the Dombrowski marche, symbolical of the whole history of Poland from 1791-1812, the year in which the poem takes place, the Napoleon year.

In the year 1860 the equalization of the Jews with the Catholics was a reality in Warsaw, and when, in February, 1861, at two large public places in Warsaw, the Russians had shot on the kneeling masses singing the national anthem, ("*Zdymem pozarow*,") the Jews felt impelled to show their national feeling through an unmistakable manifestation.

In masses they accompanied their rabbis into the Catholic churches just as the Christians in crowds entered the synagogues to sing the same hymn.

This last feature, the processions of the two creeds into each other's churches singing the same song, made such an impression on Henrik Ibsen, the great Scandinavian poet, that again and again he returned in his conversations to this

as one of the greatest and most beautiful experiences he had ever had.

And now under the whirlstorm of madness which nationalism has driven across Europe, all this is lost; nay, from a religious reconciliation it has been turned into flaming hatred between the races.

II.

In 1912 the election of a Deputy to the Duma was to take place in Warsaw. The population of the town consists of between seven and eight hundred thousand. As among them there are 300,000 Jews, the majority of the electors, it was in the power of that majority to elect a Jewish Deputy. Because of their Polish national feeling, however, they gave up this right, as they wanted Warsaw, as the capital of the Kingdom of Poland, to be represented by a man who not only in spirit, but also by race, was a Pole. Of the Polish committee they only demanded that the party concerned be no enemy to the Jews. It proved, however, that the committee in its arrogance would not deal with them at all and proposed Kucharschewski, a pronounced anti-Semitic candidate and a man who publicly declared that he desired the election to the Duma only to work for the extermination of the Jews of Poland. By the way, it is strange to notice how the word "exterminate," which thirty years ago in the days of Bismarck and Eduard von Hartmann as *Ausrotten* was subject to the curse and condemnation of the Poles, has now come to honor, and how easily it passes their lips.

As the Jews, of course, could not vote on such a man, they urgently asked the committee to propose another candidate not inimical to them. This reasonable request was refused with coarseness and Kucharschewski's candidacy maintained. Because of that the Jews were obliged to look about for another candidate of Polish family who was fit for the position and was not hostile to them. In spite of numerous applications, they did not succeed in finding such a man; at the last moment, when all attempts had failed, Jagello, the Social Democrat, de-

clared himself willing to accept the candidacy of the Jews.

The only thing in his favor was the fact that he was of pure Polish blood. As their leading men all belong to the higher middle class, they did not share his views. But the state of affairs forced them to support him. Lord Beaconsfield used to maintain that the natural disposition of the Jewish race was conservative, but foolish politics, instead of encouraging the conservative instincts of the race, forced it to cast its lot with the most extreme elements of the opposition. It has proved true here.

Jagello was elected.

The leading men in Russian Poland, who, as a matter of fact, through the whole new century, had fought against the Jews, although secretly, for fear they should forfeit the sympathy of the intellectual aristocracy of Europe, used this electoral victory of the Jews, which had been forced upon them, to throw off the mask and openly act as their passionate enemies. The so-called co-operative movement developed during the last twelve years, and in itself nothing but a fight against the Jewish commerce, under a different name, now changed into a systematic and cruelly effected boycotting of the Jewish population. In private as in public life, the openly pronounced password was: not to buy from Jews, not to associate with Jews.

At the head of this movement marched the intelligence of Poland, among others some of its most famous authors, avowed free thinkers as Nemojewski, nay, as Alexander Swientochowski. Literary life presents many changes, metamorphoses, which in thoroughness are not very much inferior to those of Ovid. A good deal is necessary to make one who for one-half century has witnessed the want of character among writers feel even the slightest surprise. But I should willingly have sworn that I should never have lived to see Alexander Swientochowski a nationalist, he the most uncompromising adversary of nationalism, who endured a good deal for his conviction, to see the poet of "Chawa Rubin" an anti-Semitic chief. Not only does all

that Alexander Swientochowski wrote rise against him, but also the words, the powerful words, which issued from his mouth in his palmy days.

The whole Polish press placed itself at the disposal of this movement. Young Polish louts were posted outside the Jewish shops and ill-treated the Christian women and children who wanted to buy there. By means of the well-known Dumowski a new paper, *Dwa Groszi*, was started, which simply urged pogroms. It soon came to bloody struggles. Polish undergraduates killed an old Jew in the *Sliska Street* in Warsaw. In the little town of *Welun* peasants poured naphtha on the house of a Jew and put fire to it, burning a large family. Similar acts occurred in several other places, until the Russian Government stopped this pogrom movement in order to prevent the Polish nationalism from getting stronger.

The Polish priests in the villages incited the people from the pulpit to boycotting of and war against the Jews. After the sentence in the *Beilis* action the Polish newspapers were almost alone in publishing on circulars the information that *Beilis* had been acquitted, but that the existence of religious murder had been satisfactorily proved. Nay, the free thinker, *Nemojewski*, wrote a book, in which he maintained the monstrous lie that Jewish religious murders are facts, and traveled all over the country with an agitatorial lecture to the same purpose.

Under these circumstances, the Jews in Russian Poland turned to the few men whose names were so esteemed or whose characters were so unimpeachable that their words could not be unheeded.

Ladislas Mickiewicz, the excellent son of the great *Mickiewicz*, who had passed his whole life in Paris, first as a publisher and translator of the works of his father, and then as a Polish patriotic author, convened, together with some other prominent men, a great meeting at Warsaw to restore the inner peace. In vain he begged and besought his countrymen, who had enemies enough otherwise, not to act as enemies of the Jews, who had

always been their friends. No Polish newspaper gave any report of his speech.

All this took place before the war. The provisional result was the economic destruction of the Russian-Polish Jews. But now during the war the glow of the bloody hatred of the Jews has blazed out in far stronger flames and the Russian Government has as yet done nothing to subdue or quench the fire.

During the mobilization several Polish newspapers, for instance, *The Glos Lubelski*, brought the alarming news in heavy type: "In England great pogroms against the Jews. The English Government does not check them." The paper was conscious of the lie. But the question was to set an example to follow.

When the lack of gold and silver began to be felt the Polish newspapers accused the Jews of hiding the valuable metals. On closer examination, it was found that many non-Jewish business people (for instance, *Ignaschewski* in *Lublin*, a very rich Pole) were withholding whole bags full of gold and silver coins, for which they were punished rather severely; but this was not proved against a single Jew.

Furthermore, the Jews were, among other things, accused of having smuggled in a coffin 1,500,000 rubles in gold into Germany; and the protest against the accusation entered by the representatives and ministers of the Jewish congregation at Warsaw was printed in Russian papers, but not in a single Polish one.

All these things were preparations for pogroms; but many others were made. The anti-Semites printed a proclamation in Yiddish in which the Jews were called upon to revolt against Russia; they took care that this proclamation was put into the pockets of the unsuspecting Jews in the streets of the different towns; those who had distributed the papers denounced the party concerned to the police. Everybody upon whom the proclamation was found was shot.

At last the Jews were, as in the Middle Ages, both in word and writing accused of having poisoned the wells. If some Cossacks or other Russian soldiers

died, the Poles accused the Jews of having caused their death.

The chief accusation was, however, the accusation of espionage, which obtained general credence and was used both when Austrian troops came to some town or village and when Russian troops expelled the Austrians. The result was the same. A suitable number of Jews were conscientiously shot by the Russians as well as by the Austrians. There are, however, lists of those who really have been unmasked as spies. A Potocki was among them, and had to pay for it with his life; but no Jewish name is found on these lists.

The accusation is, however, always believed, as the Jew has, for about two thousand years, been characterized as Judas.

The legend about Judas may without exaggeration be described as one of the most foolish legends of antiquity; that it has been believed is one proof among thousands of the indescribable simplicity of mankind. Few legends carry like it the stamp of lie on their faces and few legends have millennium after millennium caused so many evils and horrors. It has tortured and murdered by hundred thousands.

According to the supposition the story is impossible. The supposition is that a man in possession of superhuman attributes, a god or a demi-god, day after day goes about and speaks in the open air in a town and its neighborhood. So little does he make a secret of his doings that a short time before he had made his entry at broad daylight, welcomed with exultation by the whole population. He is known by each and all, by each woman and each child. So little does he want to hide that he walks about accompanied by his disciples, preaching day and night, sleeping among them. And to think it should be necessary to buy one of his disciples to denounce him and deliver him, to betray him, and that—for the sake of the effect—with a kiss! Indeed if he had hidden in some cellar, then there would be some meaning in it; but as things are, those who seek him

need only ask: which of you is Jesus? He would not have tried to deny his name.

Judas is then not only quite superfluous, but an absurdity, the origin of which is to be found in the desire to place the black traitor opposite the white hero of light and in the hatred of Jews arising among the first Gentile Christians, who later made the world forget that not only this straw-doll, Judas, but also Jesus and all the Apostles, all the Disciples and all the evangelists were Jews.

Nevertheless, in the conception of the rude masses this Judas—as he was called—has become the Jew, the typical Jew, the traitor, and the spy.

Still as late as in the last decennium of the last century, Capt. Alfred Dreyfus fell a victim to this old foolish legend.

And now it is again rehashed against the Jews in Russian Poland.

The pogroms have, by virtue of these Judas accusations and the many other dreadful accusations, spread all over Russian Poland and there they are spreading more and more, while Galicia as well as Posen has proved susceptible to the incitations which have not failed. Many hundreds of innocent people have fallen victims to them.

Here are a few instances from many:

In the town of Bechava, conquered by the Austrians, the Polish leaders, among whom was a very well-known estate owner, applied to the Austrian commandant, accusing the Jews of secret connection with the Russian Army. In consequence of this the Austrians killed a 67-year-old man called Wallstein, and his 17-year-old son. When, after a short time, the Austrians were driven away, the same estate owner accused the Jews of the town to the Russian commandant of being in communication with the Austrians, having delivered to them all provisions for the purpose of depriving the Russians of them. In consequence of his accusation, many Jews were shot and their houses burned down.

In the towns of Janow and Krasnik the Jews were accused of having put out mines to destroy the Russians. The

Jews, and among them many children, were hanged on the telegraph poles, and the two towns destroyed.

The town of Samosch was conquered by the Austrian Sokol troops, those beautiful slender people whom you do not forget when once you have seen them train in the capital of Galicia. When they were driven away from the Russian Army the Poles accused the Jews of the town of having been the accomplices of the Austrians. Twelve Jews were arrested. When they denied the charge they were sentenced to death. Five of them had been already hanged, when in the middle of the execution a Russian priest, carrying an image of the Virgin in his hand, appeared and with his hand on this image took the oath that the Jews were innocent and that the accusation was all an outcome of Polish hatred of the Jews. He proved that the Poles of the town themselves had supported the Austrians and that even a telephone connection with Lemberg could be found. The seven Jews were then set free; five had already been hanged.

In the town of Jusefow, the Jews were accused of having poisoned the wells through which hundreds of Cosacks had lost their lives. Seventy-eight Jews were killed, many women were ravished, and houses and shops plundered.

Similar events happened and still happen daily by hundreds. Greater or smaller pogroms with murder, rape, and plunder have thus taken place in the districts of Warsaw, Ransom, Petrikow, and Kelts.

Only a few Russian Governors, such as Korff, in Warsaw; Kelepowski, in Lublin, and the Governors of Wilna, Petrikow, and Grodno have spoken, although too late, against the pogroms, but neither the Government nor the Poles take these warnings seriously.

Eyewitnesses have told me about Jewish soldiers in the different lazarets who have turned mad, not through the unavoidable horrors of the war, but because of the pogroms they have witnessed in the towns they have passed. They mistake those they have seen murdered for their own relations; they im-

agine they see their own mothers, sisters, or beloved ones in that plight. They are always raving about the same thing.

The pursuit of the Jews by the Russian-Polish anti-Semites is the more invidious under these circumstances, as 300,000 Jewish soldiers, among them many volunteers, are serving in the Russian Army, and as the self-sacrifice of the army and the Red Cross hitherto has been immeasurable. In the great congregations are special hospitals for Russian soldiers—regardless of their creed—founded by Jews and with Jewish money. Not a few Jewish soldiers have already won the highest military distinctions, nay, a few of them have even received them from Mr. Rennenkampf, the Commander in Chief himself, who used to be a zealous anti-Semite, as the Russian Court on the whole is passionately anti-Semitic. The manifesto from the Czar *To my dear Jewish subjects*, which has been printed in the French newspapers, has never been anything but a fabrication.

While the usual accusation against the Jews in Russian Poland was that of sympathizing with the Russians—for which they have no special reason—Mr. A. Warinski, who in Russia is classed among the black ones, also called the true Russians—in "Politiken" has made the charge against them that the German attempts of gaining the Poles "have only had the effect desired on the Russian and Polish Jews, as these elements, because of psychological relation with the Prussians, feel disposed to place themselves at the side of Germany." This accusation and the arguments for it might express the culmination. The Jew shall and must be Judas. If it cannot be accomplished in one way the opposite way is tried. Mr. Warinski does not say one word about how many Jews have gone into the war as volunteers out of pure enthusiasm for Poland. They have not been able to believe, as I for my part cannot believe, that the last outcrop of nationalism in Russian Poland is more than a temporary epidemic.

How could Russian Poles in the long run be unfaithful to the only powers they

have been able to appeal to, the only powers which took an interest in them? How can they who are fighting for their liberty after so many years' ill-treatment be willing to seize an opportunity to ill-treat the only people who (to its misfortune) is in their power, the only people who have suffered far more and twenty times as long as they themselves; and the only ones who are too strong to be destroyed through any ill-treatment? How can the Poles, who were at times ruined as a State through the treachery of their own men, want to fling out the accusation of treason against a tribe which has never betrayed itself and which even in the deepest abasement never betrayed the only Slavic tribe who in the Middle Ages gave a refuge to its children?

I suppose that the Poles will maintain against this appeal to them that I, whom the Ruthenians could never bring to make any attack on them, am now, because of my descent, speaking in favor of a matter, which is very unpleasant to them. My personal descent has so little influenced my proceedings and way of thinking that during the whole of my public life I have been subject to continual at-

tacks in national Jewish periodicals and newspapers as the man who denied community of descent and supposed community of faith.

This Spring during my stay in America I was continually attacked in the American Jewish papers as the callous denier of the Jews. It was nonsense, as is most of that which appears in print, but it proves at least that it is not on behalf of my blood but on behalf of my mind that I speak on this occasion. My sympathy is not with the Jews as Jews, but as the suppressed and ill-treated.

I am the man who a generation ago wrote: "We love Poland, not in the same way that we love Germany or France or England, but as we love liberty. For what is to love Poland but to love liberty, to feel a deep sympathy with misfortune and to admire courage and combative enthusiasm? Poland is the symbol of all that which the supreme among mankind have loved and for which they have fought."

These were my words and hitherto I have adhered to them.

Shall I have to feel ashamed of having written them, now that Poland's future is being decided? GEORG BRANDES.



Commercial Treaties After the War

By P. Maslov.

[From *Russkia Vedomosti*, No. 207, Sept. 10, (23,) 1914.]

FOR reasons beyond my control,* I am unable as a member of the Free Economic Association† to participate in the discussion of the methods of raising money by taxation for the war expenditures. The political group to which I belong may not give full expression to its views. What follows is my personal opinion shared by several men.

The attack by Germany is not only a menace to the democracy of France and Belgium, it not only threatens a political dictatorship by the Prussian nobility over Europe, but is a danger of far greater magnitude than these. For the first time Europe is in peril of having her commercial treaties determined by the sword. Up to this time even the smaller countries have been saved from such a violent course, and European capital has been obliged to restrict itself to the oppression of Asiatic countries. Now for the first time—in case of a German victory—Europe stands in danger of having her commercial arrangements forced upon her by an iron hand, and is threatened with being turned into a German

colony. For in the case of a German victory no power in Europe will be able to withstand Germany. And Germany will deal without ceremony even with Austria.

On the other hand, in case of German defeat, the foremost capitalistic country, Great Britain, may not menace Europe for two reasons: First, Great Britain holds to the policy of free trade; second—and this is the main point—she cannot support with armed force her policy as against her allies.

In the meantime the danger indicated above threatens economically backward Russia; her agricultural population may be ruined, her industries may be destroyed. An unprecedented situation has arisen for Russia. All the social classes of the empire are deeply interested in the repulse of the armies of the Kaiser. The working class is just as much interested in the existence of Russian industries as are the employers. The peasants are in no lesser degree interested in the development of agriculture; the killing of industries and agriculture like that committed by England in Ireland centuries ago is a gloomy prospect for all classes of society. If France and Belgium are threatened with a political oppression then Russia is threatened with an even more terrible economic subjugation. Such is the situation.

The poorest classes of the people are taking part in this fight with what they have, with their blood. It is but natural that they should expect that the material burdens of the war will fall not upon their shoulders, but upon big business.

It seems to me that in discussing the sinews of war the Free Economic Association has not considered fully the psy-

* Mr. Maslov, who is a well-known Russian economist, was arrested shortly after the beginning of the war on suspicion of not being loyal enough.—Translator.

† The Russian Free Economic Association is one of the oldest scientific bodies of Russia. It considers at its meetings proposed taxation and various questions of economic policy. It is but natural that the proposed new taxes should have provoked ardent discussion in this association. How the war taxes should be levied (direct versus indirect taxation) and who shall be the taxpayers, were among the chief topics discussed at its recent meetings.—Translator.

chology of the masses. And yet this psychology has a decisive influence upon the war, and is bound to be unfavorable to the war, if the masses of the people feel that the financial burdens of the war are to be placed upon the weakest shoulders.

Considering that at the present moment our supreme duty is to repel the German invasion at all costs, I think that this duty will be better performed by

putting the economic burden of the war upon the shoulders of the well-to-do classes, for we have to reckon not only with the taxpaying capacity of the mass of the people, but also with their psychology.

I regard it as a great mistake that the important problem of the most economical methods of spending money raised by taxation has not been considered.

P. MASLOV.

THE WOMAN'S PART.

By MAZIE V. CARUTHERS.

BESIDE my ruined cottage, desolate,
The children cowering 'round me, mute
from fright,
With tearless eyes and brooding heart, I
wait,
Watching through all the long, the weary
night.
God of the homeless, look from Heaven and
see!
Out of the deeps, a woman calls on Thee!

My little ones, they cry all day for bread,
And, 'neath the shelter of my meagre
breast,
Stirs one unborn, who must e'er long be fed—
Another babe to hunger with the rest.
Madonna Mary, hear a mother's moan!
Pity the travail I must bear alone!

The tasseled corn would plenteous harvest
yield,
But all the crops are rotting in the sun.
Where are the reapers? On some battlefield
They fight for nought and die there, one by
one!
God's comfort be upon them where they lie,
Sheep to war's shambles driven—who knows
why?
Death and destruction walk by day, by night,
Men's blood is spilt and sacrificed in vain,
While women wait for tidings of the fight
Who may not even sepulchre their slain!
They say "God's in His Heaven"—but, in-
stead,
'Twould seem He is asleep—or, maybe, dead!

A PHOTOGRAPHIC REVIEW OF THE WAR

CONSISTING OF A
CAREFULLY SELECTED
SERIES OF THE BEST
PICTURES OF THE
WAR PRINTED IN
ROTOGRAVURE



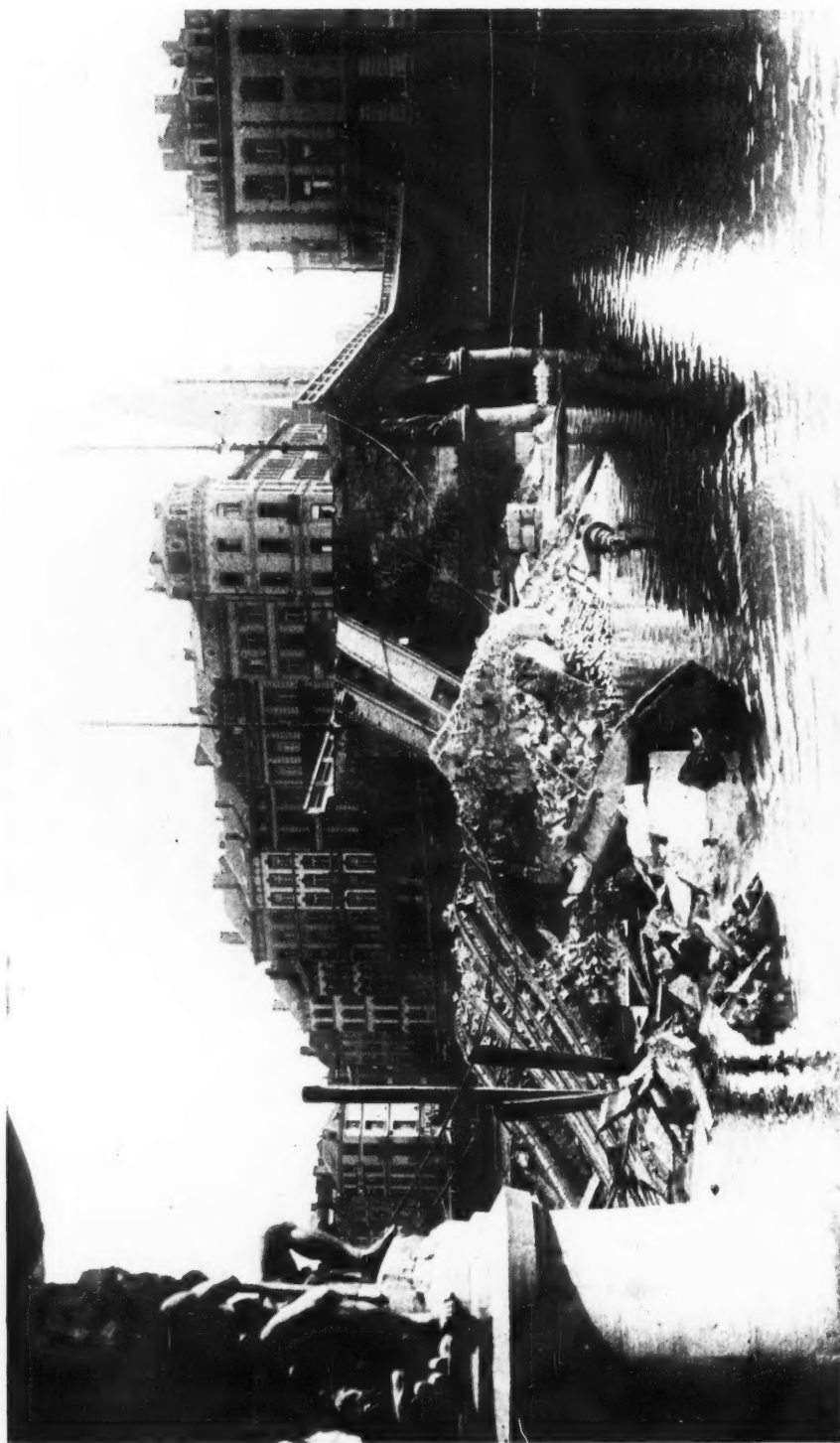
Shell Opens the Wall Surrounding the Convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor
at Nieuport, Belgium, Exposing But Not Damaging the Shrine
(C) (Photo, International News Service.)



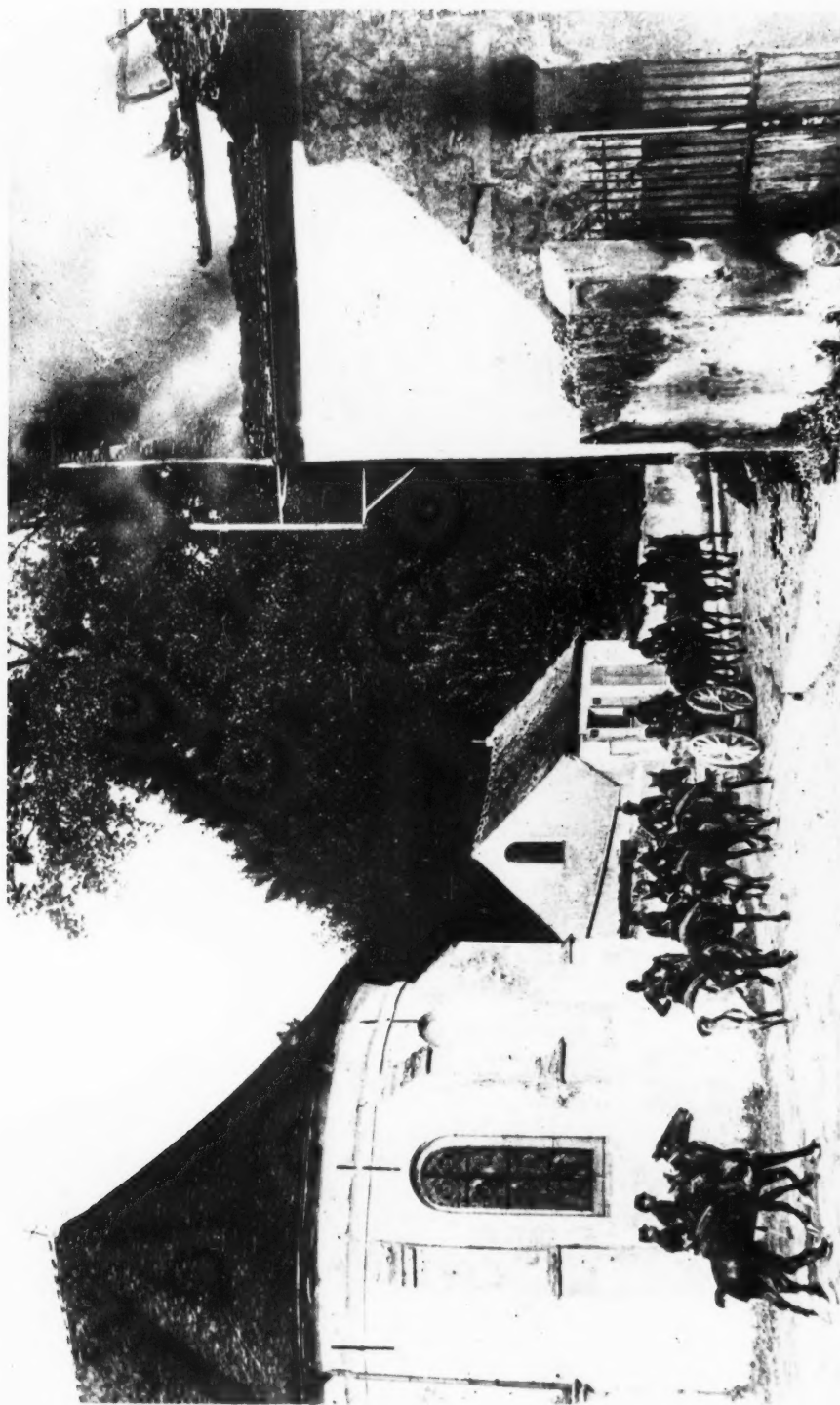
Middle-Aged and Elderly Men in Response to the Last Call Leaving Berlin for the Front.
(Photo © *International News Service*.)



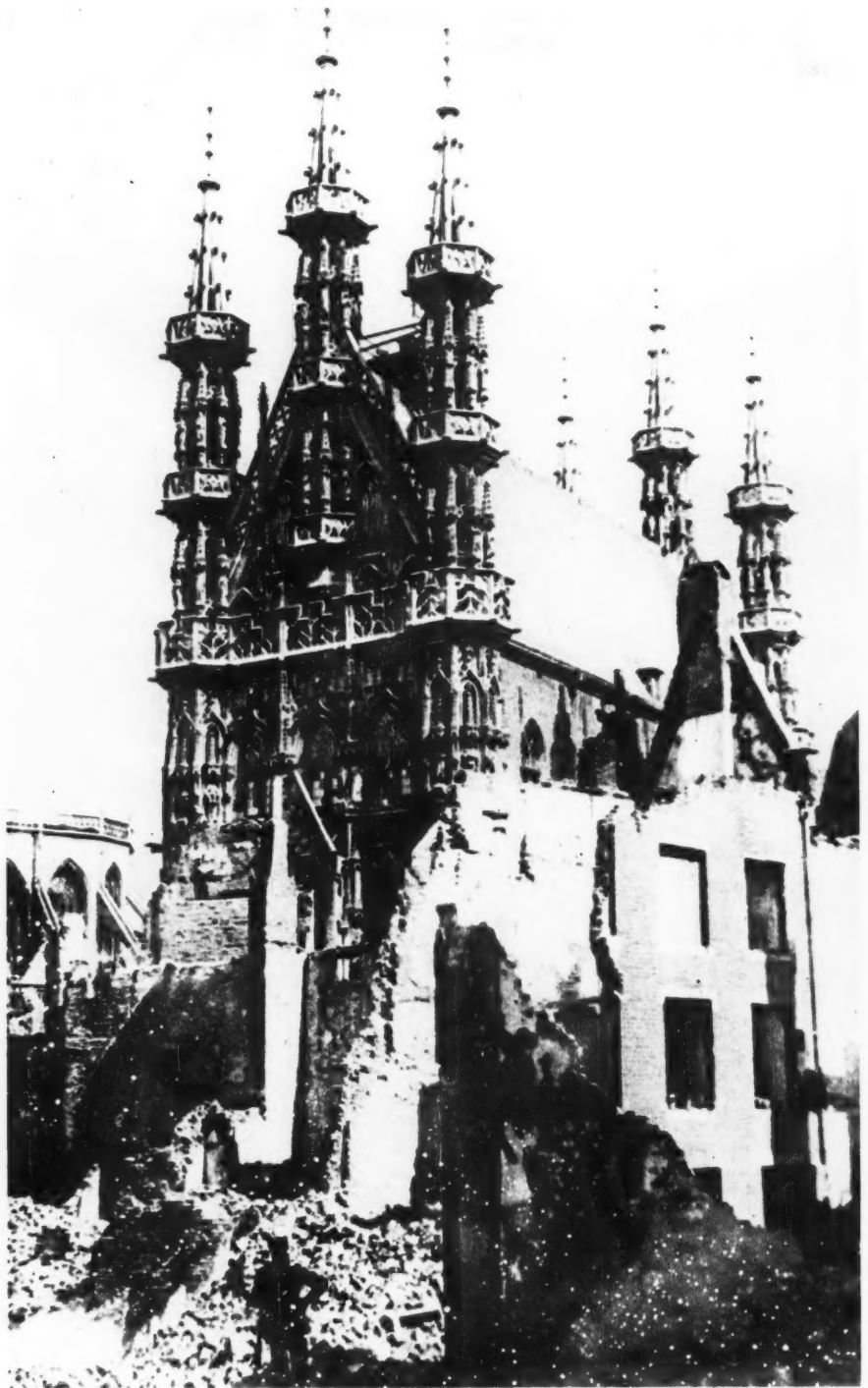
Louvain Peasant in Flight, Conveying His Sleeping Child and His Possessions on a Wheelbarrow.
(Photo © Underwood & Underwood)



"Bridge of the Arches" Over the Meuse at Liege, Blown Up by the Belgians to Hamper the Enemy.
(Photo by Boon, Holland.)



French Artillery Advancing Through Chauconier, Near Meaux, on the Marne. One of the Houses on the Right Is Still Burning as a Result of the Bombardment.
(Photo by Paul Thompson.)



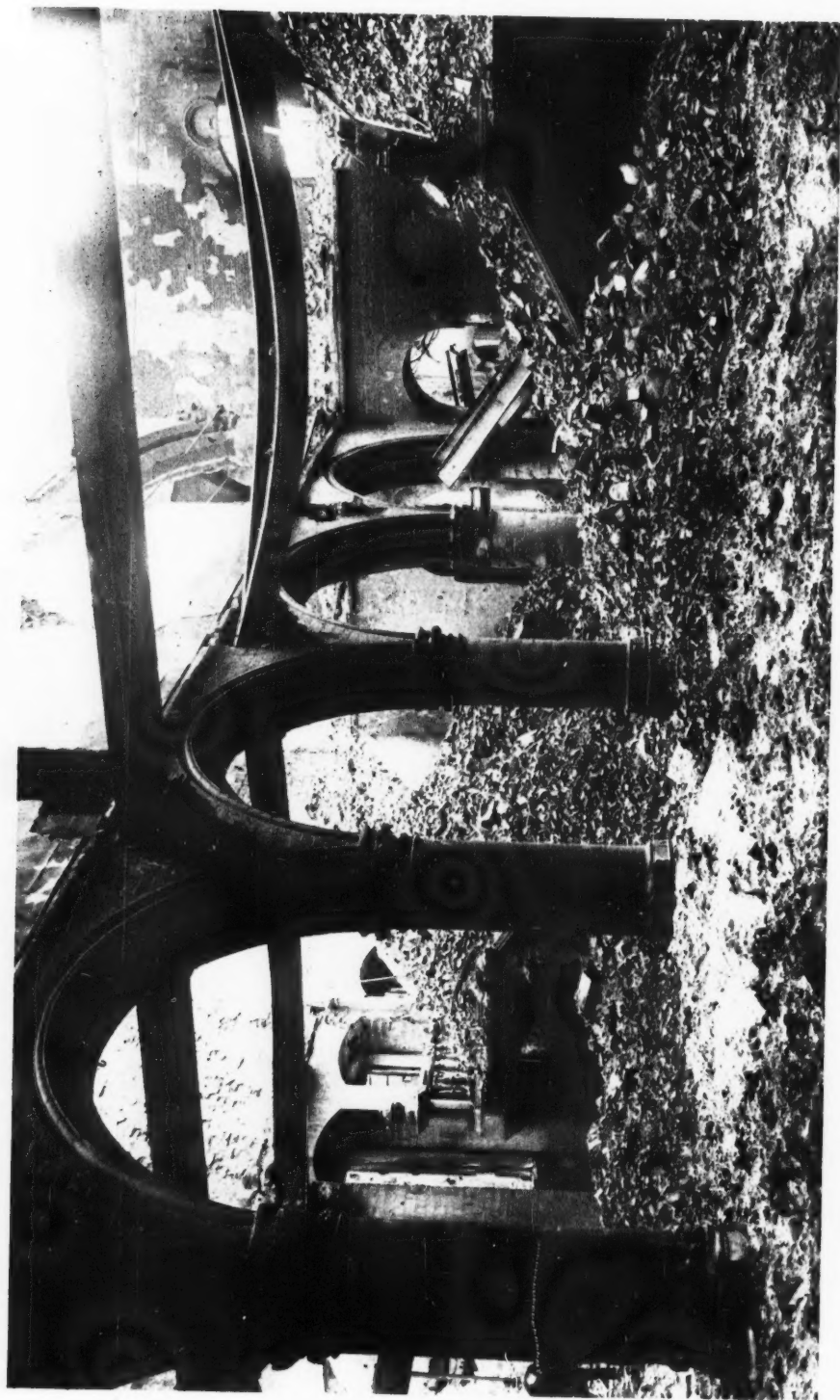
Ruins of the Cathedral at Louvain (to the left) After the German Destruction of the City. In the Background is the Hotel de Ville, Which Was but Slightly Damaged.

(Photo © International News Service.)

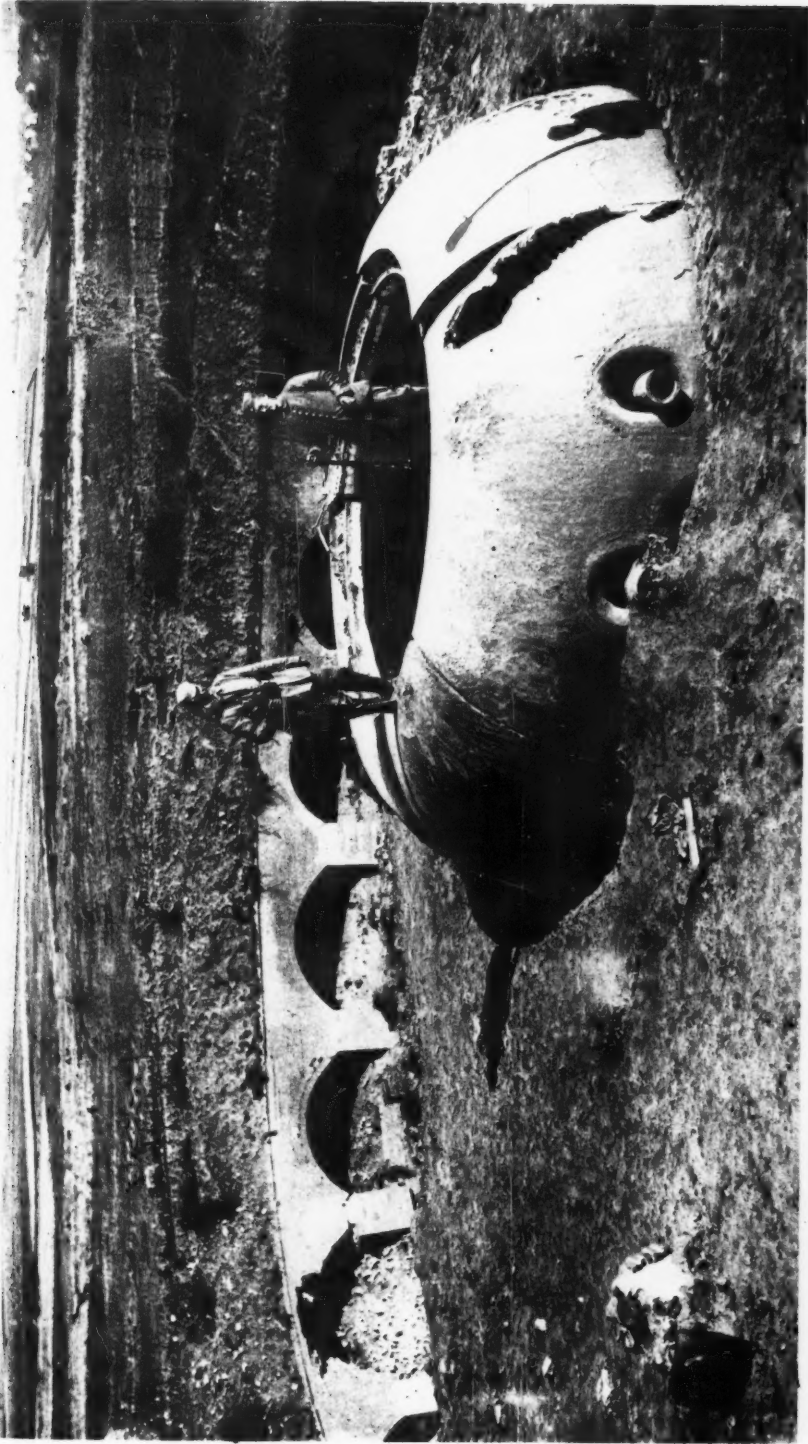


**Belgian Soldier Turning Sadly from a Mere Lad Who Had Been Shot in
the Fierce Engagement at Huy, and Whose Suffering
He Is Unable to Relieve.**

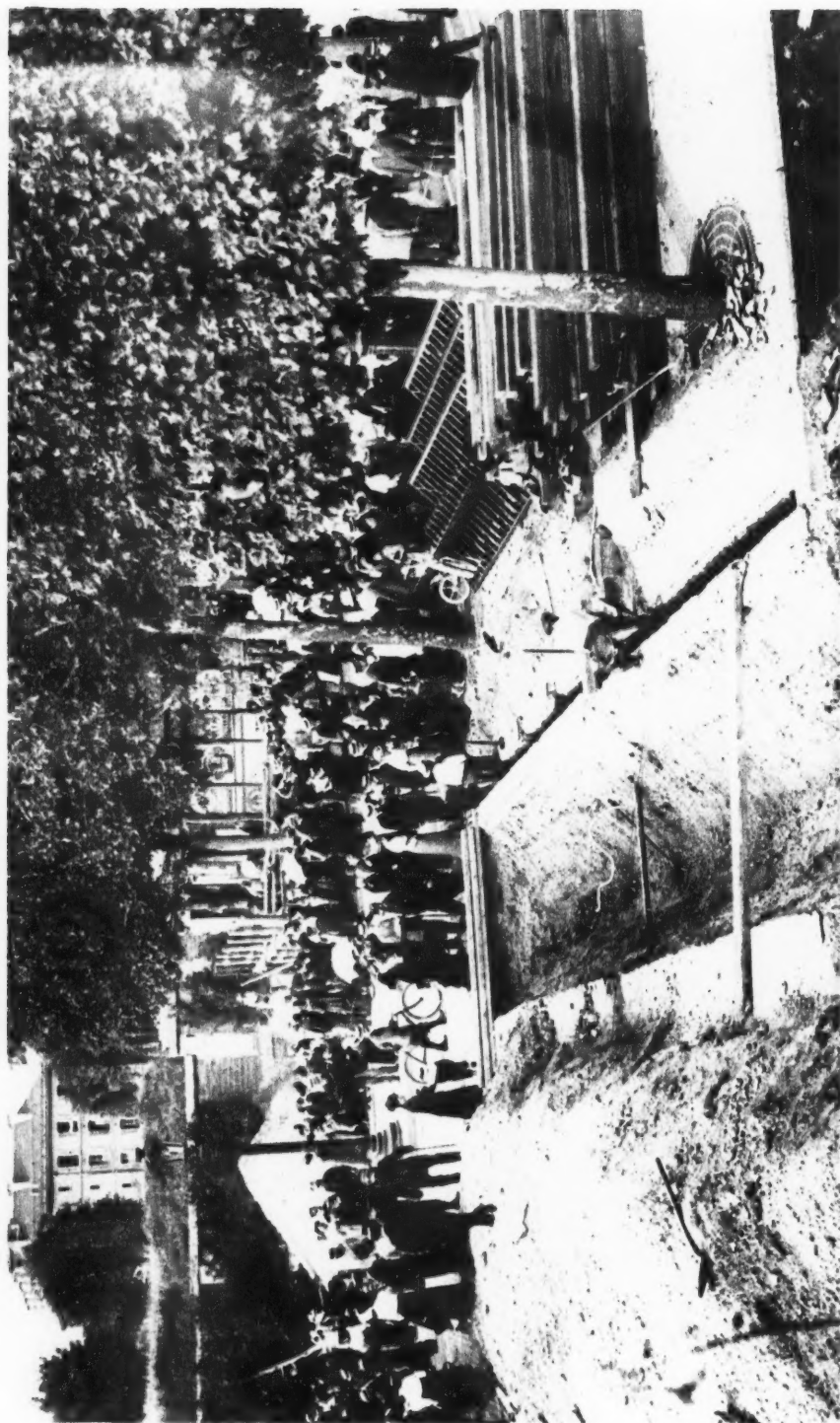
(Photo © Underwood & Underwood.)



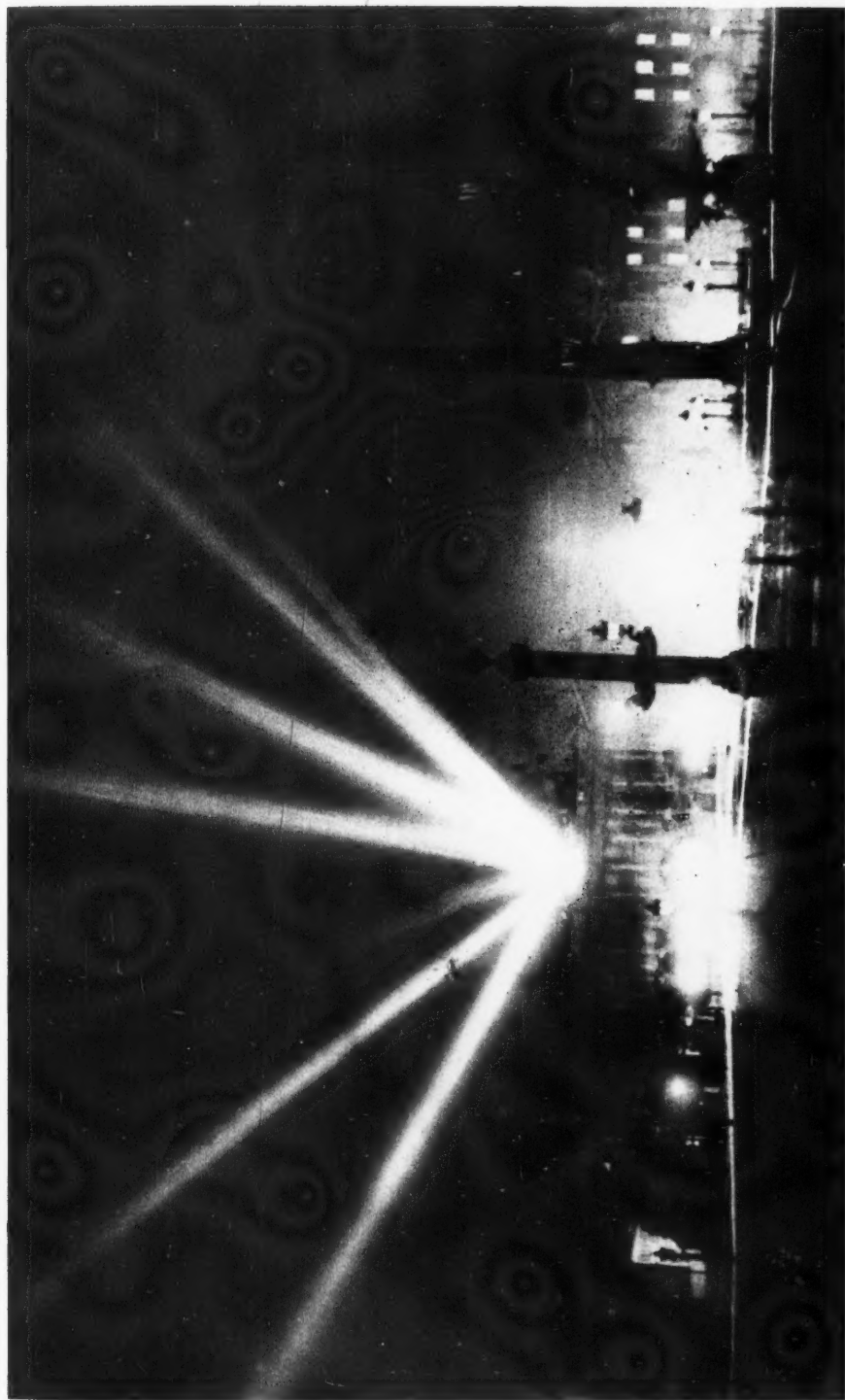
Interior of the Famous Library at Louvain.
(Photo by N. J. Boon, Holland.)



Cupola of a Maubeuge, Fort Shattered by the German 42-Centimeter Siege Gun.
(Photo by Paul Thompson.)



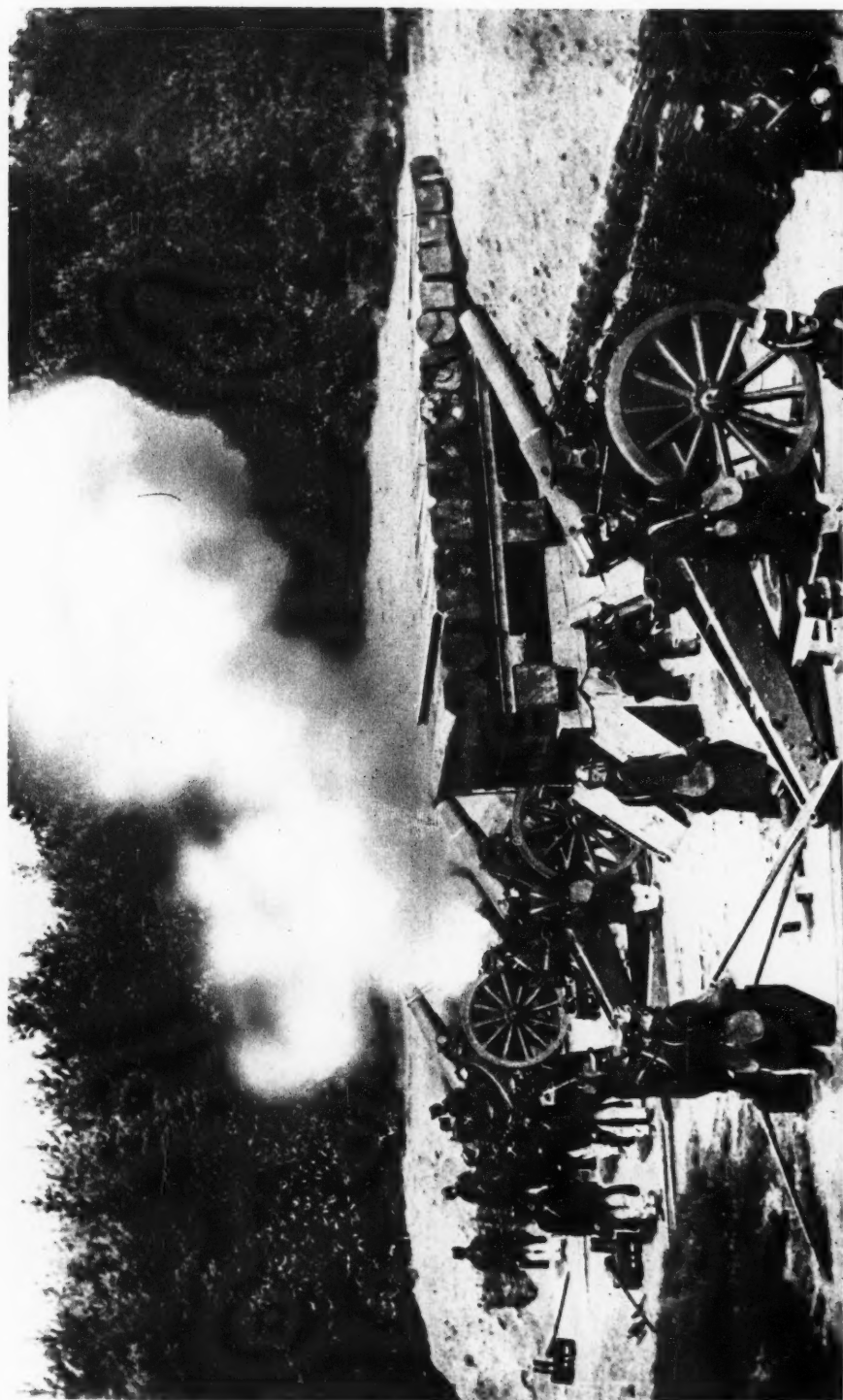
Trenches Dug in Paris in Preparation for Street Fighting.
(Photo—*Sports & General*.)



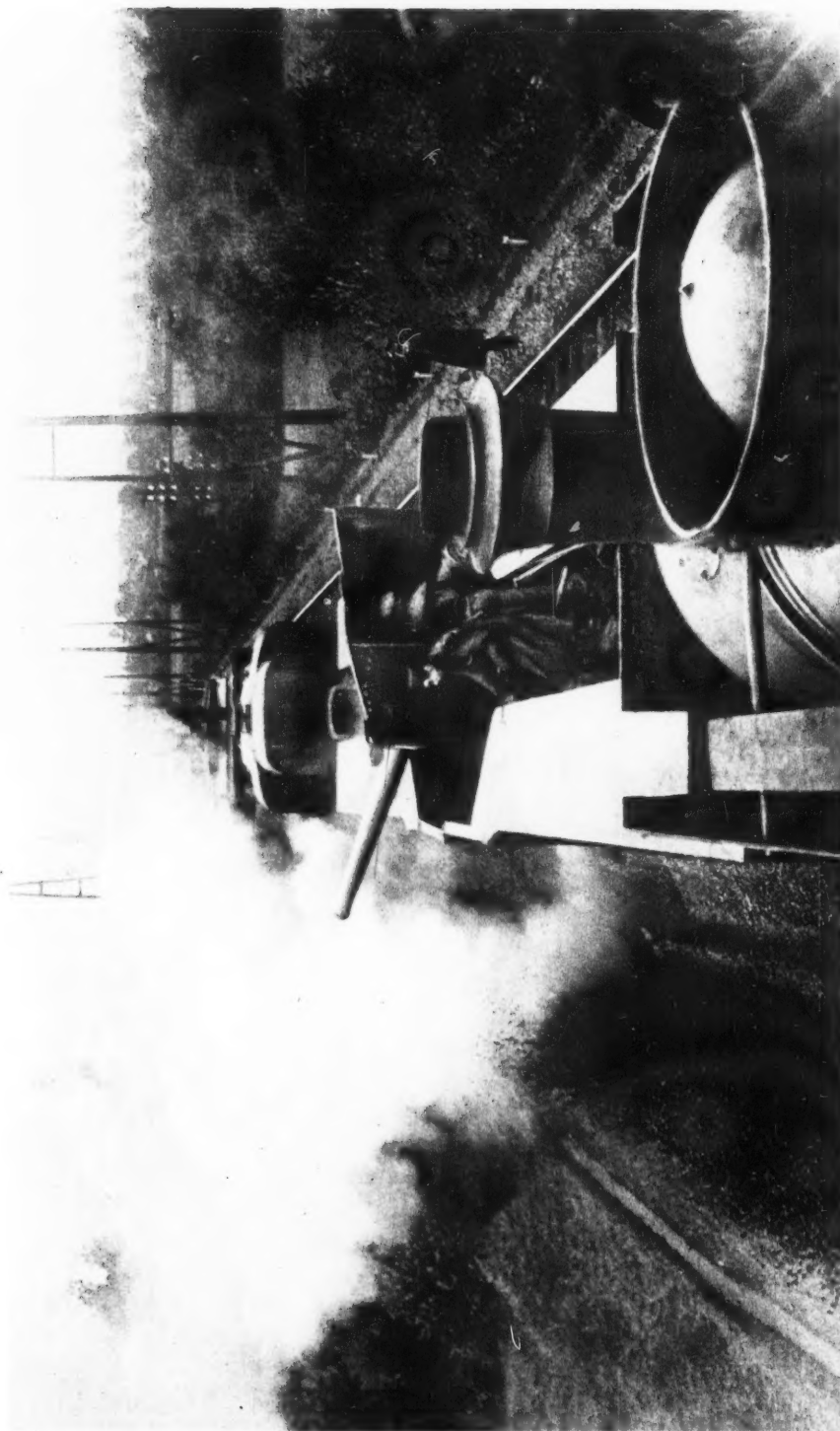
Battery of Searchlights from the Place de la Concorde Sweeping the Sky Over Paris by Night for German Airships
(Photo © International News Service.)



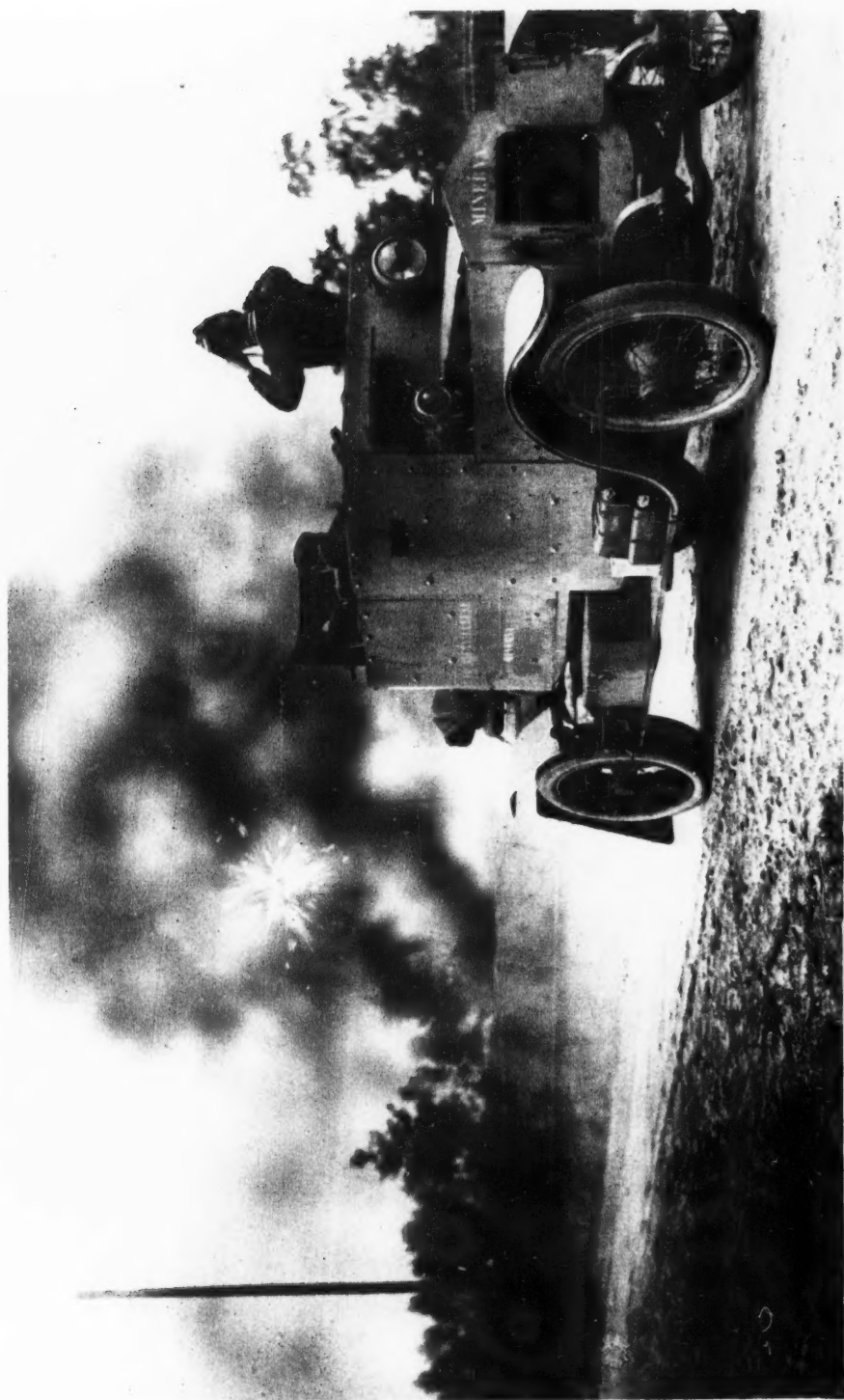
German Soldiers Examining One of the Belgian Army's Concealed Forts Near Brussels.
(Photo by Paul Thompson.)



Sunken Belgian Battery Replying to German Siege Guns Near Antwerp.
(Photo—Sports & General.)



Belgian Armored Train in Action During the Attack on Antwerp.
(Photo © International News Service.)

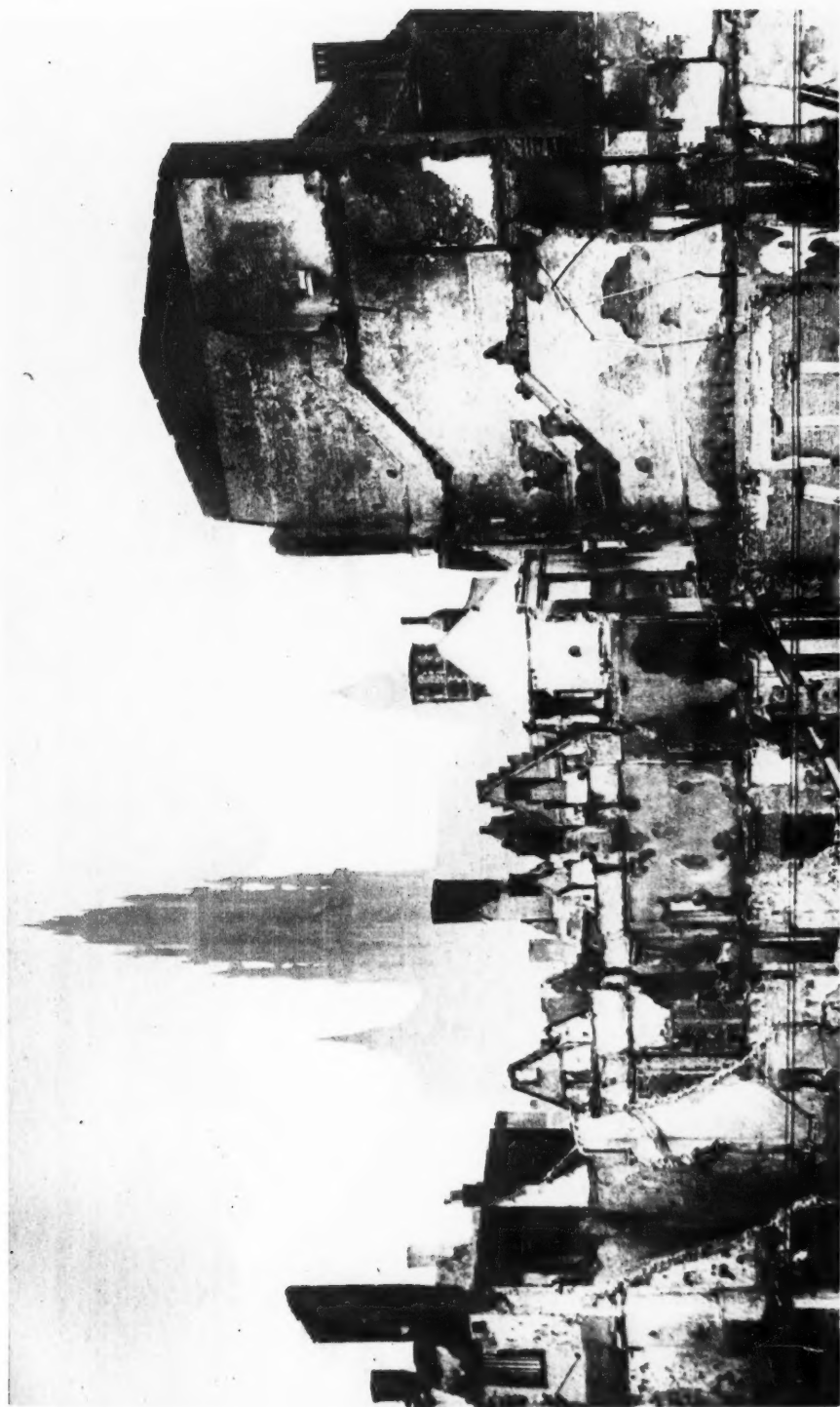


Belgian Soldier in Armored Car Watching the Bursting of a German Shell at the Attack on Antwerp.
(Photo © Underwood & Underwood.)

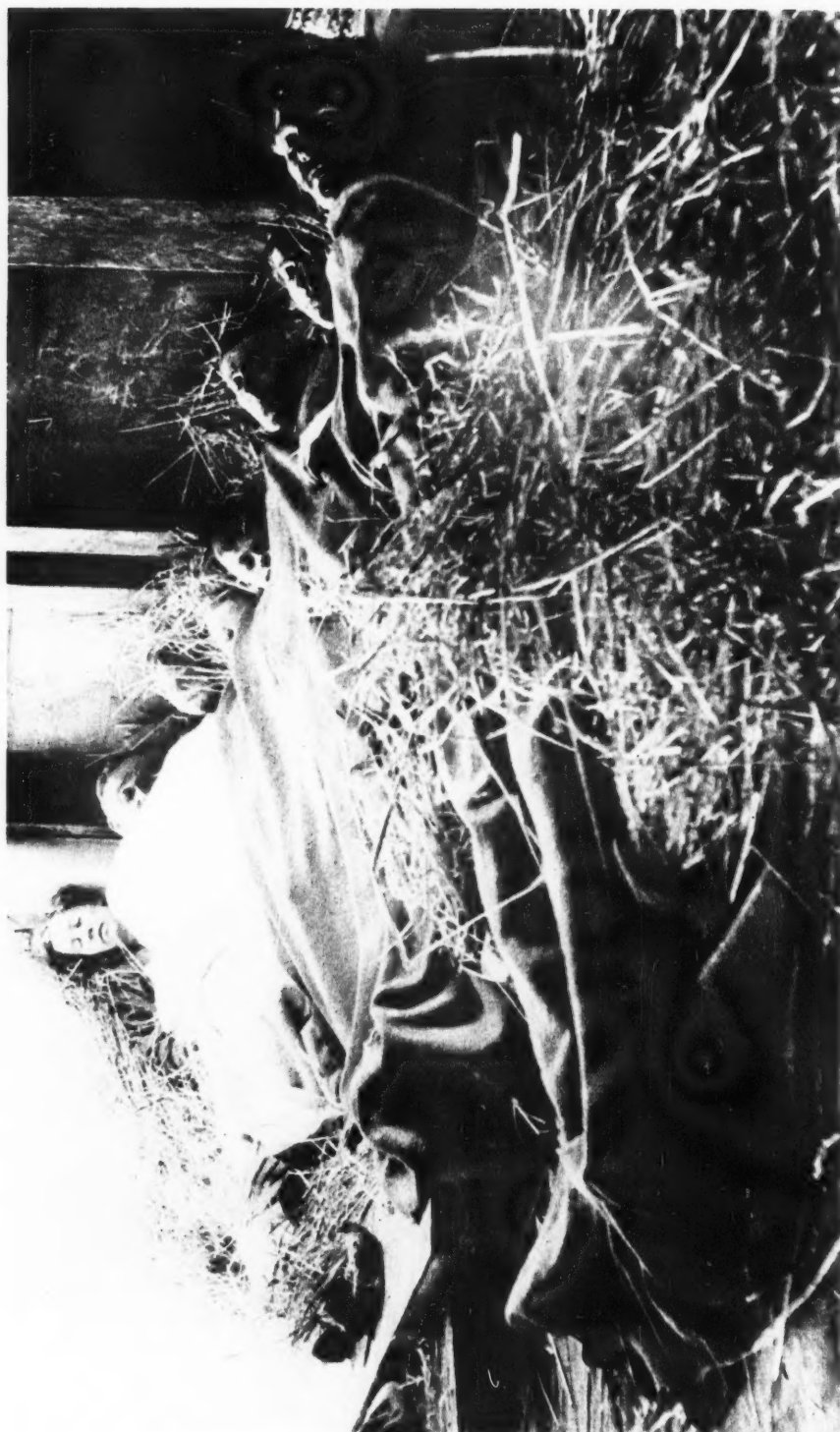


Fort Wavre St. Catherine, One of the Strongest in the Ring Around Antwerp, Crumpled by the German 42-Centimeter Siege Guns.

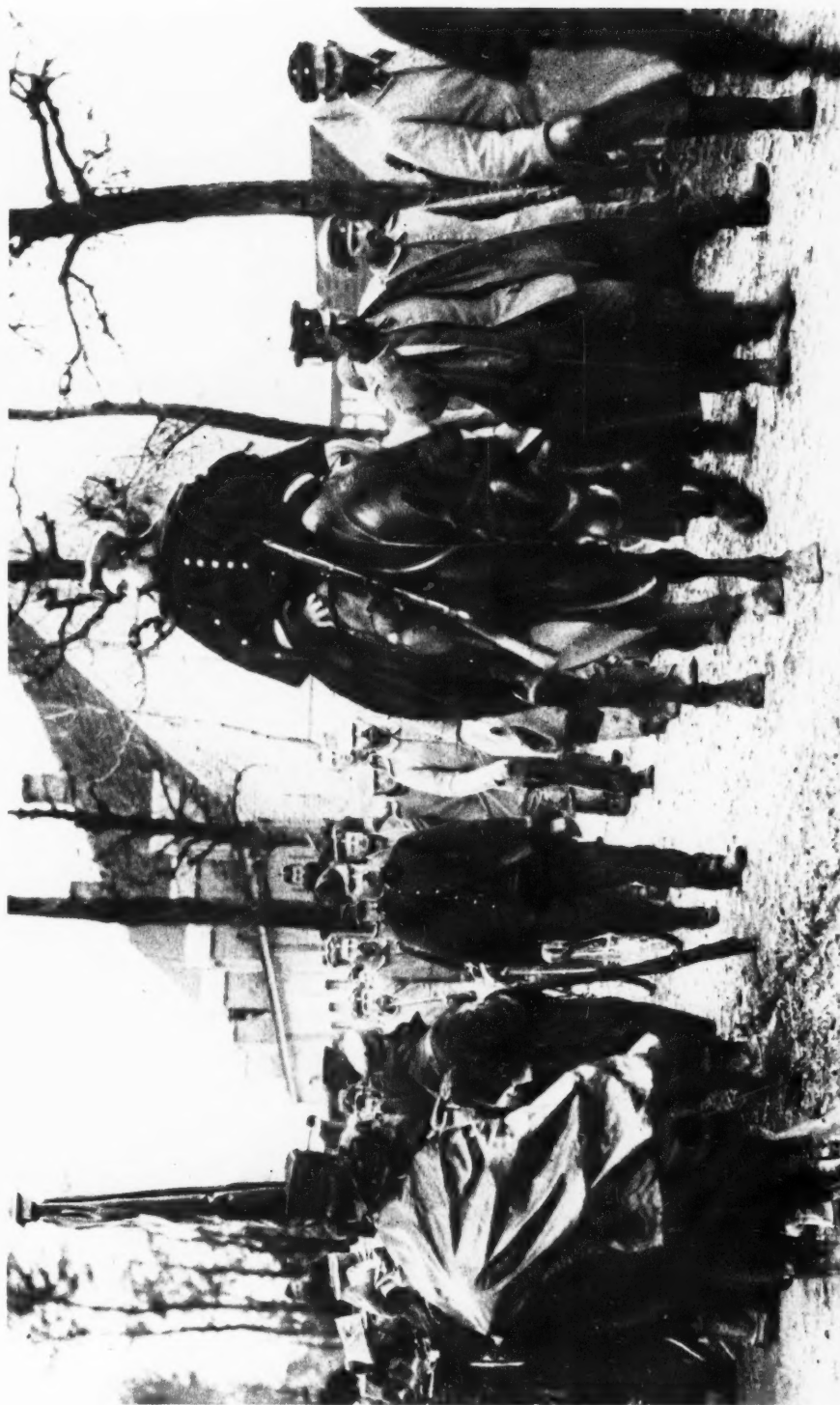
(Photo © International News Service.)



Striking Photograph of the Destroyed Shoe-Market Section of Antwerp, Looking Toward the Cathedral.



Belgian Men, Women, and Children Sleeping on Straw at Rosendaal, Holland.
(Photo © International News Service.)



A Captured German Officer Salutes a Belgian Standard, Though His Men Ignore It as They March Past.



Sinking of the German Cruiser Mainz in the Naval Battle Off Heligoland. The Photograph, Taken from the Deck of a British Warship, Shows the Cruiser in Flames and Settling in the Water.
(Photo © International News Service.)

men in the Naval Battle Off Hengoland. The Photograph, Taken from the Deck
of a British Warship, Shows the Cruiser in Flames and Settling in the Water.

(Photo © International News Service.)



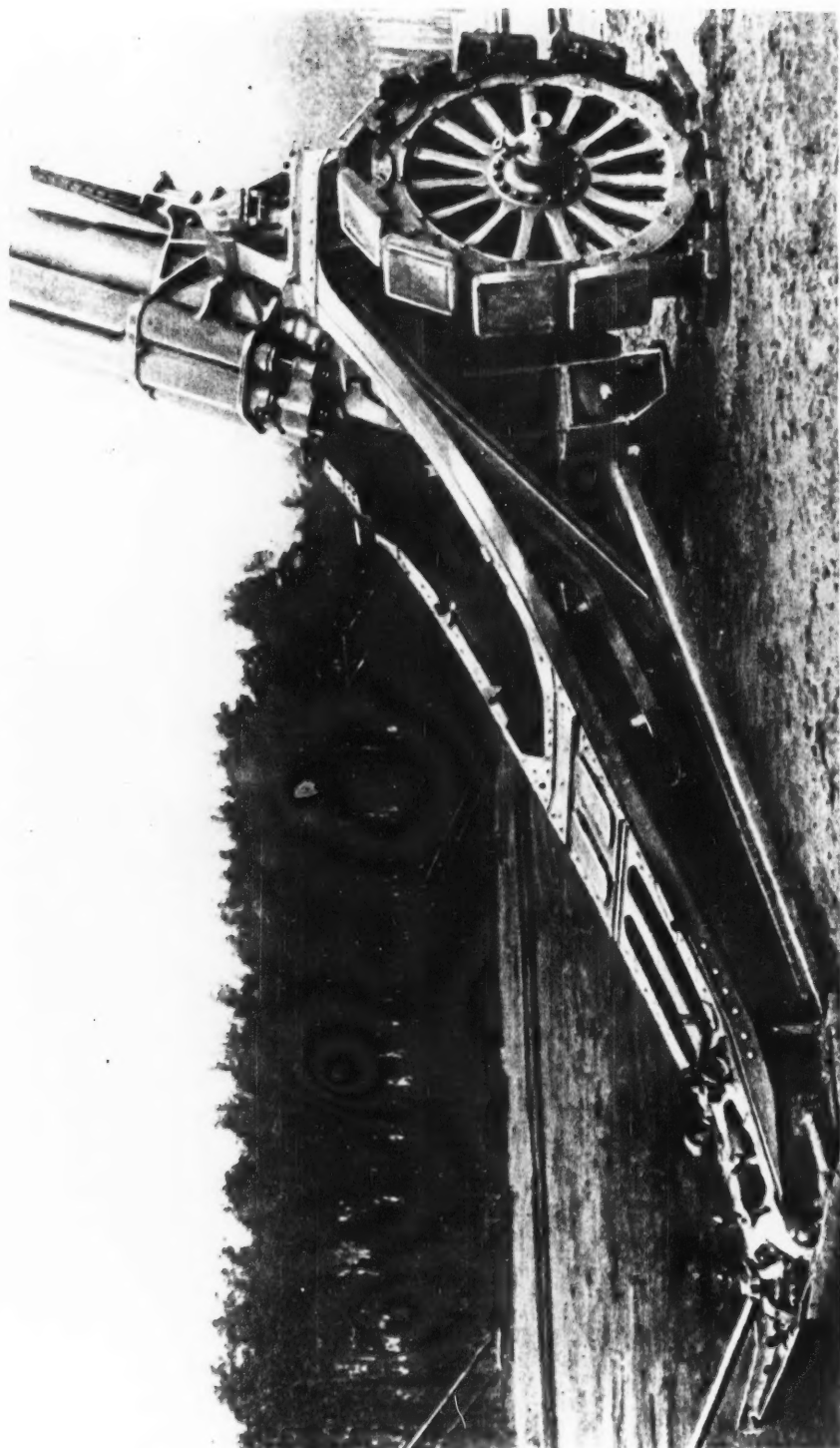
German Prisoners of War, Nearly a Thousand in Number, Reaching Southern England.
(Photo © International News Service.)



Belgian Girls Distributing Walnuts to the Soldiers Behind Antwerp's Now Ruined Defenses.
(Photo © Underwood & Underwood.)

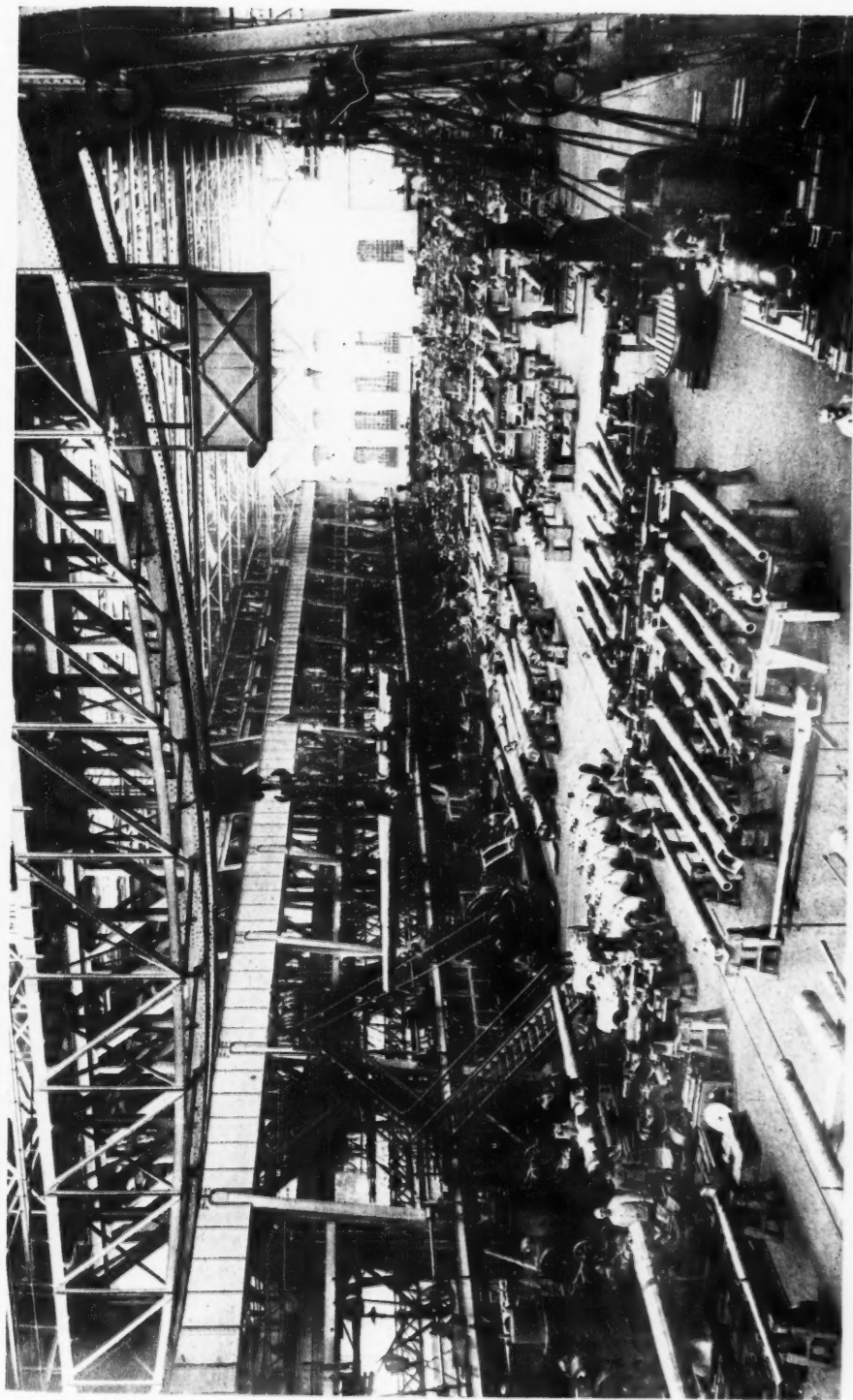


A Remarkable Photograph Taken on the Firing Line at Ernecourt. One Man Lies Dead, Another Is Being Tended by a Red Cross Surgeon, and the Second Soldier from the Left Has Just Been Hit.
(Photo © International News Service.)



Huge German Siege Gun Used in Bombarding Malines.
(Photo © International News Service.)

Huge German Siege Gun Used in Bombarding Malines.
(Photo © International News Service.)



Scene in the Krupp Gun Works, Where Germany's Army and Navy Guns Are Manufactured.
(Photo from Brown Bros.)



Zeppelin Dirigible, One of the Great Fleet of Airships Which Germany Is Using in the War.
(Photo © International News Service.)

Zeppelin Dirigible, One of the Great Fleet of Airships Which Germany Is Using in the War.
(Photo © International News Service.)



Belgian Guns in Action During the Defense of Antwerp.



King Albert of Belgium Talking to One of the French General Staff in the Square at Furnes During a Review of French Reinforcements.
(Photo © International News Service.)



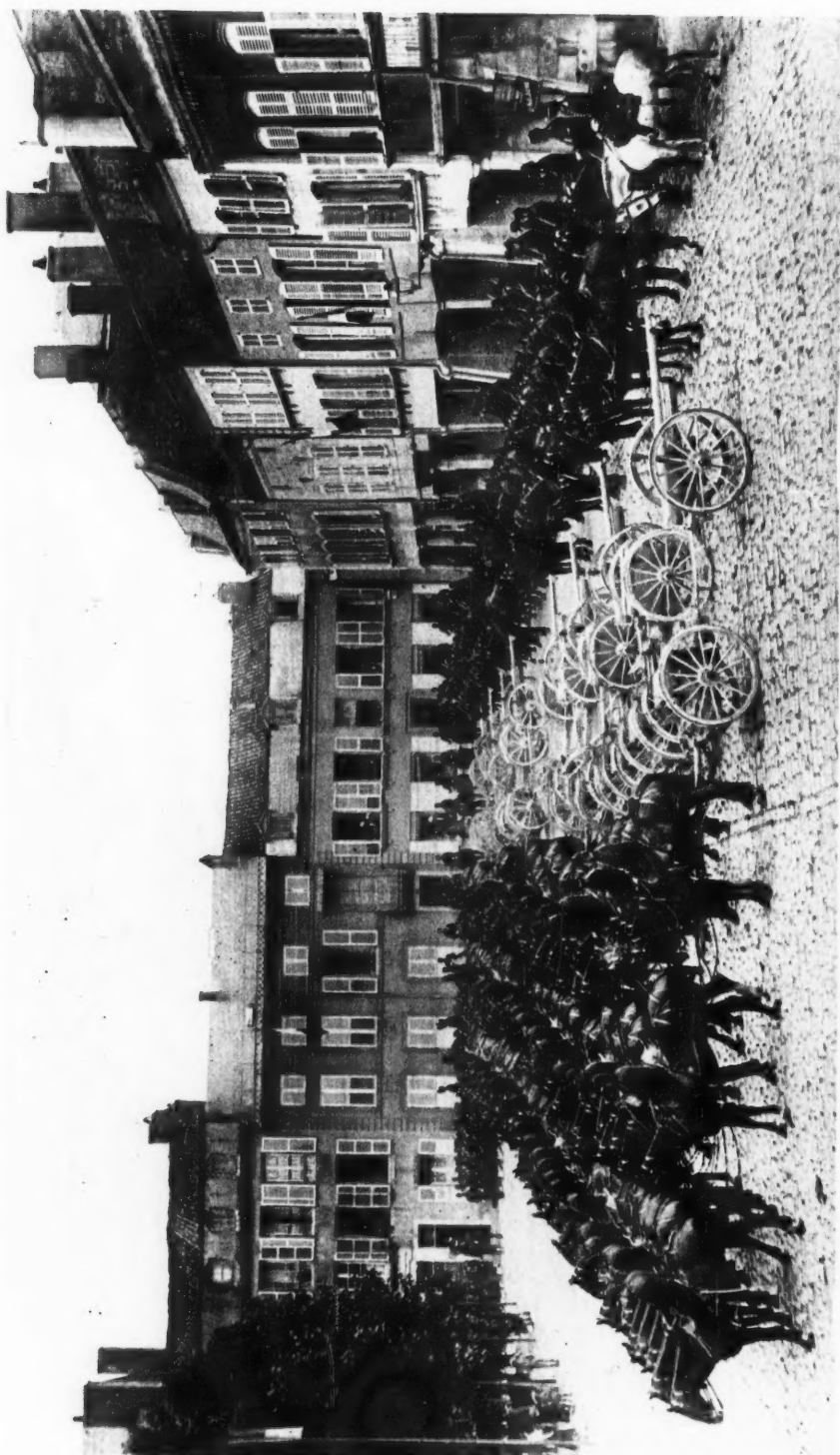
German Soldiers on Outpost Duty Near Antwerp Sharing Their Food
with Little Belgian Orphans.
(Photo © Underwood & Underwood.)



Nurse Reading to a Convalescent Soldier in the War Hospital at Calais.
(Photo © International News Service.)

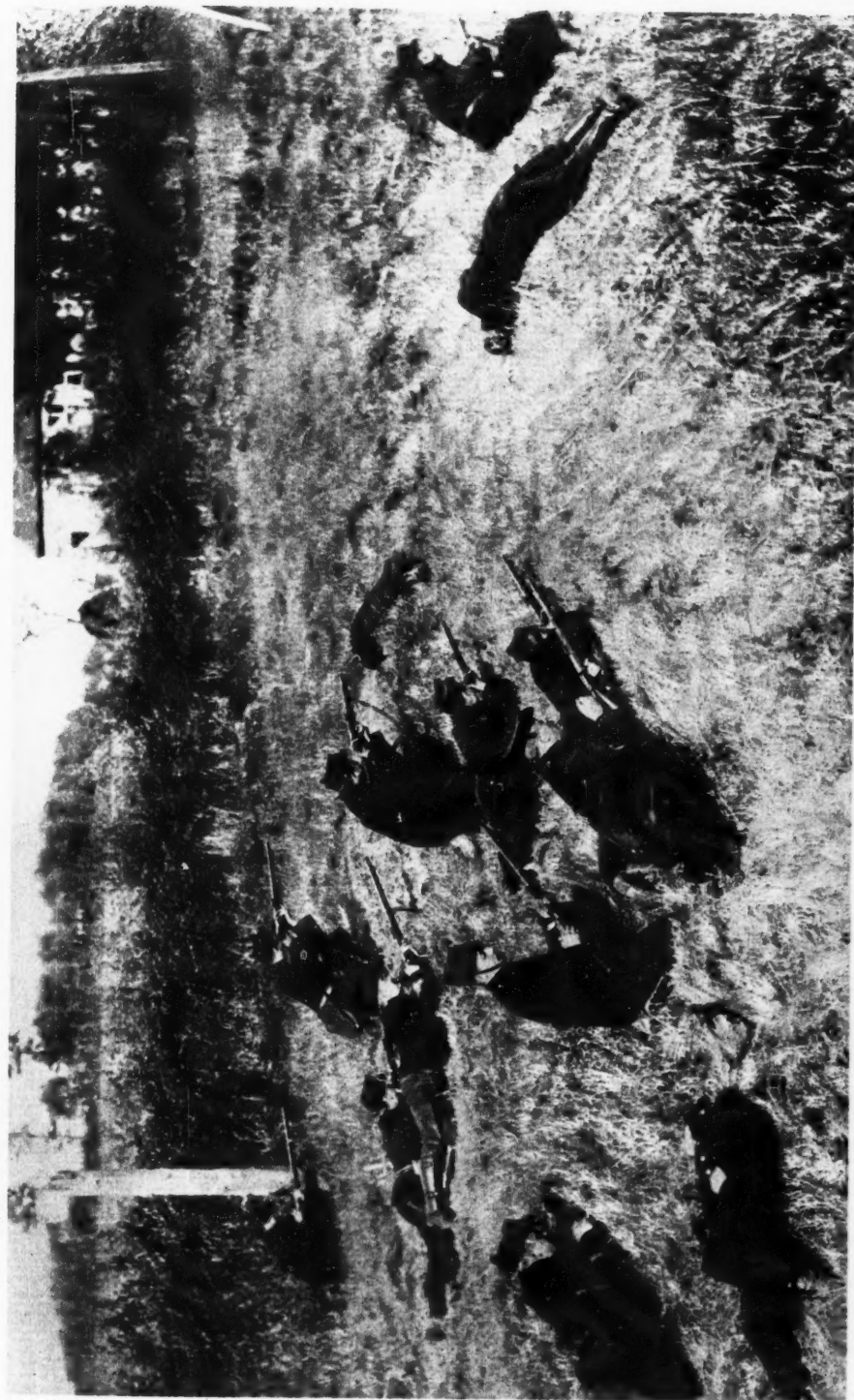


A Red Cross Nurse Taking Down the Last Message of a Dying British Soldier on the Battlefield.
(Photo by Paul Thompson.)



French Artillery Assembled in a Square at Stenay, Just Before the Town Was Captured by the Germans.
(Photo by Paul Thompson.)

French Artillery Assembled in a Square at Stenay, Just Before the Town Was Captured by the Germans.
(Photo by Paul Thompson.)

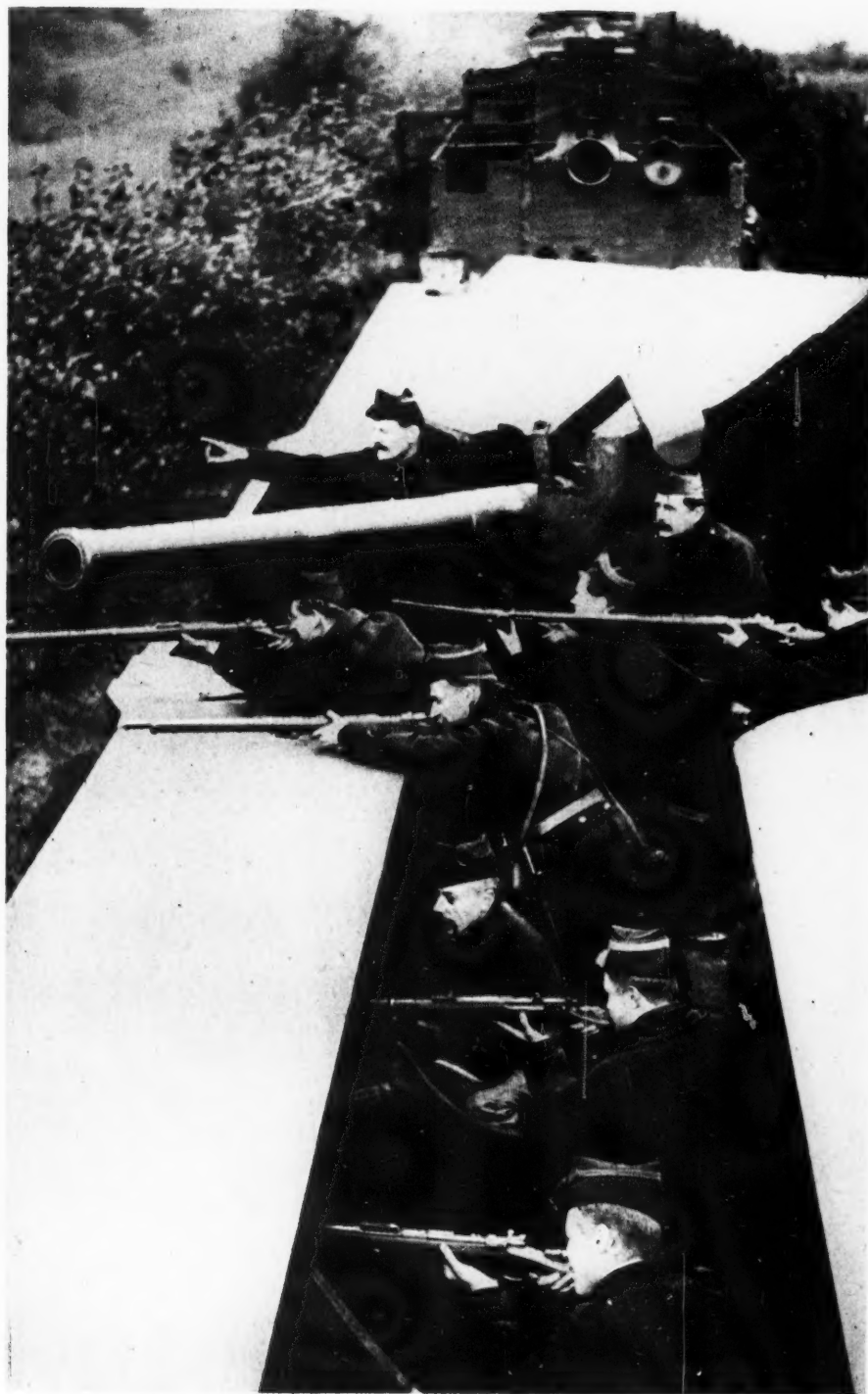


A Belgian Outpost in Action on the Battle Line Near the Franco-Belgian Frontier.
(Photo © International News Service.)



Gen. Belin, Who Is Gen. Joffre's Right-Hand Man and an Important Factor in the Control of the French Forces.

(Photo © International News Service.)

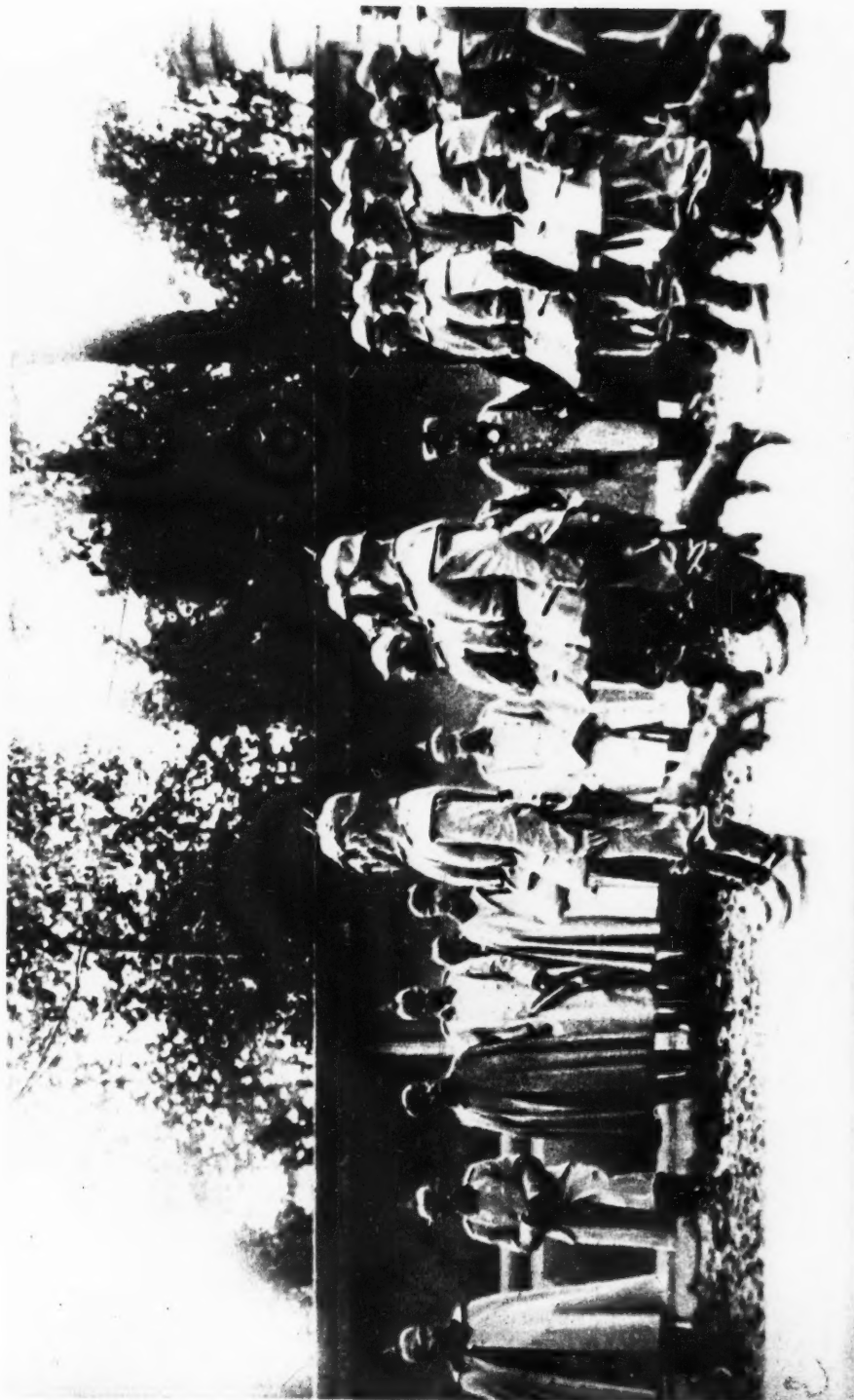


Belgian Sharpshooters Attacking from an Armored Train in
the Vicinity of Ypres.
(Photo © International News Service.)



German Crown Prince and the King of Saxony Witnessing a Parade of the Ninety-eighth
Regiment of Infantry Before the Crown Prince's Headquarters.

German Crown Prince and the King of Saxony witnessing a Parade of the Ninety-eighth Regiment of Infantry Before the Crown Prince's Headquarters.



The Kaiser (at the extreme left) Witnessing the Parade of a Saxon Landsturm Regiment.
(Photo © International News Service.)

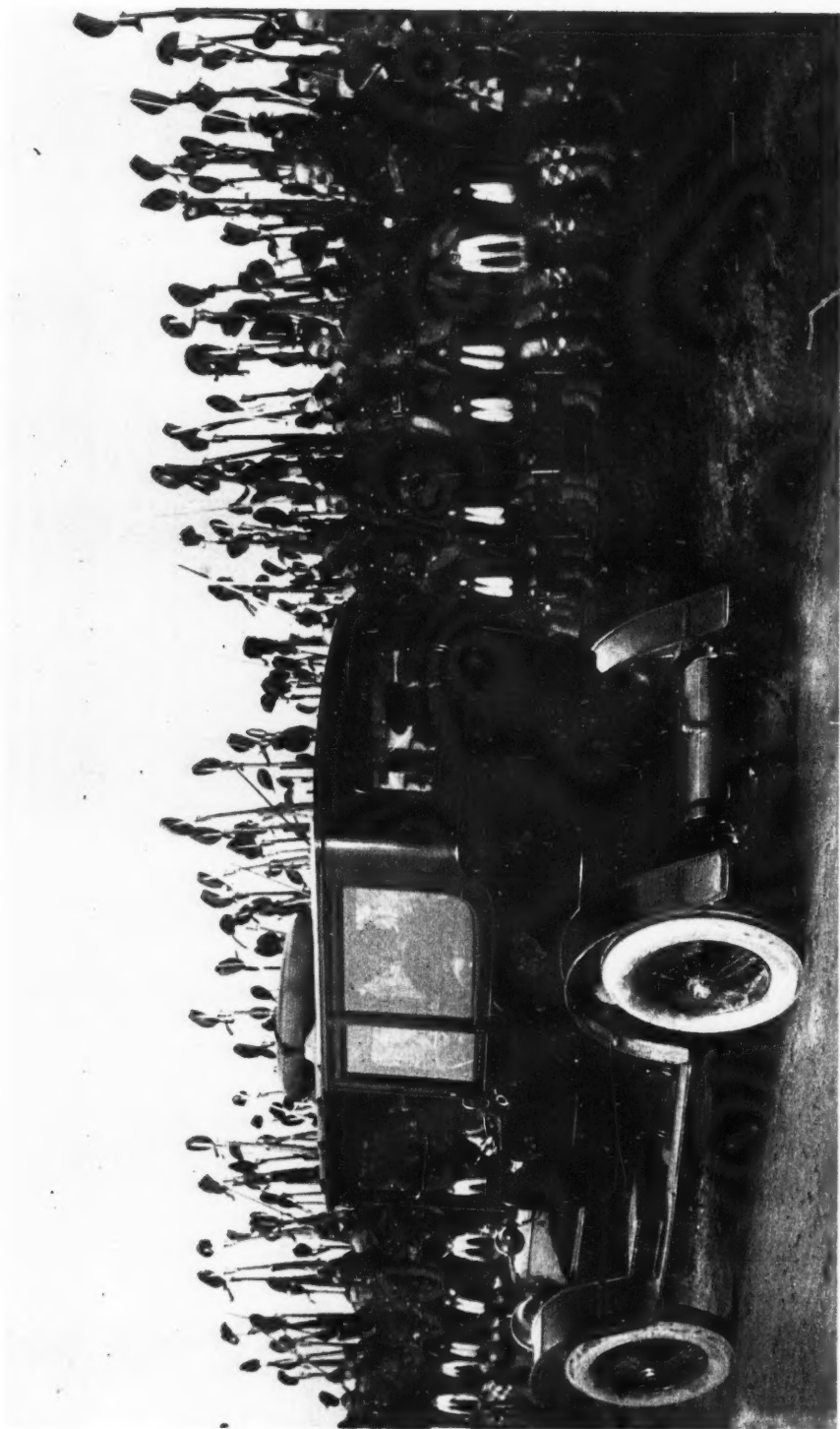


King George and King Albert Reviewing the Belgian Troops in Flanders. Immediately Behind the Sovereigns Are the Prince of Wales and His Highness Pertab Singh.

(Photo © International News Service.)

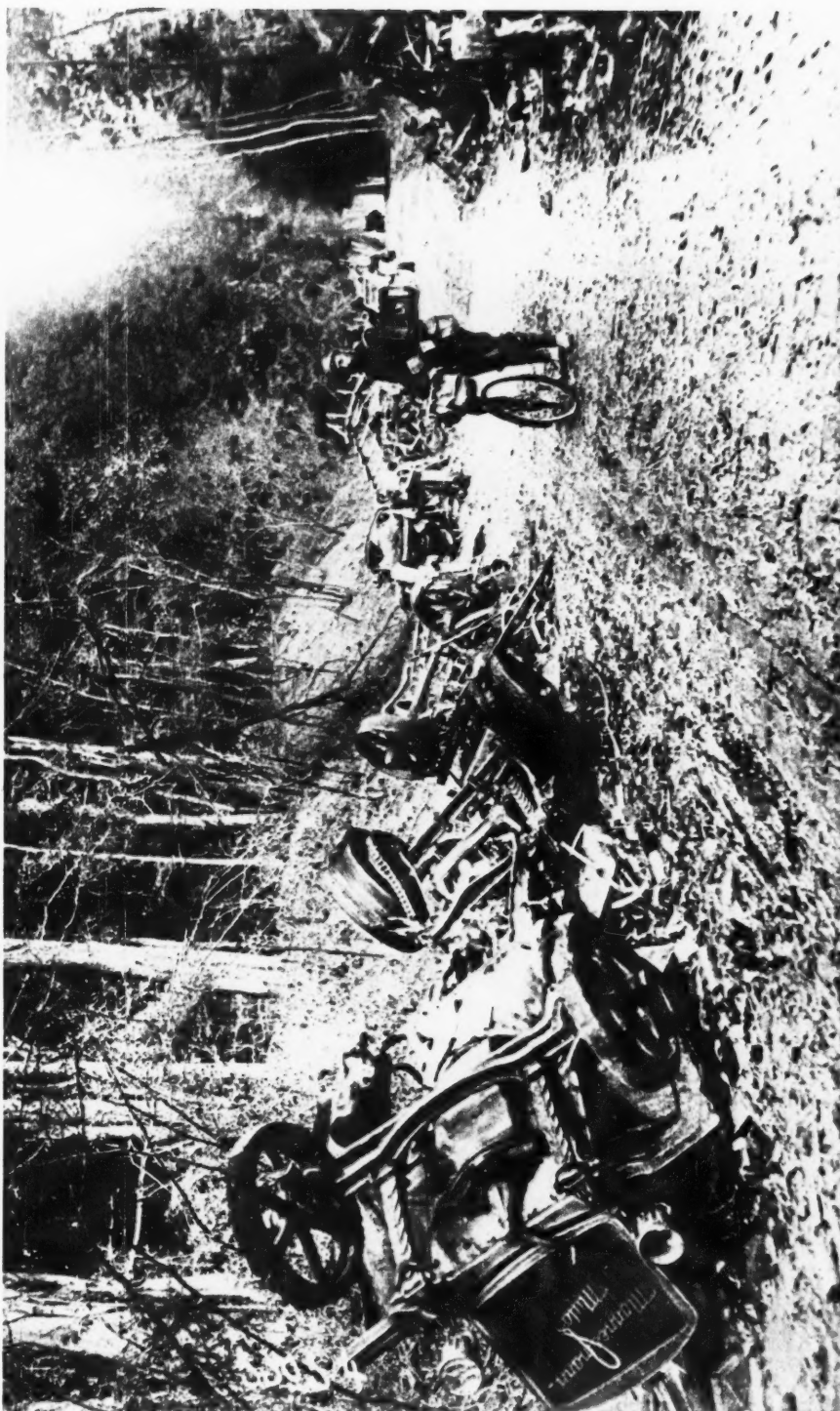


Algerian Troops Bringing in German Prisoners From the Flanders Battle in the Canal
Region of Belgium.



King George V., Queen Mary, and Lord Kitchener Cheered by Canadian Highlanders at Salisbury, England.

(Photo © American Press Assn.)



German Motor Convoy Destroyed in the Forest Near Villers-Cotteret, France.
(Photo © International News Service.)



Red Cross Nurse at a Hospital in Northern France Hanging
Christmas Evergreens Above a Wounded Soldier's Cot.
(Photo © American Press Assn.)



Gen. von Heeringen, "the Victor of Saarburg," on the Right,
Talking with Gen. von Emmich, Who Commanded Before Liege.
(Photo by R. Sennecke.)



Bringing a Suspected Spy Through the French Lines to Headquarters After Enveloping His Head to Prevent His Seeing Anything of Military Value.

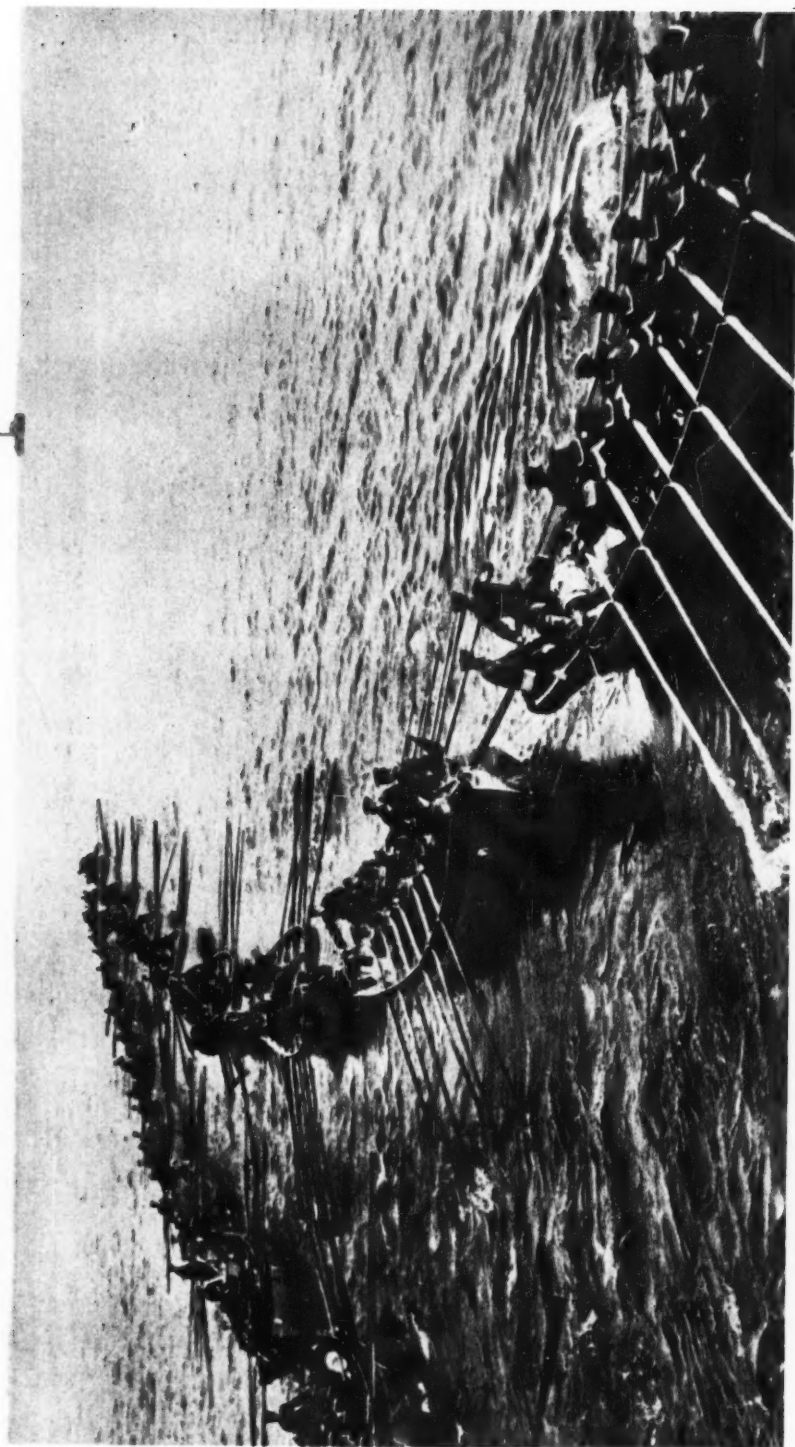
(Photo © American Press Assn.)

Head to Prevent His Seeing Anything of Military Value.
(Photo © American Press Assn.)



Constantinople Crowds Gathered at the Mosque of Faith While Sheikh Ul-Islam Proclaims the Declaration of War Against the Allies.

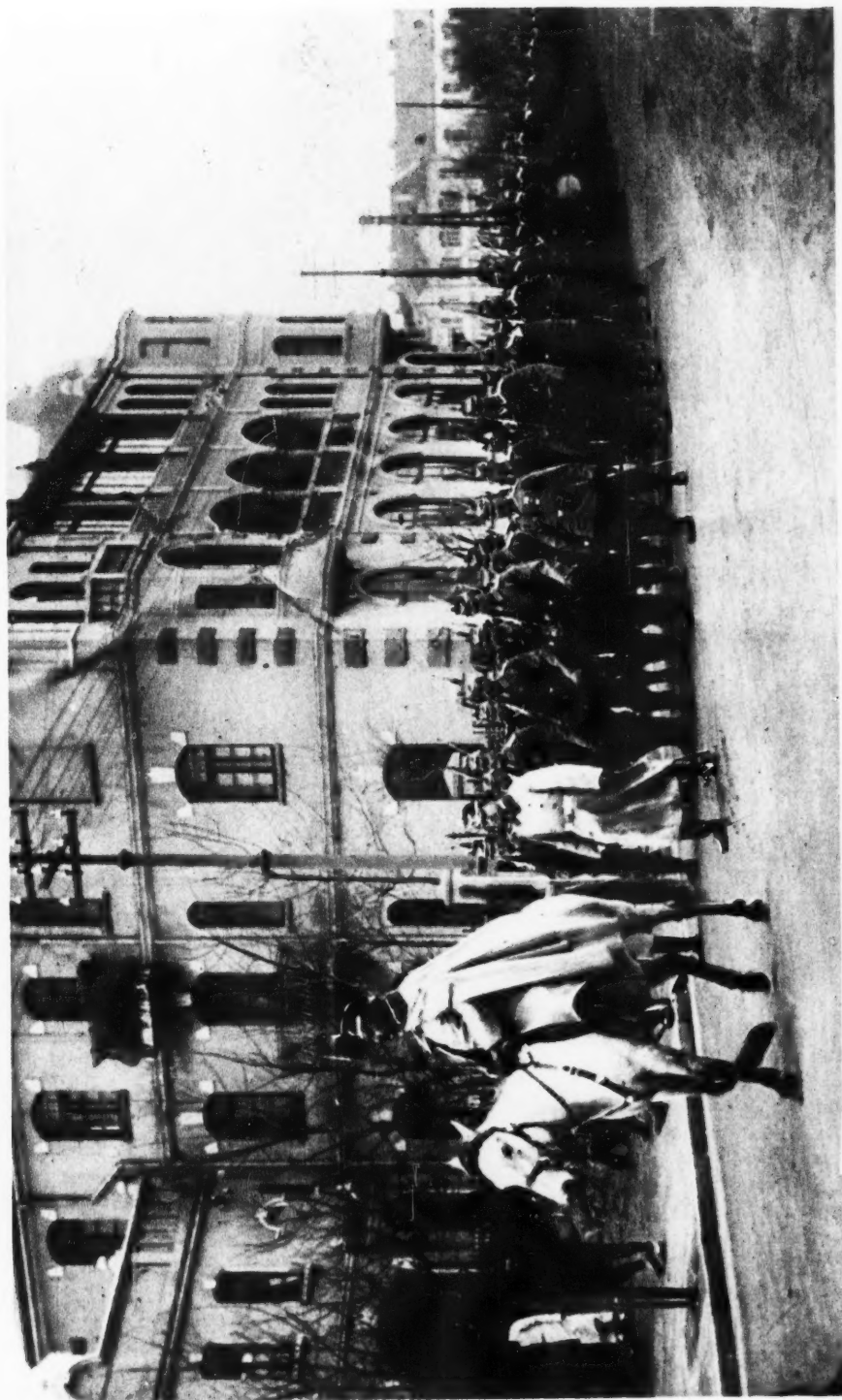
(Photo © International News Service.)



Japanese Bluejackets Coming Ashore Near Tsing-Tau.
(Photo from Paul Thompson.)

Japanese Bluejackets Coming Ashore Near Tsing-Tau.

(Photo from Paul Thompson.)



The Defenders of Tsing-Tau Moving to the Outer Defenses During the Siege.

(Photo © International News Service.)



German Gun in the Bismarck Fortress, Tsing-Tau,
Crumpled by Japanese and British Shells
(Photos by Paul Thompson.)

Patriotism and Endurance

By Cardinal D. J. Mercier, Archbishop of Malines.

[Copyright by Burns & Oates, Ltd., 28 Orchard Street, London. All rights reserved.]

Here is the celebrated Christmas pastoral letter of Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines. It is the first authentic translated copy of the now famous document to be received in America. The letter has caused a worldwide sensation because of its bold appeal to the Belgian people. Its publication resulted in the detention of the Cardinal by the Germans in his palace and a consequent protest by the Pope and throughout the whole Roman Catholic world.

The first reports of the arrest of the Cardinal were denied by the German authorities. Subsequently an official report made to the Pope stated that 15,000 copies of the pastoral letter were seized in Malines and destroyed, the printer being fined; that the Cardinal was detained in his palace during all Jan. 4; that he was prevented by German officers on Jan. 3 from presiding at a religious ceremony; that they subjected him to interrogations and demanded of him a retraction, which he refused to make. The English reprint of the Cardinal's letter is copyrighted by Burns & Oates, Ltd., 28 Orchard Street, London. THE NEW YORK TIMES CURRENT HISTORY reproduces it by permission.

MY Very Dear Brethren: I cannot tell you how instant and how present thought of you has been to me throughout the months of suffering and of mourning through which we have passed. I had to leave you abruptly on the 20th of August in order to fulfill my last duty toward the beloved and venerated Pope whom we have lost, and in order to discharge an obligation of the conscience from which I could not dispense myself, in the election of the successor of Pius X., the Pontiff who now directs the Church under the title, full of promise and of hope, of Benedict XV.

It was in Rome itself that I received the tidings—stroke after stroke—of the partial destruction of the Cathedral Church of Louvain, next of the burning of the library and of the scientific installations of our great university and of the devastation of the city, and next of the wholesale shooting of citizens, and tortures inflicted upon women and children and upon unarmed and undefended men.

And, while I was still under the shock

of these calamities, the telegraph brought us news of the bombardment of our beautiful metropolitan church, of the Church of Nôtre Dame au dela la Dyle, of the episcopal palace, and of a great part of our dear City of Malines.

Afar from my diocese, without means of communication with you, I was compelled to lock my grief within my own afflicted heart and to carry it, with the thought of you, which never left me, to the foot of the Crucifix.

I craved courage and light, and sought them in such thoughts as these: A disaster has visited the world, and our beloved little Belgium, a nation so faithful in the great mass of her population to God, so upright in her patriotism, so noble in her King and Government, is the first sufferer. She bleeds; her sons are stricken down within her fortresses and upon her fields, in defense of her rights and of her territory.

Soon there will not be one Belgian family not in mourning. Why all this sorrow, my God? Lord, Lord, hast Thou forsaken us? Then I looked upon the Crucifix. I looked upon Jesus, most

gentle and humble Lamb of God, crushed, clothed in His blood as in a garment, and I thought I heard from His own mouth the words which the psalmist uttered in His name: "O God, my God, look upon me; why hast Thou forsaken me? O my God, I shall cry, and Thou wilt not hear."

And forthwith the murmur died upon my lips, and I remembered what our Divine Saviour said in His gospel: "The disciple is not above the master, nor the servant above his lord." The Christian is the servant of a God who became man in order to suffer and to die.

To rebel against pain, to revolt against Providence because it permits grief and bereavement, is to forget whence we came, the school in which we have been taught, the example that each of us carries graven in the name of a Christian, which each of us honors at his hearth, contemplates at the altar of his prayers, and of which he desires that his tomb, the place of his last sleep, shall bear the sign.

My dearest brethren, I shall return by and by to the providential law of suffering, but you will agree that since it has pleased a God-made man who was holy, innocent, without stain, to suffer and to die for us who are sinners, who are guilty, who are perhaps criminals, it ill becomes us to complain whatever we may be called upon to endure. The truth is that no disaster on earth, striking creatures only, is comparable with that which our sins provoked and whereof God Himself chose to be the blameless victim.

Having recalled to mind this fundamental truth, I find it easier to summon you to face what has befallen us and to speak to you simply and directly of what is your duty and of what may be your hope. That duty I shall express in two words—patriotism and endurance.

My dearest brethren, I desire to utter in your name and my own the gratitude of those whose age, vocation, and social conditions cause them to benefit by the heroism of others without bearing in it any active part.

When, immediately on my return

from Rome, I went to Havre to greet our Belgian, French, and English wounded; when, later, at Malines, at Louvain, at Antwerp, it was given to me to take the hands of those brave men who carried a bullet in their flesh, a wound on their forehead, because they had marched to the attack of the enemy or borne the shock of his onslaught, it was a word of gratitude to them that rose to my lips. "O valiant friends," I said, "it was for us, it was for each one of us, it was for me, that you risked your lives and are now in pain. I am moved to tell you of my respect, of my thankfulness, to assure you that the whole nation knows how much she is in debt to you."

For in truth our soldiers are our saviors.

A first time, at Liège, they saved France; a second time, in Flanders, they arrested the advance of the enemy upon Calais. France and England know it; and Belgium stands before them both, and before the entire world, as a nation of heroes.

Never before in my whole life did I feel so proud to be a Belgian as when, on the platforms of French stations, and halting a while in Paris, and visiting London, I was witness of the enthusiastic admiration our allies feel for the heroism of our army. Our King is, in the esteem of all, at the very summit of the moral scale. He is doubtless the only man who does not recognize that fact, as, simple as the simplest of his soldiers, he stands in the trenches and puts new courage, by the serenity of his face, into the hearts of those of whom he requires that they shall not doubt of their country. The foremost duty of every Belgian citizen at this hour is gratitude to the army.

If any man had rescued you from shipwreck or from a fire, you would assuredly hold yourselves bound to him by a debt of everlasting thankfulness. But it is not one man, it is 250,000 men who fought, who suffered, who fell for you so that you might be free, so that Belgium might keep her independence, her dynasty, her patriotic unity; so that after the vicissitudes of battle she might rise nobler,

purser, more erect, and more glorious than before.

Pray daily, my brethren, for these 250,000 and for their leaders to victory; pray for our brothers in arms; pray for the fallen; pray for those who are still engaged; pray for the recruits who are making ready for the fight to come.

In your name I send them the greeting of our fraternal sympathy and our assurance that not only do we pray for the success of their arms and for the eternal welfare of their souls, but that we also accept for their sake all the distress, whether physical or moral, that falls to our own share in the oppression that hourly besets us, and all that the future may have in store for us, in humiliation for a time, in anxiety, and in sorrow. In the day of final victory we shall all be in honor; it is just that today we should all be in grief.

To judge by certain rumors that have reached me, I gather that from districts that have had least to suffer some bitter words have arisen toward our God, words which, if spoken with cold calculation, would not be far from blasphemous.

Oh, all too easily do I understand how natural instinct rebels against the evils that have fallen upon Catholic Belgium. The spontaneous thought of mankind is ever that virtue should have its instantaneous crown and injustice its immediate retribution.

But the ways of God are not our ways, the Scripture tells us. Providence gives free course, for a time measured by Divine wisdom, to human passions and the conflict of desires. God, being eternal, is patient. The last word is the word of mercy, and it belongs to those who believe in love. "Why art thou sad, O my soul? and why dost thou disquiet me? *Quare tristis es anima, et quare conturbas me?*" Hope in God. Bless Him always. Is He not thy Saviour and thy God? *Spera in Deo quoniam adhuc confitebor illi, salutare vultus mei et Deus meus.*

When holy Job, whom God presented as an example of constancy to the generations to come, had been stricken, blow

upon blow, by Satan, with the loss of his children, of his goods, of his health, his enemies approached him with provocations to discouragement; his wife urged upon him a blasphemy and a curse. "Dost thou still continue in thy simplicity? Curse God, and die." But the man of God was unshaken in his confidence. "And he said to her: Thou hast spoken like one of the foolish women: if we have received good things at the hand of God, why should we not receive evil? *Dominus dedit, Dominus abstulit; sicut Domino placuit ita factum est. Sit nomen Domini benedictum.*" And experience proved that saintly one to be right. It pleased the Lord to recompense, even here below, His faithful servant. "The Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before. And for his sake God pardoned his friends."

Better than any other man, perhaps, do I know what our unhappy country has undergone. Nor will any Belgian, I trust, doubt of what I suffer in my soul, as a citizen and as a Bishop, in sympathy with all this sorrow. These last four months have seemed to me age long. By thousands have our brave ones been mowed down. Wives, mothers are weeping for those they shall not see again; hearths are desolate; dire poverty spreads, anguish increases.

At Malines, at Antwerp the people of two great cities have been given over, the one for six hours, the other for thirty-four hours, to a continuous bombardment, to the throes of death.

I have traversed the greater part of the districts most terribly devastated in my diocese,* and the ruins I beheld, and the ashes, were more dreadful than I, prepared by the saddest of forebodings, could have imagined.

*Duffel, Lierre, Berlaer Saint Rombaut, Konings-Hoyck, Mortsel, Waelhem, Muysen, Wavre Sainte Catherine, Wavre Nôtre Dame, Sempst, Weerde, Eppeghe, Hofstade, Elewy, Rymenam, Boort-Meerbeek, Wespelaar, Haecht, Werchter-Wackerzeel, Rotselaar, Tremeloo; Louvain and its suburban environs, Blauwput, Kessel-Loo, Boven-Loo, Linden, Herent, Thildonck, Bueken, Relst, Aerschot, Wesemael, Herselt, Diest, Schaffen, Molenstede, Rillaer, Gelrode.

Other parts of my diocese, which I have not had time to visit,[†] have in like manner been laid waste. Churches, schools, asylums, hospitals, convents in great numbers are in ruins. Entire villages have all but disappeared. At Werchter-Wackerzeel, for instance, out of 380 homes 130 remain. At Tremeloo two-thirds of the village are overthrown. At Bueken, out of 100 houses 20 are standing. At Schaffen, 189 houses out of 200 are destroyed; 11 still stand. At Louvain the third part of the buildings are down; 1,074 dwellings have disappeared. On the town land and in the suburbs 1,823 houses have been burned.

In this dear City of Louvain, perpetually in my thoughts, the magnificent Church of St. Peter will never recover its former splendor. The ancient College of St. Ives, the art schools, the consular and commercial schools of the university, the old markets, our rich library with its collections, its unique and unpublished manuscripts, its archives, its gallery of great portraits of illustrious rectors, chancellors, professors, dating from the time of its foundation, which preserved for masters and students alike a noble tradition, and were an incitement in their studies, all this accumulation of intellectual, of historic, and of artistic riches, the fruit of the labors of five centuries—all is in the dust.

Many a parish lost its pastor. There is now sounding in my ears the sorrowful voice of an old man, of whom I asked whether he had had mass on Sunday in his battered church. "It is two months," he said, "since we had a church." The parish priest and the curate had been interned in a concentration camp.

Thousands of Belgian citizens have in like manner been deported to the prisons of Germany, to Munsterlagen, to Celle, to Magdeburg. At Munsterlagen alone, 3,100 civil prisoners were numbered.

[†]Haekendover, Roosbeek, Boutersem, Budingen, Neerlinder, Ottignies, Mousty, Wavre, Beyghem, Capelle-au-Bois, Humbeek, Nieuwenrode, Liezelo, Londerzeel, Heyndonck, Mariekerke, Weert, Blaesvelt.

History will tell of the physical and moral torments of their long martyrdom.

Hundreds of innocent men were shot. I possess no complete necrology; but I know that there were ninety-one shot at Aerschot and that there, under pain of death, their fellow-citizens were compelled to dig their graves. In the Louvain group of communes 176 persons, men and women, old men and sucklings, rich and poor, in health and sickness, were shot or burned.

In my diocese alone I know that thirteen priests or religious were put to death.[‡]

One of these, the parish priest of Gelrode, suffered, I believe, a veritable martyrdom. I made a pilgrimage to his grave, and amid the little flock which so lately he had been feeding with the zeal of an apostle, there did I pray to him that from the height of Heaven he would guard his parish, his diocese, his country.

We can neither number our dead nor compute the measure of our ruins. And what would it be if we turned our sad steps toward Liège, Namur, Audenne, Dinant, Tamines, Charleroi, and elsewhere?[§] And there, where lives were not taken, and there, where the stones of buildings were not thrown down, what anguish unrevealed! Families hitherto living at ease now in bitter want; all commerce at an end, all careers ruined, industry at a standstill, thousands upon thousands of workingmen without employment, working women, shopgirls, humble servant girls without the means of earning their bread, and poor souls forlorn on the bed of sickness and fever,

[‡]Their brothers in religion or in the priesthood will wish to know their names. Here they are: Dupierreux of the Society of Jesus, Brothers Sebastian and Allard of the Congregation of the Josephites, Brother Candide of the Congregation of the Brothers of Mercy, Father Maximin, Capuchin, and Father Vincent, Conventual; Lombaerts, parish priest at Boven-Loo; Goris, parish priest at Autgaerden; Carette, professor at the Episcopal College of Louvain; de Clerck, parish priest at Bueken; Dergent, parish priest at Gelrode, and Wouters Jean, parish priest at Pont-Bulé. We have reason to believe that the parish priest of Hérent, van Bladel, an old man of 71, was also killed. Until now, however, his body has not been found.

crying, "O Lord, how long, how long?"

There is nothing to reply. The reply remains the secret of God.

Yes, dearest brethren, it is the secret of God. He is the Master of events and the Sovereign Director of the human multitude. *Domini est terra et plenitudo ejus; orbis terrarum et universi qui habitant in eo.* The first relation between the creature and his Creator is that of absolute dependence. The very being of the creature is dependent; dependent are his nature, his faculties, his acts, his works.

At every passing moment that dependence is renewed, is incessantly reasserted, inasmuch as, without the will of the Almighty, existence of the first single instant would vanish before the next. Adoration, which is the recognition of the sovereignty of God, is not, therefore, a fugitive act; it is the permanent state of a being conscious of his own origin. On every page of the Scriptures Jehovah affirms His sovereign dominion.

The whole economy of the old law, the whole history of the chosen people, tend to the same end—to maintain Jehovah upon His throne and to cast idols down. "I am the first and the last. I am the Lord, and there is none else; there is no God beside Me. I form the light and create darkness, I make peace and create

evil. Woe to him that gainsayeth his maker, a sherd of the earthen pots. Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What art thou making, and thy work is without hands? Tell ye, and come, and consult together. A just God and a Saviour, there is none beside Me."

Ah, did the proud reason of mankind dream that it could dismiss our God? Did it smile in irony when through Christ and through His Church He pronounced the solemn words of expiation and of repentance? Vain of fugitive successes, O light-minded man, full of pleasure and of wealth, hast thou imagined that thou couldst suffice even to thyself?

Then was God set aside in oblivion, then was He misunderstood, then was He blasphemed, with acclamation, and by those whose authority, whose influence, whose power had charged them with the duty of causing His great laws and His great order to be revered and obeyed. Anarchy then spread among the lower ranks of mankind, and many sincere consciences were troubled by the evil example. How long, O Lord, they wondered, how long wilt Thou suffer the pride of this iniquity? Or wilt Thou finally justify the impious opinion that Thou carest no more for the work of Thy hands? A shock from a thunderbolt, and behold, all human foresight is set at naught! Europe trembles upon the brink of destruction!

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

Many are the thoughts that throng the breast of man today, and the chief of them all is this:

God reveals Himself as the Master. The nations that made the attack, and the nations that are warring in self-defense, alike confess themselves to be in the hand of Him without Whom nothing is made, nothing is done.

Men long unaccustomed to prayer are turning again to God. Within the army, within the civil world, in public, and within the individual conscience, there is prayer. Nor is that prayer today a word learned by rote, uttered lightly by the lip; it surges from the troubled heart, it

§I have said that thirteen ecclesiastics had been shot within the Diocese of Malines. There were, to my own actual personal knowledge, more than thirty in the Dioceses of Namur, Tournai, and Liège—Schlogel, parish priest of Hastière; Gille, parish priest of Couvin; Pieret, curate at Etalle; Alexandre, curate at Mussy-la-Ville; Maréchal, seminarist at Maissin; the Rev. Father Gillet, Benedictine of Maredsous; the Rev. Father Nicolas, Premonstratensian of the Abbey of Leffe; two brothers of the same abbey; one brother of the Congregation of Oblates; Poskin, parish priest of Surice; Hotlet, parish priest of Les Alloux; Georges, parish priest of Tintigny; Glouden, parish priest of Latour; Zenden, retired parish priest of Latour; Jacques, a priest; Druet, parish priest of Acoz; Pollart, parish priest of Roselles; Labeye, parish priest of Elegny-Trembleur; Thielen, parish priest of Hacourt; Janssen, parish priest of Heure le Romain; Chabot, parish priest of Forêt; Dossogne, parish priest of Hockay; Reussonnet, curate of Olme; Bllande, chaplain of the Institute of Deaf Mutes at Bouge; Docq, a priest, and others.

takes the form, at the feet of God, of the very sacrifice of life. The being of man is a whole offering to God. This is worship, this is the fulfillment of the primal moral and religious law—the Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve.

And even those who murmur, and whose courage is not sufficient for submission to the hand that smites us and saves us, even these implicitly acknowledge God to be the Master, for if they blaspheme Him, they blaspheme Him for His delay in closing with their desires.

But as for us, my brethren, we will adore Him in the integrity of our souls. Not yet do we see in all its magnificence the revelation of His wisdom, but our faith trusts Him with it all. Before His justice we are humble, and in His mercy hopeful. With holy Tobias we know that because we have sinned He has chastised us, but because He is merciful He will save us.

It would perhaps be cruel to dwell upon our guilt now, when we are paying so well and so nobly what we owe. But shall we not confess that we have indeed something to expiate? He who has received much, from him shall much be required. Now dare we say that the moral and religious standard of our people has risen as its economic prosperity has risen? The observance of Sunday rest, the Sunday mass, the reverence for marriage, the restraints of modesty—what had you made of these?

What, even within Christian families, had become of the simplicity practiced by our fathers, what of the spirit of penance, what of respect for authority? And we, too, we priests, we religious, I, the Bishop, we whose great mission it is to present in our lives, yet more than in our speech, the Gospel of Christ, have we earned the right to speak to our people the word spoken by the Apostle to the nations, "Be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ"?

We labor indeed, we pray indeed, but it is all too little. We should be, by the very duty of our state, the public expiators for the sins of the world. But which was the thing dominant in our lives

—expiation or our comfort and well-being as citizens? Alas! we have all had times in which we, too, fell under God's reproach to His people after the escape from Egypt: "The beloved grew fat and kicked; they have provoked me with that which was no god, and I will provoke them with that which is no people." Nevertheless, He will save us, for He wills not that our adversaries should boast that they, and not the Eternal, did these things. "See ye that I alone am, and there is no other God beside me. I will kill and I will make to live. I will strike and I will heal."

God will save Belgium, my brethren; you cannot doubt it.

Nay, rather, He is saving her.

Across the smoke of conflagration, across the stream of blood, have you not glimpses, do you not perceive signs of His love for us? Is there a patriot among us who does not know that Belgium has grown great? Nay, which of us would have the heart to cancel this last page of our national history? Which of us does not exult in the brightness of the glory of this shattered nation? When in her throes she brings forth heroes, our mother country gives her own energy to the blood of those sons of hers. Let us acknowledge that we needed a lesson in patriotism. There were Belgians, and many such, who wasted their time and their talents in futile quarrels of class with class, of race with race, of passion with personal passion.

Yet when, on Aug. 2, a mighty foreign power, confident in its own strength and defiant of the faith of treaties, dared to threaten us in our independence, then did all Belgians, without difference of party, or of condition, or of origin, rise up as one man, close ranged about their own King and their own Government, and cry to the invader: "Thou shalt not go through!"

At once, instantly, we were conscious of our own patriotism. For down within us all is something deeper than personal interests, than personal kinships, than party feeling, and this is the need and the will to devote ourselves to that more general interest which Rome termed the

public thing, *Res publica*. And this profound will within us is patriotism.

Our country is not a mere concourse of persons or of families inhabiting the same soil, having among themselves relations more or less intimate, of business, of neighborhood, of a community of memories happy or unhappy.

Not so; it is an association of living souls subject to a social organization, to be defended and safeguarded at all costs, even the cost of blood, under the leadership of those presiding over its fortunes. And it is because of this general spirit that the people of a country live a common life in the present, through the past, through the aspirations, the hopes, the confidence in a life to come, which they share together.

Patriotism, an internal principle of order and of unity, an organic bond of the members of a nation, was placed by the finest thinkers of Greece and Rome at the head of the natural virtues. Aristotle, the prince of the philosophers of antiquity, held disinterested service of the city—that is, the State—to be the very ideal of human duty.

And the religion of Christ makes of patriotism a positive law; there is no perfect Christian who is not also a perfect patriot. For our religion exalts the antique ideal, showing it to be realizable only in the absolute. Whence, in truth, comes this universal, this irresistible impulse which carries at once the will of the whole nation in one single effort of cohesion and of resistance in face of the hostile menace against her unity and her freedom?

Whence comes it that in an hour all interests were merged in the interest of all, and that all lives were together offered in willing immolation? Not that the State is worth more, essentially, than the individual or the family, seeing that the good of the family and of the individual is the cause and reason of the organization of the State. Not that our country is a Moloch on whose altar lives may lawfully be sacrificed. The rigidity of antique morals and the despotism of the Caesars suggested the false principle—and modern militarism tends to revive

it—that the State is omnipotent, and that the discretionary power of the State is the rule of right. Not so, replies Christian theology; right is peace—that is, the interior order of a nation, founded upon justice. And justice itself is absolute only because it formulates the essential relation of man with God and of man with man.

Moreover, war for the sake of war is a crime. War is justifiable only if it is the necessary means for securing peace. St. Augustine has said: "Peace must not be a preparation for war. And war is not to be made except for the attainment of peace." In the light of this teaching, which is repeated by St. Thomas Aquinas, patriotism is seen in its religious character.

Family interests, class interests, party interests, and the material good of the individual take their place, in the scale of values, below the ideal of patriotism, for that ideal is right, which is absolute. Furthermore, that ideal is the public recognition of right in national matters and of national honor. Now, there is no absolute except God. God alone, by His sanctity and His sovereignty, dominates all human interests and human wills. And to affirm the absolute necessity of the subordination of all things to right, to justice, and to truth, is implicitly to affirm God.

When, therefore, humble soldiers whose heroism we praise answer us with characteristic simplicity, "We only did our duty," or "We were bound in honor," they express the religious character of their patriotism. Which of us does not feel that patriotism is a sacred thing, and that a violation of national dignity is in a manner a profanation and a sacrilege?

I was asked lately by a staff officer whether a soldier falling in a righteous cause—and our cause is such, to demonstration—is not veritably a martyr. Well, he is not a martyr in the rigorous theological meaning of the word, inasmuch as he dies in arms, whereas the martyr delivers himself, undefended and unarmed, into the hands of the executioner; but if I am asked what I think

of the eternal salvation of a brave man who has consciously given his life in defense of his country's honor and in vindication of violated justice, I shall not hesitate to reply that, without any doubt whatever, Christ crowns his military valor, and that death, accepted in this Christian spirit, assures the safety of that man's soul. "Greater love than this no man hath," said our Saviour, "that a man lay down his life for his friends."

And the soldier who dies to save his brothers and to defend the hearths and altars of his country reaches this highest of all degrees of charity. He may not have made a close analysis of the value of his sacrifice, but must we suppose that God requires of the plain soldier in the excitement of battle the methodical precision of the moralist or the theologian? Can we who revere his heroism doubt that his God welcomes him with love?

Christian mothers, be proud of your sons. Of all griefs, of all our human sorrows, yours is perhaps the most worthy of veneration. I think I behold you in your affliction, but erect, standing at the side of the Mother of Sorrows, at the foot of the Cross. Sufer us to offer you not only our condolence, but our congratulation. Not all our heroes obtain temporal honors, but for all we expect the immortal crown of the elect. For this is the virtue of a single act of perfect charity—it cancels a whole lifetime of sins. It transforms a sinful man into a saint.

Assuredly a great and a Christian comfort is the thought that not only among our own men, but in any belligerent army whatsoever, all who in good faith submit to the discipline of their leaders in the service of a cause they believe to be righteous are sharers in the eternal reward of the soldier's sacrifice. And how many may there not be among these young men of 20 who, had they survived, might possibly not have had the resolution to live altogether well, and yet in the impulse of patriotism had the resolution to die so well?

Is it not true, my brethren, that God has the supreme art of mingling His mercy with His wisdom and His justice? And shall we not acknowledge that if

war is a scourge for this earthly life of ours, a scourge whereof we cannot easily estimate the destructive force and the extent, it is also for multitudes of souls an expiation, a purification, a force to lift them to the pure love of their country and to perfect Christian unselfishness?

We may now say, my brethren, without unworthy pride, that our little Belgium has taken a foremost place in the esteem of nations. I am aware that certain onlookers, notably in Italy and in Holland, have asked how it could be necessary to expose this country to so immense a loss of wealth and of life, and whether a verbal manifesto against hostile aggression, or a single cannon shot on the frontier, would not have served the purpose of protest. But assuredly all men of good feeling will be with us in our rejection of these paltry counsels. Mere utilitarianism is no sufficient rule of Christian citizenship.

On the 19th of April, 1839, a treaty was signed in London by King Leopold, in the name of Belgium, on the one part, and by the Emperor of Austria, the King of France, the Queen of England, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, on the other; and its seventh article decreed that Belgium should form a separate and perpetually neutral State, and should be held to the observance of this neutrality in regard to all other States. The co-signatories promised, for themselves and their successors, upon their oath, to fulfill and to observe that treaty in every point and every article without contravention or tolerance of contravention. Belgium was thus bound in honor to defend her own independence. She kept her oath. The other powers were bound to respect and to protect her neutrality. Germany violated her oath; England kept hers.

These are the facts.

The laws of conscience are sovereign laws. We should have acted unworthily had we evaded our obligation by a mere feint of resistance. And now we would not rescind our first resolution; we exult in it. Being called upon to write a most solemn page in the history of our coun-

try, we resolved that it should be also a sincere, also a glorious page. And as long as we are required to give proof of endurance, so long we shall endure.

All classes of our citizens have devoted their sons to the cause of their country, but the poorer part of the population have set the noblest example, for they have suffered also privation, cold, and famine. If I may judge of the general feeling from what I have witnessed in the humbler quarters of Malines and in the most cruelly afflicted districts of my diocese, the people are energetic in their endurance. They look to be righted; they will not hear of surrender.

Affliction is, in the hand of Divine Omnipotence, a two-edged sword. It wounds the rebellious, it sanctifies him who is willing to endure.

God proveth us, as St. James has told us, but He "is not a tempter of evils." All that comes from Him is good, a ray of light, a pledge of love. "But every man is tempted by his own concupiscence. * * * Blessed is he that endureth temptation, for when he hath been proved he shall receive the crown of life, which God hath promised to them that love Him."

Truce, then, my brethren, to all murmurs of complaint. Remember St. Paul's words to the Hebrews, and through them to all of Christ's flock, when, referring to the bloody sacrifice of our Lord upon the cross, he reminded them that they had not yet resisted unto blood. Not only to the Redeemer's example shall you look, but also to that of the 30,000—perhaps 40,000—men who have already shed their life blood for their country.

In comparison with them, what have you endured who are deprived of the daily comforts of your lives, your newspapers, your means of travel, communication with your families? Let the patriotism of our army, the heroism of our King, of our beloved Queen in her magnanimity, serve to stimulate us and support us. Let us bemoan ourselves no more. Let us deserve the coming deliverance. Let us hasten it by our virtue even more than by our prayers. Courage, brethren! Suffering passes away;

the crown of life for our souls, the crown of glory for our nation, shall not pass!

I do not require of you to renounce any of your national desires. On the contrary, I hold it as part of the obligations of my episcopal office to instruct you, as to your duty in face of the power that has invaded our soil and now occupies the greater part of our country. The authority of that power is no lawful authority. Therefore in soul and conscience you owe it neither respect nor attachment nor obedience.

The sole lawful authority in Belgium is that of our King, of our Government, of the elected representatives of the nation. This authority alone has a right to our affection, our submission.

Thus the invader's acts of public administration have in themselves no authority; but legitimate authority has tacitly ratified such of those acts as affect the general interest, and this ratification, and this only, gives them juridic value. Occupied provinces are not conquered provinces. Belgium is no more a German province than Galicia is a Russian province. Nevertheless, the occupied portion of our country is in a position it is compelled to endure. The greater part of our towns, having surrendered to the enemy on conditions, are bound to observe those conditions. From the outset of military operations the civil authorities of the country urged upon all private persons the necessity of abstention from hostile acts against the enemy's army.

That instruction remains in force. It is our army, and our army solely, in league with the valiant troops of our allies, that has the honor and the duty of national defense. Let us intrust the army with our final deliverance.

Toward the persons of those who are holding dominion among us by military force, and who assuredly cannot but be sensible of the chivalrous energy with which we have defended and are still defending our independence, let us conduct ourselves with all needful forbearance. Some among them have declared themselves willing to mitigate, as far as possible, the severity of our situation and to help us to recover some minimum of

regular civic life. Let us observe the rules they have laid upon us so long as those rules do not violate our personal liberty, nor our consciences as Christians, nor our duty to our country. Let us not take bravado for courage, nor tumult for bravery.

You especially, my dearest brethren in the priesthood, be you at once the best examples of patriotism and the best supporters of public order. On the field of battle you have been magnificent. The King and the army admire the intrepidity of our military chaplains in face of death, their charity at the work of the ambulance. Your Bishops are proud of you. You have suffered greatly. You have endured much calumny. But be patient; history will do you justice. I today bear my witness for you.

Wherever it has been possible I have questioned our people, our clergy, and particularly a considerable number of priests who had been deported to German prisons, but whom a principle of humanity, to which I gladly render homage, has since set at liberty. Well, I affirm, upon my honor, and I am prepared to assert upon faith of my oath, that until now I have not met a single ecclesiastic, secular or regular, who had once incited civilians to bear arms against the enemy. All have loyally followed the instructions of their Bishops, given in the early days of August, to the effect that they were to use their moral influence over the civil population so that order might be preserved and military regulations observed.

I exhort you to persevere in this ministry of peace, which is for you the sanest form of patriotism; to accept with all your hearts the privations you have to endure; to simplify still further, if it is possible, your way of life. One of you who is reduced by robbery and pillage to a state bordering on total destitution, said to me lately: "I am living now as I wish I had lived always."

Multiply the efforts of your charity, corporal and spiritual. Like the great Apostle, do you endure daily the cares of your Church, so that no man shall suffer loss and you not suffer loss, and no man fall and you not burn with zeal

for him. Make yourselves the champions of all those virtues enjoined upon you by civic honor as well as by the Gospel of Christ.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame, if there be any virtue, if any praise of discipline, think on these things." So may the worthiness of our lives justify us, my most dear colleagues, in repeating the noble claim of St. Paul: "The things which ye have learned and received and heard and seen in me, these do ye, and the God of Peace shall be with you."

Let us continue then, dearest brethren, to pray, to do penance, to attend holy mass, and to receive holy communion for the sacred intention of our dear country. * * * I recommend parish priests to hold a funeral service on behalf of our fallen soldiers on every Saturday.

Money, I know well, is scarce with you all. Nevertheless, if you have little, give of that little for the succor of those among your fellow-countrymen who are without shelter, without fuel, without sufficient bread. I have directed my parish priests to form for this purpose in every parish a relief committee. Do you second them charitably and convey to my hands such alms as you can save from your superfluity, if not from your necessities, so that I may be the distributor to the destitute who are known to me.

Our distress has moved the other nations. England, Ireland, and Scotland, France, Holland, the United States, Canada, have vied with each other in generosity for our relief. It is a spectacle at once most mournful and most noble. Here again is a revelation of the Providential wisdom which draws good from evil. In your name, my brethren, and in my own, I offer to the Governments and the nations that have succored us the assurance of our admiration and our gratitude.

With a touching goodness, our Holy Father Benedict XV. has been the first to incline his heart toward us. When, a few moments after his election, he

deigned to take me in his arms, I was bold enough there to ask that the first Pontifical benediction he spoke should be given to Belgium, already in deep distress through the war. He eagerly closed with my wish, which I knew would also be yours. Today, with delicate kindness, his Holiness has decided to renounce the annual offering of Peter's Pence from Belgium.

In a letter dated on the beautiful festival of the Immaculate Virgin, Dec. 8, he assures us of the part he bears in our sufferings. He prays for us, calls down upon our Belgium the protection of Heaven, and exhorts us to hail in the then approaching advent of the Prince of Peace the dawn of better days. Here is the text of this valued message:

To Our Dear Son, Désiré Mercier, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, of the Title of St. Peter in Chains, Archbishop of Malines, at Malines:

Our Dear Son: Health and apostolic benediction. The fatherly solicitude which we feel for all the faithful whom Divine Providence has intrusted to our care causes us to share their griefs even more fully than their joys.

Could we, then, fail to be moved by keenest sorrow at the sight of the Belgian Nation, which we so dearly love, reduced by a most cruel and most disastrous war to this lamentable state?

We behold the King and his august family, the members of the Government, the chief persons of the country, Bishops, priests, and a whole people enduring woes which must fill with pity all gentle hearts, and which our own soul, in the fervor of paternal love, must be the first to compassionate. Thus, under the burden of this distress and this mourning, we call in our prayers for an end to such misfortunes. May the God of mercy hasten the day.

Meanwhile we strive to mitigate, as far as in us lies, this excessive suffering. Therefore the step taken by our dear son, Cardinal Hartmann, Archbishop of Cologne, at whose request it was arranged that French or Belgian priests detained in Germany should have the treatment

of officers, gave us great satisfaction, and we have expressed our thanks to him for his action.

As regards Belgium, we have been informed that the faithful of that nation, so sorely tried, did not neglect, in their piety, to turn toward us their thoughts, and that even under the blow of so many calamities they proposed to gather this year, as in all preceding years, the offerings to St. Peter, which supply the necessities of the Apostolic See.

This truly incomparable proof of piety and of attachment filled us with admiration; we accept it with all the affection that is due from a grateful heart; but having regard to the painful position in which our dear children are placed, we cannot bring ourselves to favor the fulfillment of that project, noble though it is. If any alms are to be gathered, our wish is that the money should be entirely devoted to the benefit of the Belgian people, who are as illustrious by reason of their nobility and their piety as they are today worthy of all sympathy.

Amid the difficulties and anxieties of the present hour we would remind the sons who are so dear to us that the arm of God is not shortened, that He is ever able to save, that His ear is not deaf to prayer.

Let the hope of Divine aid increase with the approach of the festival of Christmas and of the mysteries that celebrate the birth of our Lord, and recall that peace which God proclaimed to mankind by His angels.

May the souls of the suffering and afflicted find comfort and consolation in the assurance of the paternal tenderness that prompts our prayers. Yes, may God take pity upon the Belgian people and grant them the abundance of all good.

As a pledge of these prayers and good wishes, we now grant to all, and in the first place to you, our dear son, the apostolic benediction.

Given in Rome, by St. Peter's, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady, in the year MCMXIV., the first of our Pontificate.

BENEDICT XV., Pope.

One last word, my dearest brethren: At the outset of these troubles I said to you that in the day of the liberation of our territory we should give to the Sacred Heart and to the Blessed Virgin a public testimony of our gratitude. Since that date I have been able to consult my colleagues in the episcopate, and, in agreement with them, I now ask you to make, as soon as possible, a fresh effort to hasten the construction of the national basilica, promised by Belgium in honor of the Sacred Heart.

As soon as the sun of peace shall shine upon our country we shall redress our ruins, we shall restore shelter to those who have none, we shall rebuild our churches, we shall reconstitute our libraries, and we shall hope to crown this work of reconciliation by raising, upon the heights of the capital of Belgium, free and Catholic, that national basilica of the Sacred Heart. Further-

more, every year we shall make it our duty to celebrate solemnly, on the Friday following Corpus Christi, the festival of the Sacred Heart.

Lastly, in every region of the diocese the clergy will organize an annual pilgrimage of thanksgiving to one of the privileged sanctuaries of the Blessed Virgin in order to pay especial honor to the protectress of our national independence and universal mediatrix of the Christian Commonwealth.

The present letter shall be read on the following dates: On the first day of the year and on the Sundays following the day on which it shall severally reach you.

Accept, my dearest brethren, my wishes and prayers for you and for the happiness of your families, and receive, I pray you, my paternal benediction.

D. J. CARDINAL MERCIER,

Archbishop of Malines.

APPEAL TO AMERICA FOR BELGIUM.

By THOMAS HARDY.

Seven millions stand
Emaciate, in that ancient Delta-land:
We here, full charged with our own maimed
and dead,
And coiled in throbbing conflicts slow and
sore,
Can soothe how slight these ails unmerited
Of souls forlorn upon the facing shore!
Where naked, gaunt, in endless band on
band

Seven millions stand.

No man can say
To your great country that, with scant delay,
You must, perforce, ease them in their sore
need:
We know that nearer first your duty lies;
But—is it much to ask that you let plead
Your loving kindness with you—wooing
wise—
Albeit that aught you owe and must repay
No man can say?

With the German Army

By Cyril Brown.

[Staff Correspondent of THE NEW YORK TIMES.]

I.

GERMAN GREAT HEADQUARTERS IN FRANCE, Dec. 1.—There is a certain monotony about the “scientific murder” of the firing line—a routine repetition of artillery duels, alarums, and excursions which can be (and are being) vividly described by “war correspondents” from the safe vantage ground of comfortable cafés miles away. The real human interest end of this ultra-modern war is to be gleaned from rambling around the operating zone in a thoroughly irresponsible American manner, trusting in Providence and the red American eagle sealed on your emergency passport and a letter from Charles Lesimple, the genial Consul at Cologne, to keep you from being shot.

For instance, you get some interesting first-hand knowledge as to how spies can “get away with it,” in spite of the perfect German military system of controls and passes. There is no “spy hysteria” in Germany as there apparently is in England, judging from the London papers, but none the less the German authorities know perfectly well that there are swarms of spies in their midst and are hunting them down with quiet, typically Teutonic thoroughness.

But the very perfection of the German military machine is its weak spot, and on this, my second visit to the German Great Headquarters, I was able to give the astonished authorities a personal demonstration as to how any smooth-tongued stranger could turn up at even this “holy of holies.” The nocturnal

trail led in a military train from Luxemburg over Longwy to Longuyon, where at 3 o'clock in the morning I met an old reader of THE NEW YORK TIMES, Herman Herzberger, a wealthy glove leather manufacturer of Berlin, well known to the trade in New York and Gloversville.

“What a coincidence,” Mr. Herzberger remarked in good American. “I am going to the front with my wife to see my 18-year-old son, who is in a hospital at Vonziers. My son, who was in the high school, enlisted as a volunteer, with practically the whole school, at the outbreak of the war.

With “constant reader,” I boarded a troop transport at Longuyon and crawled on through the night to the front. It was a reserve battalion of a Prussian infantry regiment of the line, and a little research work produced the interesting discovery that it was composed of men who had been wounded, were recovered, and going back for the second time. They were delighted to have an American in their midst, and promptly made me an honorary member. They had no idea where they were going, but eagerly hoped “they would be back in the trenches by evening.”

“Many of us,” said a Sergeant, “did not need to come back because owing to having received serious wounds the first time we were excused from further military service—but they all came back none the less. Here’s one man who had nine wounds, from bullets and shell splinters, and this one was shot through the lungs, but you’re all right again, aren’t you?”

and this one is going back, although he has a wife and six children at home."

It was an interesting revelation as to the morale of the German reinforcements.

At 9 o'clock in the morning the troop transport stopped for refreshments at the French village of X, and here a funny phenomenon was witnessed. From all sides the shrewd inhabitants of the village came running, scores of them, with bottles of wine. The laughing German soldiers got out and, negotiating over a picket fence, returned with the refreshments while the inhabitants made off with German coin. I saw bottles of champagne change hands here for the sum of 25 cents. In spite of the cheapness of wine, however, the German soldier is well disciplined and does not "go the limit"; I have never seen an intoxicated specimen afield.

One of the soldiers told the following story to illustrate the iron discipline enforced in the Kaiser's army in the case of the inevitable black sheep: "A Frenchwoman, who kept a small tavern, came to our commandant and complained because a Bavarian soldier had wantonly turned the spigot and allowed a whole cask of red wine to run out on the ground. After an investigation the offender was found guilty and for punishment tied to a tree for two hours. To be tied fast by your head and legs is the most dreaded punishment, because you are disgraced before all your comrades."

From X I started out on a foot tour, and entered the Grosses Hauptquartier (Great Headquarters) unchallenged, by the back door. Journalistically it was disappointing at first, for it was Sunday morning, and apparently Prussian militarism keeps the Sabbath holy. There was no interviewing the Kaiser, for he had gone "way down East" and with him his War Minister, Gen. von Falkenhayn. The courteous commandant, Col. von Hahnke, was not on the job. Even the brilliant chief of the press division, Major Nikolai, was out of town when I called on the Great General Staff.

But there were compensations, for at a turn of the road I saw a more impressive

sight than even the motoring Kaiser—a mile of German cavalry coming down the straight chaussée, gray horsemen as far as the eye could see and more constantly coming over the brow of the distant hill, with batteries of field artillery sandwiched between, while on the railroad track, paralleling the highway, infantry and heavy artillery troop trains crawled past in endless succession, as closely together as subway trains during the rush hour at home. An allied aeroplane, hovering overhead, would have learned something to its advantage.

I had innocently blundered into one of the most important troop movements of the war, but how many and where they were coming from or where they were going to I pledged myself not to disclose. The inevitable company of cyclists rode at the head of the long column that was still passing when I went to bed. Next came an imposing staff—then a mounted band blaring away, then a crack guard cavalry regiment, proud standard flying, then cavalry less élite, here and there a palefaced spectacled trooper who looked like a converted theological student. Whole regiments came riding down the pike singing "The Red, White, and Black" in unison—a stirring, marching song, which for patriotic fervor and fighting spirit "puts it all over" the British "It's a Long Way from Tipperary."

It was a Roman holiday for the French inhabitants of the town of —, who lined the roads en masse quivering with suppressed emotion and happiness, thinking they were eyewitnessing a great German retreat. "Our French soldiers will soon be here again," they whispered to one another. But it wasn't a retreat—it was one of those mysterious strategic shifts you read about in the papers without really realizing what it means till you see it—great masses being rushed from one battlefield to another on the long line.

For weeks these same regiments had been daily "decimated," "cut to pieces," and otherwise badly mauled by English war correspondents, but you would never have suspected it. Bearded dragoons and Uhlans were still able to sit up and smoke

big Hamburg cigars as they rode along, the horses looked fresh, the guns of the batteries were spick and span, the men seemed to have "morale" to spare; they looked as if they were just going for the first time—and not coming from the scrimmage.

By way of digression and as illustrating the military "discipline" on which the Germans pride themselves so, the following whimsical interlude took place in front of the sacred portals of the Great German Staff: A famous German professor of philosophy, adorned in civil life with the high title of Privy Councilor, 65 years old, white-haired, white-bearded, and with big yellow horn-rimmed spectacles, incongruously wearing the field gray uniform whose collar and shoulder straps indicated that he was an unter-officier of the reserve regiment of a German university town well known to Americans, was waiting patiently outside of the guarded gate in company with a young Feldwebel (a non-commissioned officer of higher rank.) The old philosophy professor had enlisted with practically his whole class at the outbreak of the war, but on account of his age was not sent to the front with them at the time, but finally was allowed to go with a transport of four automobile loads of gifts and supplies for the regiment. He and the Feldwebel had to hang around outside while the Lieutenant in charge went inside to do the talking in the Great General Staff Building. Presently the old philosophy professor ransacked his pockets, produced an apple, clicked his heels together in regulation fashion and, saluting his young superior, (infinitely inferior in the civil social scale,) said: "Am I permitted to offer you an apple, Herr Feldwebel?"

His ranking superior acknowledged the gift with curt military punctilio, then added respectfully, "I thank you, Herr Privy Councilor."

In the afternoon a forced march of two miles brought me to the handsome villa occupied by the foreign military attachés, where Major Langhorne, the American expert, was again found in good health and spirits, and particularly happy be-

cause in a couple of days he was again to see some real fighting. The Great General Staff continues to give our military attaché every possible opportunity to see things for himself and give Uncle Sam the benefit of the military lessons to be learned from the big scrap, no matter which way it goes.

Today I again dropped in on the Great General Staff and found it not only at home, but very much interested on discovering that I had no pass to come or go or be there at that time. The war-time mind of Prussian militarism is keen and right to the point. It saw not the chance of getting publicity in America, but the certainty that other more dangerous spies could come through the same way. By all the rules of the war game, Prussian militarism would have been thoroughly justified in treating me as a common spy in possession of vital military secrets, but it courteously contented itself in insisting on plucking out the heart of the journalistic mystery. All attempts at evasion and humor were vain—here was the ruthless reality of war. It was the mailed Prussian eagle against the bluff American bird of the same species, and the unequal contest was soon ended when Major Nikolai, Chief of Division III, of the Great General Staff, stood up very straight and dignified and said: "I am a German officer. What German violated his duty? I ask you as a man of honor, how was it possible for you to come here?"

The answer was quite simple: "The German military machine was so perfect that it covered every contingency except the most obvious and guarded every road except the easiest way. All you have to do is to take a passenger train to Luxemburg, and hang around the platform until the next military train pulls out for Belgium or France, hop aboard, and keep on going. In case of doubt utter the magic phrase, 'I am an American,' and flash the open sesame, the red seal of the United States of America—to which bearded Landsturm guards pay the tribute of regarding it as equally authoritative as the purple Prussian eagle stamped on a military pass."

Followed a two-hour dialogue in the private office of the chief of the Kaiser's secret field police, as a result of which future historians will find in the Kaiser's secret archives the following unique document, couched in Berlin "detective" and signed and subscribed to by THE TIMES correspondent:

Secret Field Police, Great Headquarters,
Dec. 1, 1914.

There appears the American war correspondent, and at the particular request of the authorities, explains:

On Saturday, Nov. 30, I arrived at Trier on a second-class ticket at about 10:30 P. M. There I bought a third-class ticket and boarded a train leaving about 11:10 P. M. and reached Luxemburg at about 12:15 A. M. I did not go into the railroad station, but, trusting to my papers, boarded a military train leaving at 12:45 A. M.,

going over Longwy to Longuyon, where I arrived at 3:30 A. M., Sunday. There an official whose name I do not know took me to a troop train and made a place for me in the brake box. I left the train at X and went on foot to H (the Great Headquarters,) where I reported myself to the Chief of Police.

I recommend that a sharper control be exercised on the station platform at Luxemburg, as it is a simple matter to avoid the only control which is at the ticket gate, by simply not going out and therefore not having to come in.

The lot of the professional spy will be harder in the future. Meanwhile, I expect to shake the dust of the German Great Headquarters from my reportorial feet early tomorrow morning, for pedestrianism is not a safe pastime in the war zone.

Story of the Man Who Fired on the Rheims Cathedral

II.

WITH THE GERMAN ARMY BEFORE RHEIMS, Dec. 5.—Eating a ham sandwich while squinting through an artillery telescope at the cathedral and hearing the man who fired the famous shots tell all about it was the unique combination I experienced today, and in retrospect the ham sandwich stands out as the most important feature, for it symbolizes the morale of the men before Rheims.

The post of observation was in a sometime French fort, now riddled by French shells, on the crest of a hill affording a fine panoramic view of the city, and my sightseeing predecessors here had included the Imperial Chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg; Muktar Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador to Berlin; Major Lang-

horne, the American Military Attaché, and other celebrities.

Rheims Cathedral was said to be about four miles away, but through the powerful magnifying telescope (of the scissors type and so contrived that only its two eyes peered over the breastworks while the observer was completely hidden from view) it showed up as clearly as Caruso through an opera glass. The top of one of the two towers had a decidedly moth-eaten appearance—it looked as if one of the corners had been shot away, and the roof was evidently gone, but otherwise the exterior of the cathedral looked—through the telescope—to be in a good state of preservation and likely to enjoy a ripe old age. No French observer was seen on the cathedral towers, and I was informed by First Lieut. Wengler of the



VICE ADMIRAL FREDERICK STURDEE,
Commander of the British Squadron Which Destroyed the German Fleet
Off the Falkland Islands.
(Photo © by American Press Assn.)



ADMIRAL SIR JOHN FISHER,
First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, Who Holds the Guardianship of the
English Coast.
(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)

Heavy Artillery that none had been since his admonitory shells had carried their iron warning to climb down. A staff officer of the ——— Division had introduced him to me as "the friend of the Rheims Cathedral," explaining that it probably wouldn't be standing today but for him.

"So you are the vandal?" "the friend of the Rheims Cathedral" was asked.

"Yes, I am the 'barbarian,'" he laughed modestly. He wears the Iron Cross of the first and second class, and, although still only a Lieutenant, commands two batteries. A most picturesque but paradoxical "barbarian," with a soft-spoken lisp, mild blue eyes, boyish face in spite of a tawny-reddish full beard of long standing, and slightly bowed legs, it required a most rigorous reportorial inquisition as practiced on millionaires and politicians at home to extract these details from the modest "friend of the Rheims Cathedral":

"The French observer on the cathedral was first noticed on Sept. 13. After that the French artillery fire became uncomfortably accurate. Eighty shells fell here in one day alone—killing only one cow," he added, with a plaintive note of reminiscence. He pointed to three big holes in the ground close by and all within a circle of ten yards' radius, where three French shells had dropped in quick succession, as further evidence of how well they had got the range.

"The fellow continued 'on the job' quite shamelessly until the 18th," he went on, "when I aimed two shots at the cathedral, and only two. No more were needed to dislodge him. One from a 15-centimeter howitzer struck the top of the 'observation tower,' the other, from a 21-centimeter mortar, hit the roof and set it on fire. I used both howitzers and mortars so as to let the French know that we could shoot well with both kinds. I wanted to dislodge the observer with the least possible damage to the fine old cathedral, and the result shows that it is possible to shoot just as accurately with heavy artillery as with field artillery. The

French also had a battery planted about 100 yards from the cathedral. It isn't there any more," he added laconically.

A few turns of the screw brought a row of trees marking a boulevard into the field of vision. "There is a French battery there at the present time," he said.

"How do you know?" For I saw trees but no guns.

"Aeroplanes," "the friend of the Cathedral" explained. Another turn of the screw brought a church steeple into view.

"The French are now using this church steeple for observation purposes," the battery commander said. "The observer is reported to me every morning. He is getting to be too shameless. I shall take a shot at that steeple this afternoon in all probability. And then I suppose they will again call us barbarians. I saw the fellow myself this morning. He sits in that little arched window there." I saw the window quite distinctly, and only regret that the culprit had climbed down for the luncheon intermission, which is religiously kept by both the French and German artillery.

A tour of the wrecked fort followed and among other interesting sights the guide pointed out the trail of the famous freak shot that killed the cow. The shell went first through a glass window, then through the wall at the back of the room, into a second chamber, where, without exploding, it had amputated a hind leg of the milch cow whose loss is still mourned by two batteries of heavy artillery.

Up to now, war as experienced from the vantage ground of a high hill overlooking Rheims seemed a pleasant picnic, for the German arsenal was well stocked with plenty of good food, while the Chief of the Division Staff, with typical German hospitality, had sent along his adjutant armed with two baskets of Teuton sandwiches, which added to the picnic illusion and claimed far more attention than the Cathedral of Rheims. The frequent sight of Gen-

erals down to high privates taking hearty nourishment all along the front in France with the same comfortable enjoyment as in their own homes was more convincing than all official bulletins that they are not worrying about the outcome in the West, for morale and meals are synonyms.

The luncheon interval over, the French batteries woke up and began sending over shells with Gallic prodigality, the Germans replying sparingly, and as if in invitation, for my benefit, a French aeroplane no bigger than a Jersey mosquito appeared and circled over the German positions trying to locate the cleverly concealed heavy batteries, while down on the plain back of the hills a German motor aeroplane gun popped away for dear life trying to connect with the inquisitive visitor. Little cottonball clouds of white smoke, like daylight fireworks, hung high in the air, where the French flier had been, also black "smoke pots" to help the gunners in getting the range, but the Frenchman managed to dodge all the shrapnel that came his way, and escaped.

By request, "the friend of the cathedral" led the way (a long and strenuous one) to his 15-centimeter howitzer battery, concealed with amazing cleverness even against the observation of aviators, and pointed out the gun that had fired "the shot heard round the world." He would gladly have fired a sample shot, but the guns of the battery were already set for the night (although it was only noon!) that is, aimed at certain portions of the landscape which French troops would have to cross if they attempted to make a night attack on certain of the German trenches, so that no time would be lost in aiming the guns—all they had to do was to fire the moment the telephone bell rang a night alarm.

"Was there any connection between his iron crosses and the Rheims Cathedral?" he was tactfully asked. There was not, but modest heroes are a nuisance journalistically, and "the friend of the cathedral" required a lot

of coaxing before he told that he had won both the first and second class sometime before and elsewhere, the second for galloping his heavy howitzer battery into action like field artillery and by getting it to work at close range, "smearing" a desperate French attack; first class for continuing to direct the fire of his battery from the roof of a building until it was literally shot from under his feet. "The friend of the cathedral," is also an experienced aviator and when business is dull in the howitzer line around Rheims, kills time by aerial reconnoitring. "Be sure and send me a copy of your paper," he laughed, when I beat a hasty strategic retreat to the rear to keep the Wilsonian neutrality from being violated, for after lunch French shells have a habit of raining alike on the just and the unjust.

The strategic retreat led through a village where in a farmyard was seen one of the most curious freaks of the war. A French shell had exploded here, and the terrific air pressure had lifted a farm wagon bodily and deposited it on the roof of the stable, where it still perches.

Half a mile beyond was something even more curious—a subterranean village built in the woods by German pioneers, and consisting of many small block houses of fir logs, sunk three-quarters of the way into the ground, the rest covered over with mounds of dirt and laid with sod. The idea, it was explained, was to have a cozy and safe place of retreat when the French batteries, as occasionally happened, took the village ahead under fire.

My retreat ended at Château Mumm, well out of the firing zone, where Gen. Count von Waldersee did the honors in the unavoidable absence of the owner, said to be related to a well-known brand of champagne. On inquiry, I learned that the champagne cellars of Château Mumm were quite empty, but the retreating French were said to have caused the vacuum, not the Germans. Château Mumm's absentee owner will be glad to learn that his property is being well

cared for, pending his return. I was interested to note quite recent issues of The London Times, Daily Mail, and London Daily Telegraph on the drawing room table.

"It's very interesting, you know, to read what our enemies are saying about us," a staff officer explained.

Two other items of miscellaneous interest were picked up. From a well informed source I learned that at one stage of the game, the English "Long Toms" were posted to good advantage back of Rheims out of range of the German heavy artillery. Although their lyddite shells were alleged to have been comparatively harmless and did little damage, they were nevertheless silenced on general principles and by a very simple expedient. Every time the "Long Toms" were fired, a few answering shells were sent their way and, of course, falling short, dropped into the city. This gave rise to stories of "furious bombardment of Rheims," but also caused the withdrawal of the "Long Toms" to spare the city.

A General whose name is familiar to

every reader of THE NEW YORK TIMES said:

"I could take Rheims with my corps in twenty-four hours."

But there was no present advantage in storming it at this time, and certain disadvantages, for in addition to certain strategic reasons, it was explained, the Germans would be saddled with the burden of having to administer and feed the large city.

The "battle of Rheims" looked to me very much like a put-up job, a game of trying to silence one another's batteries and nothing more. A heavy artillery duel is essentially a contest between trained observers trying to get a line on the whereabouts of the enemy's guns, and looking down on Rheims from the German hills, even a lay correspondent could sense the military necessity which would drive the French to make use of the only high spots in town from which you could see anything for observation purposes, and the equally grim necessity for the Germans to dislodge them. I came away with the impression that the world owes a real debt of gratitude to "the friend of the Rheims Cathedral."

Richard Harding Davis's Comment

To the Editor of The New York Times:

I HAVE just seen a letter in THE TIMES from a correspondent in the German trenches outside of Rheims. He reports a statement made to him by Lieut. Wengler of the Heavy Artillery, who claims he is the officer who shelled the cathedral, at which he fired two shots, and "only two."

Wengler says, "The French observer on the cathedral was first noticed on Sept. 13 * * * the fellow continued 'on the job' quite shamelessly until the 18th, when I aimed two shots at the cathedral and only two. No more were needed to dislodge him. One from a

15-centimeter howitzer struck the top of the 'observation tower,' the other, from a 21-centimeter mortar, hit the roof and set it on fire. I wanted to dislodge the observer with the least possible damage to the fine old cathedral * * * the French also had a battery placed about 100 yards from the cathedral."

Editorially THE TIMES says such a statement may prove of "value as evidence." May I also, as evidence, tell what I saw? I arrived at the cathedral at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the day Lieut. Wengler says he fired two shells, one of which hit the observation tower and one of which set fire to the roof.

Up to the hour of 3, howitzer shells had passed through the southern wall of the cathedral, killing two of the German wounded inside, had wrecked the Grand Hotel opposite the cathedral, knocked down four houses immediately facing it, and in a dozen places torn up immense holes in the cathedral square. Twenty-four hours after Lieut. Wengler claims he ceased firing shells set fire to the roof and utterly wrecked the chapel of the cathedral and the Archbishop's palace, which is joined to the cathedral by a yard no wider than Fifth Avenue, and in the direction of the German guns the two shells fired by Lieut. Wengler had already wrecked all that part of the city surrounding the cathedral for a quarter of a mile.

To get an idea of the destruction, suppose St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue, to be the Rheims Cathedral, the Union Club, and the Vanderbilt houses, the chapel and Archbishop's palace, and all the buildings running north from St. Patrick's Cathedral to Central Park and east and west to Madison Avenue and Sixth Avenue, that part of Rheims that was utterly wrecked. That gives you some idea of the effectiveness of Lieut. Wengler's fire.

"Father," he says, "I cannot tell a lie. I did it with only two shells!"

The statement of Lieut. Wengler that

the French placed a battery a hundred yards from the cathedral also is interesting. The cathedral stands in a maze of twisting narrow lanes. From no spot within a quarter of a mile of it could you drive a golf ball without smashing a window a hundred feet distant. To place a battery of artillery a hundred yards from the Rheims Cathedral with the intent of firing upon the German position would be like placing a battery in Wall Street with the idea of shelling Germans in the Bronx. Before your shells reached the Bronx you first would have to destroy all of Northern New York.

Wengler says the only shells aimed at the cathedral were fired by him on the 18th, and that after that date neither he nor any other officer fired a shot. On the 22d I was in the cathedral. It was then being shelled. I was with the Abbé Chinot, Gerald Morgan of this city, Capt. Granville Fortescue of Washington, and on the steps of the cathedral was Robert Bacon, our ex-Ambassador to France.

The "evidence" of Lieut. Wengler is a question of veracity. It lies between him and these gentlemen. I am content to let it go at that.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

New York, Jan. 7, 1915.

The German Airmen

III.

H EADQUARTERS OF GERMAN NTH ARMY, "Somewhere" in France, Dec. 6. — Sensational duels between hostile aeroplanes are regular occurrences now, and not infrequently aerial battles take place between whole squadrons. I heard this from the chief of an aeroplane squadron, who was returning from a reconnoitring flight around

Rheims. When I met him he was traveling in his luxurious private limousine which he had brought with him into the field from Berlin. My military motor car had executed a flank attack on the road embankment with disastrous results, and the aviator kindly gave me a lift into town and some interesting information.

"We are all eagerly awaiting orders

for a raid on England," the Captain led off. "Yes, I have flown over Paris. Going to Paris is mere chauffeur's work. The six machines of my squadron have covered 15,000 miles since the war began. The French machines are about twenty miles an hour faster than ours; but there is no advantage in going so fast, for you can't make good observations. At a height of 6,000 feet, you are quite safe against fire from below. We also find the safest thing to do is to circle right over a battery. They can't get at you then.

"Fights in the air are regular occurrences now. We attack every chance we get in spite of the fact that we have only our revolvers against the machine guns which they have mounted on their aeroplanes. We find the best defense against their machine-gun fire is to get up close to the French aeroplane and then dodge and twist in sharp dips and curves, spoiling the aim of their mounted machine gun, and giving us an advantage with our revolvers.

"One of the most interesting engagements was between a squadron of four of our aeroplanes armed with revolvers and a big and a little 'Bauerschreck,' [the German nickname for the armored French aeroplanes armed with machine guns.] The fight lasted for nearly an hour at an altitude ranging from 5,000 to 6,000 feet, the big 'Bauerschreck' being finally forced to land, while the little one flew off. One of our aviators did a fine piece of work recently, landing behind the French lines, destroying the railway at that point and flying off again. The French are magnificent fliers, and so are the English, but we Germans have the training. Especially in trained observers we have a big advantage."

I saw one of the German flier heroes in a base hospital. To the nurse's chart over his cot were pinned the Iron Cross of the second and first class and a bunch of flowers, and the Surgeon General coaxed him to give the details of the winning of his decorations.

Sergt. Luchs and his observer were returning from an aerial reconnaissance

when they were overtaken and attacked by a fast French aeroplane. The effectiveness of the French machine gun fire was later shown by seventy holes in the wings of the German aeroplane. For forty-five minutes the battle in the air lasted—6,000 feet up—revolver against machine gun, ending only when Luchs was shot through the lungs and liver. He was able to guide his machine safely to the ground within the German lines before he lost consciousness. But one of his revolver bullets had gone home, probably puncturing the gasoline tank, for the French aeroplane was also seen making a forced landing.

Gen. von Heeringen, Commander in Chief of the Nth Army, told me a similar story about two officers who fought with revolver against machine gun until their motor and tank were shot to pieces, forcing them to glide to earth. The General said he had learned about their bravery only by accident, as they had reported only the results of their reconnaissance.

That the German aviators are at a disadvantage in fighting against the Allies' aeroplanes armed with machine guns was freely admitted by Gen. von Heeringen, who said significantly that that would be attended to in the near future.

"French aeroplanes have paid me a number of visits," the commanding General said with a laugh. "Our aviation camp seems to be an attraction for them. We have shot down six of them in the last few weeks. Our gunners are really only just beginning to get the hang of it, with practice. The trouble in peace time was always to find some sort of a target to train our gunners in the use of the new motor gun. We couldn't very well ask of our own aviators to go up and let themselves be shot at. But now the French are affording us just the moving target we have been looking for, and our shooting is improving splendidly."

Gen. von Haenisch, von Heeringen's brilliant Chief of Staff, who as former Inspector General of the aviation arm

had more to do than any other one individual with bringing German military aviation to its present high pitch of efficiency, supplemented his chief's remarks by saying:

"We recently brought down a French aeroplane from an altitude of 8,100 feet. Our new gun can shoot four miles high."

I had the interesting experience of visiting an aviation camp in the field, inspecting a full sample line of aero bombs, and looking over the very latest thing in German military aeroplanes, a big new Aviatik biplane. For the benefit of THE NEW YORK TIMES readers, who have grown accustomed to headlines about "German Taubes over Paris," it must be explained that, just as all German cavalry are not Uhlans, so all German aeroplanes are not Taubes. "Taubé" is the name of the German military monoplane, of which there are comparatively few in use; and I am informed that hardly any Taubes have flown over Paris, the bomb-throwing visitors having been the more practical double-decker Aviatiks. The new model which I inspected had a monoplane body, observer and pilot sitting tandem fashion, the Mercedes motor (several cylinders) being in front. It was designed, not for speed but for weight-lifting, as indicated by its formidable arsenal of bombs.

The beauty of workmanship and finish of these infernal machines was interesting. The forty-pounders and twenty-

pounders looked like miniature torpedoes, with slightly bulb-shaped bodies and tapering rounded noses, with a tiny three-bladed propeller for a tail and a steel ring to serve as a hand grip. When the aviator is ready to drop a bomb all he has to do is to make a simple adjustment, taking not more than a second, which releases the propeller, and then throw the bomb overboard. As it drops the propeller is set into rapid motion and drives the clockwork mechanism inside the bomb. After a hundred-yard drop it is all ready to explode when it strikes. There are also round cannon-ball-shaped bombs, and special bombs for starting a conflagration when they strike.

Following the lead of the French, the Germans have also adopted the "silent death," and half a dozen of the German aerial darts were given me for souvenirs. They are of steel, about three inches long, with one end pointed and the other flanged, so as to give a rotary motion as they whizz through the air. They look more murderous than they really are, for I was told by one of the aviator officers that they were not very effective. The Germans, methodical in everything, wanted no doubt left in any one's mind that the "silent death" was introduced by the French and only copied by them in self-defense; so every one of the steel darts—a touch of grim humor—bears on one side of the point, in French, the legend "French invention" and on the other side "German manufacture."

German Generals Talk of the War

IV.

GERMAN GREAT HEADQUARTERS IN FRANCE, Dec. 9.—I have just eaten my way along the German front in France, for a second visit to the German Great Headquarters. This week's lunch and

dinner "bag" included Gen. von Heeringen, "the Victor of Saarburg"; Gen. von Einmich, "the Conqueror of Liège"; Gen. von Zwehl, "the Hero of Maubeuge"; Gen. von Wild, the new Quartermaster General, who before his ap-

pointment fought a twenty-round draw with the English at Ypres, though he thinks he won on points, and hosts of coming champions.

It is literally necessary for an American correspondent on this side of the fence to eat his way to the firing line and back again, for the German afield is as hospitable as the tented Arab, and, thanks to their wonderful field telephone service, they "have you." The A. O. K. (Armee Ober Kommando) telephones to the Corps Kommando that you are on the way, the Corps Kommando relays the news to the Division Staff, the Division Staff rings up the Regimental Commander, who 'phones the Battalion or Battery Chief. To reach the firing line you have to run the gauntlet of anywhere from three to six meals, and if you happen to be one of those "amazing Americans" and insist on being shown to an orchestra seat in the first trench, you will be sure to find some sort of a table spread for you in the very shadow of death, for their habit of hospitality is fireproof.

But while robbing war corresponding of all its old-time romance, the German, gastronomic way has the great advantage of giving you the maximum of information in the minimum of time and of letting you meet the masters of modern warfare, the men who have done big things, under ideal conditions, for over after-dinner coffee and cigars you can and will—if you are an American—ask the most imprudent questions with the certainty of getting a good-natured and courteous answer.

Von Emmich makes the most instant appeal to an American. Short and stockily built and looking every inch a fighter, he gives you the impression of possessing tremendous, almost Rooseveltian vitality, with a saving sense of humor. Von Emmich is the General with a winning smile. He could have been a successful machine politician if he had emigrated to America instead of remaining in Germany and becoming the most popular General in the German Army, among the men, for he has the rare gift of inspiring his followers with a sense of personal

loyalty. His troops idolize him. They break out into hearty hurrahs at the slightest provocation when they see him. It is *lèse-majesté*, but none the less true, to say that they think as much of their General as of their Kaiser. They tell you proudly that he rode at their head when the City of Liège was taken by storm, and after seeing him you could never picture von Emmich bringing up the rear in a motor car, after the manner that more prudent Generals use. He has iron-gray hair and a bristly, close-cropped mustache to match, and a very florid complexion, and looks absolutely unlike the sleek individual whose photograph was published with his obituary notice in the London press while the forts of Liège were still "holding out" on paper.

Asked point blank, Gen. von Emmich stoutly and with great good humor denied that he had ever committed suicide or even contemplated the step.

"But you know, Excellency, that you were reported to have lost something like 120,000 men before Liège," it was suggested.

"That's three times as many as I had," he answered with the "winning smile."

Gen. von Emmich will talk quite freely about anything but himself and military matters, but a few odds and ends were snapped up. It was interesting to learn that he was in Liège only a day and a half, then pushed on ahead in the direction of Namur with the bulk of his corps, leaving only his heavy artillery behind to finish up the remaining forts. He did not even know that Zeppelins had taken part in the bombardment of these forts until he heard about it afterward. Later he turned up at Mons and had a hand in beating the British or expediting their strategic retreat, according to the point of view. His subsequent movements and present whereabouts are interesting, but would never pass the German censor.

"Did you feel proud at being selected to lead the way into Belgium, Excellency?" I inquired.

"Yes, of course I did," he replied.

"Would you like to lead your corps

into England?" For just an instant what looked very much like the light of battle was in his eye.

"I will go anywhere I am ordered to go—anywhere," he replied with smiling emphasis.

I was interested to discover that the staff of the Nth Army Corps had also been racking its brains about quite other than tactical problems when Gen. von Emmich led the way into the dining room of the very modest so-called "château" of the French village, where he and his staff were quartered, and pointed to the extensive but quite mongrel art collection on the walls. "The absent owner does not appear to have been much of a connoisseur," he laughed, "That picture over there worried and puzzled us for a long time," pointing out a large impressionistic canvas over the mantelpiece representing a nude male and female figure kneeling on the seashore and looking out over the impressionistic water at what looked like an island. "Finally my Chief of Staff hit upon a satisfactory solution, suggested that it represented 'Adam and Eve Discovering Heligoland.'"

Gen. von Emmich's headquarters produced another interesting story. At 3 P. M. a general alarm was sent out to the reserve troops to prepare for immediate retreat, as the French were coming. Every bit of baggage was picked up and loaded on wagons, the infantry in full marching kit lined up—everything ready in record-breaking time without rush or confusion to withdraw on the word of command. But no command to march came—instead a "well done" from the General as he rode down the long column. It was just a little "fire-alarm drill" to keep the reserve troops up to the high-water mark of efficiency.

Gen. von Zwehl, nicknamed Zwehl-Maubeuge, is probably almost unknown in America, though the dark blue enamel maltese cross of the Pour le Merite order at his throat tags him at once as worth while. Von Zwehl is the outward antithesis of von Emmich. He looks like anything but a fighter—a

quiet, gentle-looking soul with kind and a bit tired eyes, soft silver hair, and a whimsical sense of humor, a gentleman of the old school. "But you should just see him in the field during a fight—he's a regular whirlwind," one of his staff said.

He confirmed the fact that Maubeuge had fallen on schedule time in ten days and that he had taken over 40,000 French prisoners, that he had given the French commandant till 7 P. M. (German time) to surrender, and that the appointment was kept with great promptness, also that the French were a bit chagrined when they learned they had been "taken in" by a single corps. I also learned that he and his corps had arrived in time to stop the first English corps which had crossed the Aisne and was marching on X.

Gen. von Zwehl praised the English troops against whom he had successfully fought, and who are now in the North, saying, "The English soldier is a splendid fighter, especially on the defensive." Asked if the remark of one of his staff that "the English can't attack" was a fact, von Zwehl said: "I can only speak as far as my own experience goes, and that is that the English never were able to carry through a bayonet charge with success against my troops. They came on bravely enough, but when our troops would open fire on them at 50 yards and follow it up with a counter attack, the English would invariably go over into the defensive, at which they are at their best. They are particularly experienced in 'bush warfare,' and display the utmost skill in making the most of every bit of cover."

The commanding General confirmed the following gruesome story which one of his staff officers had told me:

"The English apparently do not bother to bury their dead, but let them lie. We are still burying English who fell on Sept. 14 and later. We found and buried two only yesterday. That the abandonment of their dead is deliberate is indicated by the fact that we

have found the bodies of dead English soldiers in corners and nooks of the approaches to the English trenches, where the wounded had evidently crawled to die, and where their comrades must constantly have passed them and seen them."

More Generals were met during a visit to the "office building" of the Great General Staff in the Great Headquarters. Here, too, I was allowed to examine the historic room where around a large mahogany table the chiefs of the staff hold their daily conferences, at which the Kaiser himself is often present. A huge map of France and a slice of Belgium covered the table and hung down to the floor on either side. I noted with interest that it was a French General Staff map. On one wall hung another map showing the exact location of all the armies in the West.

In the unavoidable absence of the combination Chief of Staff and War Minister von Falkenhayn, the new Quartermaster General von Wild did the honors in the long Louis XIV. Room where the Great General Staff eats together—an interesting sight, for it represents the round-up of the brains of the German Army. Gen. von Wild, until his promotion, commanded a division against the English at Ypres and spoke in generous terms of his opponents.

"The English are excellent fighters," he said. "I have walked over many of the battlefields in the North—gruesome sights, beyond words to describe. From what I saw, I am convinced that the English losses have been much heavier than ours."

Gen. von Wild said that a puzzling and unexplainable feature of these battlefields was that so many of the dead were found lying on their backs with rigid arms stretched straight up toward heaven—a ghastly spectacle.

Here, too, was a German General who knew more about the American Army than most Americans, the Bavarian General, Zoellner, the great General Staff's specialist on Americana, and it was interesting to note that, in spite of its own pressing problems, the General Staff

is still taking a keen interest in those of America and deriving valuable lessons.

"I have been particularly interested in the Mexican troubles," Gen. Zoellner said. "To my mind, the lesson for America is the need of a larger standing army. I was particularly impressed by the speed of your mobilization and your dispatch in landing your expeditionary force at Vera Cruz. I was also especially interested in your splendid Texas cavalry division. We have nothing like it in the German Army, because such a body of men could not be developed in a closely settled country. You may not know that only a short time before being sent to Mexico the Texas cavalry had received brand-new drill and exercise instructions, but in spite of this they acquitted themselves splendidly, showing the remarkable adaptability of your soldiers."

"In sending your coast artillery as infantry regiments to Mexico you anticipated us in a rather similar use of our marine divisions on the coast. The most valuable lesson we have learned from you is typhus vaccination. This we owe to the American Army. I believe it goes back to the fact that your Gen. Wood was a medical man before becoming Chief of Staff."

Gen. Zoellner intimated that the whole German Army either had been or was being vaccinated against typhoid on the American plan. "And there is also a very American flavor about our volunteer automobile corps—their dash and speed they have learned that from you Americans," he concluded.

My previously formed suspicion that the Germans were making war on the American plan, managing their armies like so many subsidiary companies of a big trust, was fully confirmed by my second visit to the office of the Great General Staff. Instead of a picturesque bunch of Generals spending anxious days and sleepless nights over their maps with faithful attendants trying to coax them to leave off dispatch writing long enough to eat a sandwich, I found a live lot of army officials, keeping regular office hours and taking ample time out for meals. The staff was quartered in a

handsome old municipal building; the ground floor, devoted to living purposes, quite like an exclusive club; the business offices upstairs.

Gen. von Haenisch took me aloft and explained to me how business was done. A good telephone operator, it developed, was almost as important as a competent General—the telephone “central” the most vital spot of an army. Here were three large switchboards with soldiers playing telephone girl, while other soldiers, with receivers fastened over their heads, sat at desks busy taking down messages on printed “business” forms. In the next room sat the staff officers on duty, waiting for the telephone bell to jingle with latest reports from the front. There was no waiting because numbers were “engaged” or operators gossiping; you could get Berlin or Vienna without once having to swear at “long distance.” Gen. von Haenisch had his chief of field telephone and telegraph trot out what looked like a huge family tree, but turned out to be a most minute chart of the entire telephone system of the —nth Army. It showed the position of every corps and division headquarters’ regiment, battalion, and company, and all the telephone lines connecting them, even to the single trenches and batteries.

Gen. von Haenisch suggested having some fun with Gen. von X., commanding the army next door on the right, and I was made Acting Chief of Staff for two minutes, getting von X.’s Chief of Staff on the phone and inquiring if there was “anything doing.”

“No; everything quiet here,” came the reassuring answer.

An art exhibition within sound of the guns at the front by the well-known Munich artist, Ernst Vollbehr, the Kaiser’s own war painter with the —nth army, was another real novelty. The long-haired painter, wearing the regula-

tion field gray uniform, brought his portfolio of sketches into the billiard hall of the headquarters and showed them with sprightly running comment:

“Here is the library of Brimont. You can see most of the books lying on the ground. It wasn’t a comfortable place to paint because there were too many shells flying around loose. Here is the Cathedral of Dinant. Very much improved aesthetically by the shells knocking the ugly points of the towers off. Here is a picture of Rheims Cathedral looming through the fog, as seen from the German lines. I painted this picture of the battle of the Aisne from a captive balloon. Here is a picture of the surrender of Maubeuge, showing two of the 40,000 French prisoners. I can usually paint better during a battle because there’s nobody looking on over my shoulder to distract my attention. I have about 140 sketches done in all. His Majesty has most of them now, to pick out those he wants painted. This sketch of a pretty young Frenchwoman is ‘Mlle. Nix zu Macken,’ so nicknamed by some sixty-odd hungry but good-natured Landsturm men quartered in a tavern of a French village, where she was the only woman left. Every time they made signs indicative of a desire for food she would laugh and say in near-German, ‘Nix zu macken,’ and that’s how she got her name.”

Painter Vollbehr was authority for the following Kaiser anecdote:

“One day as the Kaiser was motoring along a chaussée he met a herd of swine under the guardianship of a bearded Landsturm man, who drove them rapidly to one side to keep them from being prematurely slaughtered by the imperial auto. As the motor slowed up the Kaiser asked him if he was a farmer by profession. ‘No; professor of the University of Tübingen,’ came the answer, to the great amusement of the Over War Lord.”

Human Documents of the War

Swift Reversal to Barbarism

By Vance Thompson.

[From The New York Sun, Sept. 13, 1914.]

I.

THERE is in Brussels—if the Uhlans have spared it—a mad and monstrous picture. It is called "A Scene in Hell," and hangs in the Musée Wiertz. And what you see on the canvas are the fierce and blinding flames of hell; and amid them looms the dark figure of Napoleon, and around him the wives and mothers and maids of Belgium scream and surge and clutch and curse—taking their posthumous vengeance.

And since Napoleon was a notable Emperor in his time, the picture is not without significance today. Paint in another face; and let it go at that.

War is a bad thing. Even hell is the worse for it.

War is a bad thing; it is a reversal, sudden and complete, to barbarism. That is what I would get at in this article. One day there is civilization, authentic, complex, triumphant; comes war, and in a moment the entire fabric sinks down into a slime of mud and blood. In a day, in an hour, a cycle of civilization is canceled. What you saw in the morning was suave and ordered life; and the sun sets on howling savagery. In the morning black-coated men lifted their hats to women. Ere nightfall they are slashing them with sabres and burning the houses over their heads. And, the grave old professors who were droning platitudes of peace and progress and humanitarianism are

screaming, ere today is done, shrill senile clamors for blood and ravage and rapine. (Not less shrill than others is the senile yawp of that good old man Ernst Haeckel, under whom I studied in my youth.)

A reversal to barbarism.

Here; it is in the tearoom of the smartest hotel in Munich; war has come; high-voiced women of title chatter over their teacups; comes swaggering in the Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria; he has just had his sabre sharpened and has girt his abdomen for war. His wife runs to him. And she kisses the sabre and shouts: "Bring it back to me covered with blood—that I may kiss it again!" And the other high-voiced women flock to kiss the sword.

A reversal to barbarism.

It has taken place in an hour; but yesterday these were sweet patrician ladies, who prattled of humanity and love and the fair graces of life; and now they would fain wet their mouths with blood—laughingly as harlots wet their mouths with wine.

The unclean and vampirish spirit of war has swept them back to the habits of the cave-dwelling ages of the race. In an hour the culture so painfully acquired in slow generations has been swept away. Royalty, in the tearoom of the "Four Seasons," is one with the blonde nude female who romped and fought in the

dark Teutonic forests ere Caesar came through Gaul.

Reversal to barbarism.

War is declared; and in Berlin the Emperor of Germany rides in an open motor car down Unter den Linden; he is in full uniform, sworded, erect, hieratic; and at his side sits the Empress—she the good mother, the housewife, the fond grandmother—garmented from head to foot in cloth the color of blood.

Theatricalism? No. The symbolism is more significant. The symbol bears a savage significance. It marks, as a red sunset, the going down of civilization and the coming of the dark barbarism of war.

II.

BREAKING POINT OF CIVILIZATION.

There was war; and the whole machinery of civilization stopped.

Modern civilization is the most complex machine imaginable; its infinite cogged wheels turn endlessly upon each other; and perfectly it accomplishes its multifarious purposes; but smash one wheel and it all falls apart into muddle and ruin. The declaration of war was like thrusting a mailed fist into the intricate works of a clock. There was an end of the perfected machine of civilization. Everything stopped.

That was a queer world we woke in. A world that seemed new, so old it was.

Money had ceased to exist. It seemed at that moment an appalling thing. I was on the edge and frontier of a neutral State. I had money in a bank. It ceased to be money. A thousand-franc note was paper. A hundred-mark note was rubbish. British sovereigns were refused at the railway station. The Swiss shopkeeper would not change a Swiss note. What had seemed money was not money.

Values were told in terms of bread.

It was a swift and immediate return to the economic conditions of barbarism. Metals were hoarded; and where there had been trade there was barter. And it all happened in an hour, in that first fierce panic of war.

Traffic stopped with a clang as of rusty iron. The mailed fist had dis-

located the complex machinery of European traffic. Frontiers which had been mere landmarks of travel became suddenly formidable and impassable barriers, guarded by harsh, hysterical men with bayonets.

War makes men brave and courageous? Rubbish! It fills them with the cruelty of hysteria and the panic of the unknown. I am not talking of battle, which is a different thing. But I say the men who guarded the German frontier—and I dare say every other frontier—in the first stress of war, were wrenched and shaken with veritable hysteria. At St. Ludwig and Constance those husky soldiers in iron-mongery, with shaved heads and beards and outstanding ears, fell into sheer savagery, not because they were bad and savage men, but simply because they were hysterical. The fact is worth noting.

It explains many a bloody and infamous deed in the tragic history of sad Alsace and of little Belgium. The war-begotten reversal to savagery brought with it all the hysteria of the savage man. The sentries at St. Ludwig struck with muskets and sabres because they were hysterical with terror of the new, unknown state into which they had been plunged, not because they were not men like you and me. Surely the savage Uhlan who ravaged the cottages of Alsace was your brother and mine, and the Magyar beyond the Danube and the Cossack at Kovna. Only they had gone back to the terrors of the man who dwelt in a cave.

Traffic stopped; and when it stopped civilization fell away from the travelers. That was strange. Take the afternoon of the day war was declared, the date being Aug. 1, in the year of our Lord 1914, and the hour 7:30 P. M., Berlin time. It was the last train that reached the frontier from Paris. Between Delle and Bicourt lies a neutral zone about three kilometers—say, nearly two and a half miles—in extent. On one side France and invasion and terror and war; on the other side of the zone the relative safety of Switzerland. Six hundred pas-

sengers poured out of the French train at noon into that neutral zone and started to walk to Swiss safety. A blazing August sun; a road of pebbles and stinging, upblown dust.

The passengers had been permitted to bring on the train only what luggage they could carry; so they were laden with bags and coats, dressing bags and jewel cases—all they had deemed most valuable. Mostly women. German ladies fleeing for refuge; Russian ladies; English, American; and a crowd of men, urgent to reach their armies, German, Swiss, Russian, Austrian, Servian, Italian; withal many of the kind of American men who go to Switzerland in August.

And the caravan started in the dust and heat of a desert. A woman let fall her heavy bag and plodded on. Another threw away her coats. Men shook off their bundles. The heat was stifling. And through the clouds of dust a panic terror crept. It was the antique terror of the God Pan—the God All; it was a fear as immense as the sky.

A woman screamed and began to run, throwing away everything she had safeguarded so she might run with empty hands. A score followed her. Men began to run. They thrust the women aside, cursing; and ran. And for over two miles the road was covered thick with coats and bags, with packages and jewel cases. The greed of possession died out in the causeless fear.

These hoarse, pushing men, these sweating, shameless women had gone back 10,000 years into prehistoric savagery. Lightly they threw away all the baubles and gewgaws civilization had fashioned for adorning and disguising their raw humanity, and the habits of civilization as well.

They had touched but the outermost edge of war, and their very clothes fell off them.

III.

BARBARISM AND WOMEN.

War; and it takes eighty-four hours to make a twelve-hour journey from the Alps to Paris; the cable is dead; the telegraph is dumb; letters go only when

smuggled over the frontiers by couriers; you look about you and find you are in a mediaeval and mysterious world. You stand amid the melancholy ruins of canceled cycles. The mailed fist of war has smashed your world to pieces. You do not know it.

The man you thought of as a brother looks at you with eyes of passionate hatred; you have eaten bread and salt together; you have drunk together; you have been uplifted by the same books; you have been sublimed by the same music; but he is a German, and your blood was made in another land, and he looks at you with suspicion and hate—perhaps you are a spy. (The spy mania! Dear Lord, what absurd, bloody, and abominable stories I could write of this madness which has Europe by the throat, this madness which is only another form of war hysteria.) A reversal to barbarism; you and the man who was your friend have gone back to the fear and hatred of primitive savages, meeting at the corner of a dark wood. All of humanity we have acquired in the slow way of evolution sloughs off us.

We are savages once more. For science is dead. All the laboratories are shut, save those where poison is brewed and destruction is put up in packages. Education has ceased, save that fierce Nietzschean education which declares: "The weak and helpless must go to the wall; and we shall help them go." All that made life humanly fair is hidden in the fetid clouds of war where savages (in terror and hysteria) grope for each other's throats.

The glory of war—rot! The heroism of war—rot! The scarlet and beneficent energies of war—rot! When you look at it close what you see are hulking masses of brutes with fear behind them prodding them on, or wild and splendid savages, hysterical with hate, battling to save their hearth fires and women from the oncoming horde. Reversal to barbarism.

Think it over. Upon whom falls the stress of war? Not upon the soldier. He is killed and fattens the soil where he falls; or he is maimed and hobbles off

toward a pension or beggary—both tolerable things; anyway he has drunk deep of cruelty and terror and may go his way. By rare good grace he may have been a hero. In other words, he may have been a Belgian—which is a word like a decoration, a name to make one strut like a Greek of Thermopylae—and become thus a permanent part of the world's finest history.

* * * *

I would like to write here the name of a friend, Charles Flamache of Brussels. He was 21 years old. He was an artist who had already tasted fame. He had known the love of woman. That his destiny might be fulfilled he died, the blithe, brave boy, in front of Liège. It was the right death at the right time—ere yet the massed Prussians had rolled in fire and blood over his fair small land. Wherefore, hail and farewell, young hero!

* * * *

But upon whom falls the stress of war?

In a time of barbarism those who suffer are always the weak. War is in its essence (as said Nietzsche, the German philosopher of "world power") an attack upon weakness. The weakest suffer most.

I saw children born on cinder heaps, and I saw them die; and the mothers die gasping like she dogs in a smother of flies.

Some day the story of what was done in Alsace will be written and the stories of Visé and Aerschot and Onsmael and Louvain will seem pale and negligible; but not now—five generations to come will whisper them in the Vosges.

What I would emphasize is that in the natural state of barbarism induced by the war the woman falls back to her antique state of she animal. In thousands of years she has been made into a thing of exquisite and mysterious femininity; in a day she is thrown back to kinship with the she dog. Slashed with sabres, pricked with lances, she is a mere thing of prey.

Surely not the dear Countess and Baroness? Of course not. War is made

in the palaces, but it does not attack the palaces. The worth of every nation dwells in the cottage; and it is, upon the cottage that war works its worst infamy. Go to Alsace and see.

Pillage, loot, incendiarism, "indemnity"—you can read that in the records of the invasion of Belgium; that is war; it is all right if war is to be, for all this talk of chivalrous consideration for foes and regard for international law is all nonsense; necessity, as Bethmann-Hollweg said, knows no law, and necessity has always been the tyrant's plea; it is the business of a soldier to kill and terrify; if he restricts his killing and terrifying he is a bad soldier and bad at his work of barbarism; but—

There is a more sinister side to Europe's lapse into barbarism. The women are paying too dear. And to make them pay dear is not really the business of a soldier, not even a bad soldier. Yet the woman is paying, God knows. A tragic payment.

IV.

AFTER BARBARISM, WHAT?

One morning at dawn—it was at Amberieu—I saw the long trains go by carrying the German wounded and the German prisoners, who had been taken in the battles of the Vosges. There were 2,400 taken on toward the south. There were French nurses with the wounded. I saw water and fruit and chocolate given to the prisoners.

This was early in the war. The sheer lapse into barbarism had not yet come. Soon the German newspapers announced:

"Great concern is expressed in press and public utterances lest prisoners of war receive anything in the line of favored treatment. Newspapers have conducted an angry campaign against women who have ventured at the railway station to give coffee or food to prisoners of war passing through; commanding officers have ordered that persons 'demeaning themselves by such unworthy conduct' are to be immediately ejected from the stations, and in response to public clamor official an-

nouncements have been issued that such prisoners in transport receive only bread and water."

And the French followed suit; no "coddling" of prisoners; back to barbarism, the lessons of humanity forgot and savagery come again.

Civilization in the old world is smashed. I have traversed the ruins; and my feet are still dirty with mud and blood. But I can tell you what is going to come out of that welter of ruin. There will come a sane and righteous hatred of militarism. What will be surely destroyed is Cesarism. Prophecy? This is not prophecy; I am stating an assured fact. Even at this hour of hysterical and relentless warfare there lies deep in the heart of the democracy of Europe a consuming hatred of militarism.

Drops of water (or blood) do not more naturally flow into each than did the English hatred of Caesarism blend with the high French hatred of the evil thing;

and when the palaces have done fighting, the cottages of Europe, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean and from the Black Sea to the Hebrides, will proclaim its destruction.

And you will see it; you will see Caesarism drowned in the very blood it has shed. And the German, mark you, will not be the least bitter of the foes of militarism. He will be indeed a relentless foe.

Reversal to barbarism, say you? A shuddering lapse into savagery?

Quite true; that is the state of Europe over the fairest and most highly civilized provinces. The picture of Sir John French strolling up and down the battle line smoking a cigarette does not give a fair idea of it; nor do you get it from the Kaiser on a hilltop surveying his massed war bullocks surging forth patiently to battle; all that belongs to the picture books of war.

The real thing is dirtier.

Civil Life in Berlin

[From The London Times, Oct. 17, 1914.]

A gentleman, the subject of a neutral country, who has just returned from a visit to Germany, has furnished The Times with the following statement as to his impressions. He says:

I DID not hear any boasting over German successes. When I spoke to Germans of their victories they would reply: "Yes, we have had victories—but what of the dead?" This thought is present even in places where one might think that for the time being every effort would be made to prevent its intrusion. In Berlin, for example, where all the theatres are open and attracting crowded audiences, it is the burden of a song sung during one of the patriotic plays, of which several are now being performed.

I went to a theatre on the night of

the fall of Antwerp. A play entitled "1914" was acted, in the course of which many topical allusions were made by the well-known comedian Thielscher. Even in these serious times the Berliner, who is famous for the form of humor known as Berliner Witze, cannot refrain from his jokes. One of these was the question: "Why does Germany understand war so well? Because it has been declared upon her eight times!"—the point of the jest lying in the fact that the German word *Erklären*, "to declare," means also "to explain." Another pun of the same kind was made out of the word *Niederlage*, which means both "defeat" and "dépot." "Germany," said one of the characters, "is surrounded by enemies on all sides."

"Yes," was the reply, "she is the head establishment, while England, France, and Russia only have the *Niederlage*."

There were some serious scenes in this play, in the middle of one of which some one stepped quickly on to the stage and, interrupting the actors, exclaimed: "One moment, one moment, if you please! Antwerp has fallen!" Of course, there was tremendous enthusiasm at this announcement, but when it had subsided, one of the company came forward and sang:

Nicht zu laut!
Nicht zu laut!
Denkt g'rad' jetzt wo Ihr jubelt und lacht;
Nicht zu laut!
Nicht zu laut!
Fiel ein Krieger vielleicht in der Schlacht
Und er liegt beim zerschossenen Pferde
Und nimmt Abschied von Mutter und
Braut—
Nicht zu laut!
Nicht zu laut!

(Not too loud! Not too loud! Think just now while you laugh and cheer; Not too loud! Not too loud! Perchance a warrior fallen in the battle lies beside his shot down steed, and bids farewell to mother and bride; Not too loud! Not too loud!)

I have mentioned this to give an idea of the kind of life which the Berliners are living just now. There are other popular theatres in which similar plays are now running with titles such as "Der Kaiser Rief" ("The Emperor Called") and "Fest d'Rauf" ("Hit Hard!") the latter being borrowed from the words of the famous telegram sent by the Crown Prince at the time of the Zabern incident. These theatres are crowded. At the principal theatres classical plays such as "Hamlet" and Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm" were being played while I was in Berlin.

Berlin keeps open many places of amusement until the early hours of the morning, and the war has not made any difference in this respect. What is known as the "night life" of Berlin continues. For years past the fast element in Berlin has been one of its most notorious features. This accompaniment of the prosperity of the capital since the war of 1870 has struck with surprise many observers of German life accustomed to the idea of German simplicity

and purity of morals, rendered classical by Tacitus and exemplified by many representatives of German national life in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, when Germany was rallying from the blows inflicted by Napoleon. All that need be said upon this head is that, as far as report can be accepted as evidence, vice is the only commodity which has become less expensive since the war began.

The spy fever seems somewhat to have abated. At present, however, the public are not allowed to walk on the footway beside the headquarters of the army or the General Telegraph Office, obviously with a view to protecting these buildings against damage from hostile persons. The Germans still think that many spies exist in their country. The presence of women acting as tramcar conductors struck me as strange. These are the wives of men summoned to the colors. Notices are affixed to the interior of the cars stating the reason for the presence of these women, and requesting the public to be considerate toward them, and to help them over any little difficulties they might encounter in the discharge of their duty. Traffic in Berlin is absolutely regular. There are as many taxicabs as before, but instead of benzine, which is wanted for the army, they now use other spirit. The streets are as brilliantly lighted as ever. Riding exercise is taken by gentlemen in the Thiergarten every morning as usual. Sport is reviving, and there are a good many football matches. Two recently played were those between Berlin and Vienna and Berlin and Leipsic, the latter for the Red Cross. The universities will open on the 25th inst., the regular date.

The population, as a whole, is serious and confident of victory; but the war is by no means the sole topic of conversation. England is the enemy most bitterly hated, the Germans maintaining that her only reason for entering on the war was to destroy German trade. England's desire to preserve the neutrality of Belgium is scouted. The common people in Germany say that having fought the Belgians and defeated them they will retain



ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ, GERMAN NAVAL MINISTER,
As Head of the Naval Administration He Is Second in Authority to the
Major Admiral in Chief, the Kaiser.
(Photo © by Brown Bros.)



PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA,
In Supreme Command of the German Battleship Fleet.
(Photo from Bain.)

their country. This, however, is not the attitude of the more educated section of the population, who express the opinion that the difficulty of ruling Belgium would be greater than the advantage to be derived from it.

The fierce hatred of England in Germany is due in large measure to what the Germans call "the shopkeepers' warfare" of the English. They maintain that the English confiscation of German patents is a wholly unfair method of fighting, and it has caused the deepest resentment. When asked as to the future, they reply that they will do all in due time. After Belgium will come France, and then the turn of England will arrive. They are not discouraged by the failure

to reach Paris, since the strategy adopted by the French would have rendered the possession of Paris of little value. It will still be taken.

With regard to England not much is said of an army of invasion, but German confidence is evidently reposed in her Zeppelins, of which a large number is being constructed with all possible speed. They are to be employed against England, whose part in the war is the least honorable of all. Belgium's attitude at the outset they can understand, France's desire for *la revanche* is natural, but England's only motive was jealousy of Germany's industrial development and the desire to cripple her trade and commercial prosperity. Therefore, Woe to England!

Belgian Boy Tells Story of Aerschot

[FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES, NOV. 18, 1914.]

The following letter from an American civil engineer, lately in business in Belgium, whose reliability is vouched for by the person named in his letter as having been associated with him in business in Pittsburgh, has been received by THE TIMES:

B—, —shire, England,
Oct. 3, 1914.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

I HAVE just read an article in your issue of Sept. 16 on the German killings at Aerschot, Belgium.

You suggest an investigation into this crime. I happen to have a first-hand contribution, which I herewith inclose.

The writer is an American citizen, civil engineer, late partner of — of Pittsburgh, Penn., to whom you can refer. When war was declared I had an engineering office in Belgium. As the use of telegraph and telephone was suddenly stopped there remained nothing but to close the office. I therefore paid off my employees, among whom

was a young office boy, a Belgian, about 16 years old, frail stature, small build, almost childlike appearance, but well educated and intelligent.

The inclosed narrative is a strict translation of a letter received from the boy. This is, therefore, first-hand information, and my knowledge of the character of the boy, as well as the ring in what he has to tell, justifies me in vouching for the correctness of his narrative.

In reading these pages, you will note a weak point in our administration of charity, which has been repeatedly brought to my attention. England has every intention to act generously and warmly with the Belgian people, who you may say have been sacrificed for the Allies. They tender homes for refugees and transportation from Belgian shores to England. They give out money liberally, but when this boy, utterly without means, friends or papers ar-

rived in Antwerp, there is no help for him. If he had been smaller, somebody would have treated him as a child and brought him along. If his father had not been dragged off into slavery in Germany he might with an old aunt have represented a family. Had he been able to preserve his legitimization papers the Belgian authorities would have given him some support. Had he been older, he would have been enlisted in the defense of his country.

Here, therefore, is an individual, not small enough, not large enough, not having relations enough and not having any documents. He was worthy of help, but did not fit in anywhere. I am now doing my best to get money over to him through the Belgian National Bank, also to get him some sort of a paper, through the Belgian Legation in London, which will enable him at least to cross the frontier to Holland, whence he might be able to pay for his way to England.

I hope you will publish the boy's letter, *but it is necessary that you suppress both his and the writer's name.* Should either be given and the boy remain in Belgium, *it may cost him his life.* The mention of my own may later on cause me difficulties with our German friends of liberty. Yours truly,

[Inclosure.]

Translation of letter received from one of my employes, a young Belgian boy of about 16 years of age. Received in England Sept. 28, 1914.

ANTWERP, Sept. 23, 1914.

Dear Sir: As you correctly said in my testimonial when you were closing the office, the war has isolated Belgium. Really I can well say that I have been painfully struck by this scourge, and I permit myself, dear Sir, to give you a little description of my Calvary.

Your offices were closed in the beginning of August. As I did not know what to do and as the fatherland had not enough men to defend its territory I tried to get myself accepted as a volunteer.

On Aug. 10 I went to Aerschot, my native town, to get my certificate of

good conduct. Then I went to Louvain to have same signed by the commander of the place. This gentleman sent me to St. Nicholas and thence to Hemixem, where I was rejected as too young. I then decided to return to Brussels, passing through Aerschot. Here my aunt asked me to stay with her, saying that she was afraid of the Germans.

I remained at Aerschot. This was Aug. 15. Suddenly, on the 19th, at 9 o'clock in the morning, after a terrible bombardment, the Germans made their entry into Aerschot. In the first street which they passed through they broke into the houses. They brought out six men whom I knew very well and immediately shot them. Learning of this, I fled to Louvain, where I arrived on Aug. 19 at 1 o'clock.

At 1:30 P. M. the Germans entered Louvain. They did not do anything to the people in the beginning. On the following Saturday, Aug. 22, I started to return to Aerschot, as I had no money. (All my money was still in Brussels.) The whole distance from Louvain to Aerschot I saw nothing but German armies, always Germans. They did not say a word to me until I suddenly found myself alone with three of the "Todeshusaren," (Death's Head Hussars,) the vanguard of their regiment. They arrested me at the point of the revolver, demanded where I was going, and why I had run away from Aerschot. They said that the whole of Aerschot was now on fire, because the son of the Burgomaster had killed a General. Finally they searched me from head to foot, and I heard them discuss the question of my fate.

Finally the non-commissioned officer told me that I could continue on my way; that they would certainly take care of me in Aerschot, as I had been firing at Germans, and they would shoot me when I arrived. I would have liked better to return to Louvain, but with an imperious gesture he pointed out my road to Aerschot, and I continued. On arriving within a few hundred meters of the town I was arrested once more.

I forgot to tell you that of all the

houses which I passed between Louvain and Aerschot, there were only a few left intact. Upon these the Germans had written in chalk in the German language: "Please spare. Good people. Do not burn." Lying along the road I saw many dead horses putrefying. There were also to be seen pigs, goats, and cows which had nothing to eat, and which were howling like wild beasts. Not a soul was to be seen in the houses or in the streets. Everything was empty.

I was then arrested when a short distance from Aerschot. There were with me two or three families from Sichein, a village between Diest and Aerschot. We remained in the fields alongside the road, while the Prussian regiments with their artillery continued to pass by. When the artillery had passed we were marched at the point of the bayonet to the church in Aerschot. On arrival at the church the families of Sichein (there were at least twenty small children) were permitted to continue on their way, and the non-commissioned officer, delighted that I could speak German, permitted me to go to my aunt's house.

The aspect of the town was terrible. Not more than half the houses were standing. In the first three streets which the Germans traversed there was not a single house left. There was not a house in the town but had been pilaged. All doors had been burst open. There was nothing, nothing left. The stench in the streets was insupportable.

I then went home, or, rather, I should say, I went to the house where my father had always been boarding. You know, perhaps, that my mother died twelve years ago. I did not find my father, but according to what the people told me he had been arrested, and, with five other Aerschot men, taken to Germany—I do not know for what purpose.

I got into this house without any difficulty, because the door was smashed in. I stayed there from Saturday, Aug. 22, up to Wednesday, the 26th, a little more comfortable. There was nothing to eat left in the house. I lived on what

a few women who remained in Aerschot could give me. I was forced to go with the soldiers into the cellars of M. X., director of a large factory, to hunt for wine. As recompense I got a loaf. It was not much, but at this moment it meant very much for me.

On Wednesday, Aug. 26, we were all once more locked up in the church. It was then half-past four in the afternoon. We could not get out, even for our necessities. On Thursday, about 9 o'clock, each of us was given a piece of bread and a glass of water. This was to last the whole day. At 10 o'clock a Lieutenant came in, accompanied by fifteen soldiers. He placed all the men who were left in a square, selected seventy of us and ordered us out to bury the corpses of Germans and Belgians around the town, which had been lying there since the battle of the 19th. That was a week that these bodies had remained there, and it is no use to ask if there was a stench. Afterward we had to clean the streets, and then it was evening.

They just got ready to shoot us. There were then ten of us. The guns had already been leveled at us, when suddenly a German soldier ran out shouting that we had not fired on them. A few minutes before we had heard rifle firing and the Germans said it was the Aerschot people who were shooting, though all these had been locked up in the church and we were the only inhabitants then in the streets, cleaning them, under surveillance of Germans. It was this German who saved our lives.

Picture to yourself what we have suffered! It is impossible to describe. On Aug. 28 we were brought to Louvain, always guarded by German soldiers. There were with us about twenty old men, over eighty years of age. These were placed in two carts, tied to one another in pairs. I and about twenty of my unfortunate compatriots had then to pull the carts all the way to Louvain. It was hard, but that could be supported all the same.

On arriving at Louvain I saw with my own eyes a German who shot at us. The Germans who were at the station shouted

"The civilians have been shooting," and commenced a fusillade against us. Many of us fell dead, others wounded, but I had the chance to run away.

I now took the road to Tirlemont, marching all the time among German camps. Once I was arrested. Again they wanted to shoot me, insisting that I was a student of the University of Louvain. The Germans pretend it was the student who had caused the population in Louvain to shoot at them. However, my youth saved me, and I was set at liberty.

I arrived in this way, making small marches, sleeping under the stars, at a small village, St. Pierre Rhode, six miles from Aerschot. This village had not been occupied by the Germans. A benevolent farmer took me in, and I lived there peacefully until Wednesday, Sept. 9. On that day the Germans arrived. They took us all with them and we had to march in front of them to prevent the Belgians from shooting. After one hour they gave us our liberty.

The Belgians had now retaken Aerschot. I returned there as quickly as I could. Only a few houses were still burning. It was Sept. 10. I left again in the afternoon at 4 o'clock, taking a train, together with the railway officials, and arrived at 6 P. M. in Antwerp, where I now stay without any resources.

All my money, the 20 francs which you presented me and my salary for five

weeks, as well as my little savings, are lying in Brussels, and I cannot get at them. I cannot work, because there is no work to be got. I cannot cross over to England, as, to do this, it is necessary that there should be a whole family. In these horrible circumstances, I respectfully take the liberty of addressing you, and I hope you will aid me as best you can. I swear to you that I shall pay you back all that you give me. I have here in Antwerp no place, no family. The town will not give me any aid, because I have no papers to prove my identity. I threw all my papers away for fear of the Germans. I count then on you with a firm hope to pay you back later.

Please accept, dear Sir, my respectful greetings.

Special to The New York Times.

PITTSBURGH, Penn., Oct. 17.—The Pittsburgh civil engineer mentioned as the former partner of the writer of the letter to THE TIMES citing acts of the Germans in Belgium, is well known here. He was informed by THE TIMES correspondent tonight that he had been named by the writer of the letter as likely to testify to his trustworthiness and was asked if he cared to say anything regarding this. He replied:

"While I have no idea what my former partner has written to THE TIMES, I would credit his statements, whatever they might be."

THE NEUTRALS.

By BEATRICE BARRY.

O URS is the "neutral nation"
In this war that the white men wage,
And we on the Reservation
Care naught how the white men rage.

Where are the forest spaces
That the red man was free to roam?
And what of the woodland places
Where the red man made his home?

Gone! There's a paleface house
Where the brave had his strong tepee,
And the white man's cattle browse
Where the wild herds used to be.

For our power sites he reaches
While both smoothly he speaks and well
Of the God whose love he teaches
And whose justice he would tell.

O Great White Spirit who rideth
On the wings of the Winter gale,
Though thy children's faith abideth,
Alas! they have lost the trail.

Fifteen Minutes on the Yser

[Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.]

IN BELGIUM, Dec. 12, (Dispatch to The London Daily News.)—Fighting of an exceedingly desperate character has been taking place during the latter portion of the week along the line which extends between the Yser and the Lys. Success has attended the efforts of both Germans and French in turn; but the losses of the enemy have been by far the greater, and the French have in places gained a slight advantage. This is particularly noteworthy when it is considered that the Germans on Thursday especially attacked in overwhelming force time after time. Their movement was concentrated on a zigzag line of trenches not far from the village of Dichebusch, which, as it happened, was not particularly strongly held by the French.

A terrific prelude to the attack was made by the German artillery, which concentrated a furious shrapnel fire upon the French position. At this point the trenches of the Germans were only seventy yards from the French, and for fear of hitting their own men the German guns were aimed fairly high, so that the Frenchmen in the rear trenches suffered most heavily. Those in the front trench huddled against its sides while the storm of shot and shell raged over them. There was nothing else for them to do at the moment, and, as it proved, it was extremely fortunate for the Allies that the German guns spared these men.

The French seventy-fives raked the German batteries in answer, and things were going hot and strong when the German infantrymen suddenly became active. From their trenches seventy yards away a shower of hand grenades came bowling over toward the first French trench. Many of them fell short,

and few did any damage; but hardly had this second plague come to an end when out from the trenches climbed a swarm of Germans rushing furiously toward the Frenchmen. At last the men in that first trench had something to do. They jumped to their loopholes and blazed magazine fire into this raging, tearing attack. Every bullet seemed to find its mark; it could hardly have done otherwise at such a range.

The advance line wavered, stumbled over prostrate parts of itself, and then swept onward again. There was no time for the Frenchmen to reload their rifles; besides they did not want to do so. They simply climbed out of the trenches and met the Germans with the bayonet. The German guns were still roaring to prevent the arrival of French reinforcements; but the reinforcements came quickly, suffering heavily in coming.

The few Frenchmen still struggled sturdily with their enemies, who outnumbered them three to one, and eventually the Germans who survived the attack turned and bolted back to their trenches, with the Frenchmen, seeing red, at their heels.

It was as furious a fifteen minutes as could be conceived. The No Man's Land between the trenches was heaped with men tangled and twisted in death or writhing with wounds which unmercifully let them live. Neither side dared venture across to aid these sufferers, so they were left in their agony.

But this one desperate charge did not end the day's work. The French mortars thumped away incessantly, and showers of hand grenades were exchanged. One more attack was made by the Germans in daylight, with a like result. The ground was piled high

in places with bodies. Then, when night had fallen, yet another attack was made. One mighty mass of Germans came charging over the narrow space. By sheer weight of numbers they overwhelmed the French and took the trench for which they had paid such a ghastly price. They held it only for a few hours. By converging on it from three points at once the French retook it soon after midnight.

On Friday morning a wonderful French bayonet charge at length drove out the Germans, who had fought most gallantly and stubbornly throughout the day and during the night, and the terrible morning which followed. The Red Cross workers were busy without ceasing; but many men had bled to death, lacking surgical aid, in that strip of ground between the trenches.

This is the kind of warfare which is going to be waged in this seemingly inevitable battle between the two rivers. It may last as long as the battle of the Yser or the Aisne, and we may wait day after day again for the verdict. If the Allies can press forward just three or four miles before the year is out they will have done extraordinarily well. Hereabout the German artillery is in greater strength than anywhere else along the whole line of battle.

Progress will undoubtedly be slow because the Germans have taken such tremendous pains to pave (in a literal sense) with concrete trenches the way of retreat. British airmen report line upon line of intrenchments where the Germans have defensively furrowed the land behind them for miles. As the Allies advance—and they indubitably will advance—these trenches will in turn be stubbornly defended. It is going to be, I am afraid, a long, weary, and bloody business. Those in England who sometimes complain at the absence of decisive victories may have to wait a long time yet before it can be said that the Germans are in full retreat; for full re-

treat is the very thing they have guarded against most carefully.

In the semi-circle of slaughter around Ypres the trenches of the Allies and the Germans are at nearly all points extraordinarily close together. This means an immense strain on the men. They remain for hours together in cramped, unnatural positions, knowing from experience that an unwise move will bring a bullet from crack marksmen told off to snipe them.

This close proximity of the rival forces confounds all the theories of the military writers of the past. According to the army textbooks this war is being conducted in a grossly unprofessional manner. For bringing his men so close to the enemy many a young company commander has received a severe dressing down on manoeuvres.

Of course under such circumstances abuse and badinage is continually being bandied across the intervening spaces between the trenches, and the quick-witted Frenchmen generally get the better of it in the war of words.

One of them, who came back from the Ypres neighborhood a few days ago, told me a delightful story of a practical joke played upon the Germans, who were entrenched only about thirty or forty yards away from his platoon. One bright spirit was lecturing the enemy and making dialectical rings round them.

"Hola, bosches," he cried, "your Kaiser is very brave, isn't he? He wears the Iron Cross, but he doesn't come into your trenches. Tomorrow M. Poincaré, our President, will visit us. He does not wear an Iron Cross, but he isn't afraid."

On the morrow the Germans saw a top hat come bobbing and bowing along the French trench and heard loud cries of "Vive le President!" Time after time they riddled that top hat with bullets, and still it went bobbing along until the French took it off the spade handle, threw it into the air and howled in derision.

Seeing Nieuport Under Shell Fire

[Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.]

FURNES, Dec. 21, (Dispatch to The London Daily News.) —For several days I have been in possession of an authorization from the French commandant permitting me to penetrate to Nieuport. This town has been under bombardment by the Germans since Oct. 20. There were days, however, when no shells fell in the town and a walk in the streets presented no danger, though this was by no means the case last week, when, after a period of calm, an event of considerable importance occurred. The Allies took up the offensive in an effort to drive the Germans from the coast and recapture Ostend and Zeebrugge.

Along the whole front from the Yser to the sea there were important movements of troops. These I am not at liberty to describe, but they have for the most part only a small significance in relation to the events described in this letter. For eight days the struggle has been very severe on the Yser, and night and day hundreds of guns have been sending shells across the space dividing the two armies. Since the end of October the Germans had been established at St. Georges and Lombartzyde, close to Nieuport, and their trenches between Nieuport and Nieuport-les-Bains were separated from those of the French and Belgians only by a canal twenty yards wide running from Furnes through Nieuport to the sea.

I left Furnes on a French motor truck carrying bread and meat to the troops at Nieuport. For about three miles the truck followed the canal, passing the village of Wulpen, and then came to a stop. We had arrived near the bridge over which we must pass to reach Nieuport. As we slowly approached the bridge I asked the chauffeur: "What is

delaying us?" "It is a little too warm for the moment," he replied.

When a soldier admits that things are warm it is certain that there is serious fighting afoot. To the right and left over the fields we could see the inundations. On the roads our soldiers were moving and the guns of the Allies were filling the air with thunder. In the intervals one could hear the spitting of quick-firers and the lesser chorus of rifle fire. Just ahead on a little bridge were a few soldiers of the engineer corps busily at work under the direction of a Lieutenant.

Suddenly I saw them fall flat on the ground. At the same moment a shell whistled over their heads and buried itself in the canal bank only forty yards from us.

"Shelter your machine behind the house," shouted the Lieutenant, and the chauffeur did not want a second telling. He backed the truck a few yards to place it against a house opposite the bridge at the corner of the road from Ramscapele.

I left the truck and stood with some soldiers close against the wall. In five minutes fifteen shells fell within a radius of 100 yards of the bridge, but not one struck the bridge itself. We could hear them come shrieking toward us, and the only comment of the soldiers each time was "Here comes another."

We passed over the bridge and advanced along the canal bank in the direction of the Germans. As we approached the trenches near the Dixmude railway bridge we were able to survey the plain of St. Georges, which is now completely under water. For a moment the firing between the trenches had ceased, and we were able to take a leisurely view of the scene from the height of the bridge over an area half

a mile square. The water is three feet deep, and in the centre of the lake stands a farmhouse surrounded by trees. French and Belgian soldiers had crossed the water, advancing under the protection of artillery fire, and had captured the houses standing on the far side.

Returning to our motor, we quickly reached Nieuport. The aspect of the place was strange. The houses, as in all ancient fortified towns, press closely one against another. The streets, however, are wide and regular. They were as empty as the streets of a dead city. In the roofs of the houses were large holes. Windows and doors had been destroyed, and blinds and curtains were floating out on the wind.

To my great surprise I learned that four or five houses were still occupied. About twenty inhabitants, I was told, were still living in their cellars after the two months' bombardment. The soldiers did what they could to feed these people, who said that rather than leave their homes they would perish in the ruins. The rest of the inhabitants, about 4,000, had fled, taking with them only what they could carry in their hands. In every house one could see broken furniture covered with dust. In many of them gaping holes had been torn by shells, while some of the front walls had been carried clean away. Bedsteads and wardrobes were seen standing awry on the upper floors, ready to fall into the street. Of other houses, reduced, one may say, to powder, only heaps of rubbish remain, in which one can distinguish among pieces of tiles and bricks and plaster chests of drawers, pianos, sideboards, sewing machines, and so forth, broken and mixed with what is left of household linen and crockery. Family portraits, as if in mockery, remain hanging in places and contemplate the scene of ruin. The contents of the shops have been scattered over the floors, and whatever has not been destroyed by shells, shrapnel, and bombs, has been left to rot under the rain which comes through the roofs and ceilings. All sorts of merchandise was lying about in confusion on the pavements.

The church, one of the oldest Gothic monuments in the country, has been completely demolished. The belfry tower is torn open, and one broken bell is lying on the ground at the edge of a pit some thirty feet in width, made by the explosion of an enormous German shell. A large wooden crucifix by the side of the church has been torn from the ground and lies in a ditch.

There is a layer three feet deep of pieces of wood covering the floor of the church. This was once the roof and furniture of the old Gothic temple.

The cemetery, furrowed by shells, contains fresh graves covered with flowers. These are graves of officers and soldiers. On one of them are a soldier's coat and cap; on another a small Belgian flag. The second grave was dug only this morning, the young soldier, I was told by a Sergeant, having arrived at 8 o'clock and having been killed by a German shell at 10.

Only one structure in Nieuport remained intact, the Templars' Tower, a very solid piece of masonry, five centuries old.

Groups of officers and men were moving about among the ruins of the town. They were all young men, whose laughter and jokes contrasted grimly with the terrible howl of the guns and the crash of the projectiles which were still falling in the town. The French batteries added to the noise. Nothing can describe the terrible power of the heavy French artillery. The voice of the guns pierced my ear drums. Though they were posted at a considerable distance, one might almost think them close at hand. As a shell passes over your head it reminds you of a hurricane blowing through the bare branches of a forest.

Accompanied by my chauffeur, I ran through streets which he pointed out as being more dangerous than others. They were being shelled from the flank by the Germans; and sometimes, I was told, accidents would occur; that is, somebody would be killed by a shell flying along the street from one end to the other. One feels one's self much more at ease in the

streets which intersect these thoroughfares at right angles.

In one spot I met a Red Cross motor ambulance laden with wounded, and going in the midst of the gravest danger, in the direction of Furnes. At another point we

saw a French Captain, who, in a stern voice, ordered his soldiers to keep away from the middle of the street. These men were not on duty for the moment and were chatting as merrily as if they were in no danger.

Raid on Scarborough Seen from a Window

By Ruth Kauffmann.

[FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES.]

CLOUGHTON, Scarborough, England, Dec. 17.—It's a very curious thing to watch a bombardment from your house.

Everybody knew the Kaiser would do it. But there was a little doubt about the date, and then somehow the spy-hunting sport took up general attention. When the Kaiser did send his card here yesterday morning it was quite as much of a surprise as most Christmas cards—from a friend forgotten.

Eighteen people were killed yesterday morning between 8 o'clock and 8:30 in the streets and houses of Scarborough by German shrapnel, 200 were wounded, and more than 200 houses were damaged or demolished.

A little before 8 o'clock three dreadnought cruisers were seen to cut through the light fog, which was just lifting, and, hugging the cliffs opposite our house, scuttle south to Scarborough. From our windows we could not at that hour quite make out the contours of the ruined castle, which is generally plainly visible. Our attention was called to the fact that there was "practicing" going on, and we could, at 8:07, see quick flashes. That these flashes pointed directly at Scarborough we did not for a few min-

utes comprehend. Then, the fog slowly lifting, we saw a fog that was partly smoke. The castle grew into its place in the six miles distance. It seemed for a moment that the eight-foot-thick Norman walls tottered; but no, whatever tottered was behind the keep. Curiously enough we could barely hear the cannonading, for the wind was keen in the opposite direction, yet we could, as the minutes crept by and the air cleared, see distinctly the flashes from the boats and the flashes in the city.

After about fifteen minutes there was a cessation, or perhaps a hesitation, that lasted two minutes; then the flashes continued. Ten minutes more and the boats began to move again. One cruiser disappeared completely from sight, sailing south by east. The other two rushed, like fast trains, north again, again close to our cliffs; and in another half hour we heard all too plainly the cannonading which had almost escaped our ears from Scarborough. We thought it was Robin Hood's Bay, as far north of us as Scarborough is south; but afterward we learned that the boats omitted this pretty red-roofed town and concentrated their remaining energy on Whitby, fifteen miles north; the wind blowing

toward us brought us the vibrating boom.

We drove to Scarborough. We had not gone one mile of the distance when we began to meet people coming in the opposite direction. A small white-faced boy in a milk cart that early every morning makes its Scarborough rounds showed us a piece of shell he had picked up and said it had first struck a man a few yards from him and killed the man. A woman carrying a basket told us, with trembling lips, that men and women were lying about the streets dead. The postman assured us that Scarborough was in flames. A road worker told us we should be turned back, and another man warned us to beware of a big hole in the road further along, large enough to swallow our horse and trap; yet we could certainly see no flames issuing from Scarborough, which now lay directly before us.

We put up the horse at a stable on the very edge of the city and walked up the steep hill. The hotelkeeper and his wife, we were told, were already "refugees."

Scarborough is a sprawling town that stretches a length of about three miles from the extreme north end to the extreme south. Inland about a mile and a half is a wireless station, and on the cliff, 300 feet high, stands the ruined castle and its walled-in grounds, in the midst of which is—or was, for it was yesterday blown clean away—a signal station. Although there are barracks the town is unfortified. A seaside resort of considerable importance, its population varies by many thousands in Winter and Summer, with a stationary population of 45,000. But to compensate for its Summer losses are the numerous fashionable schools for both boys and girls.

We did not meet a deserted city when we entered. The streets were thronging. There was a Sunday hush over everything without the accompanying Sunday clothes, but people moved about or stood at their doorways. Many of the shop fronts were boarded up and shop windows were empty of display. The main street, a narrow passageway that clambers up from the sea and points due west, was filled with a procession that slowly

marched down one side and up the other. People hardly spoke. They made room automatically for a group of silent boy scouts, who carried an unconscious woman past us to the hospital. There was the insistent honk of a motor car as it pushed its way through; all that struck me about the car was the set face of an old man rising above improvised bandages about his neck, part of the price of the Kaiser's Christmas card.

The damage to property did not first reach our attention. But as we walked down the main street and then up it with the procession we saw that shops and houses all along had windows smashed next to windows unhurt. At first we thought the broken windows were from concussion, but apparently very few were so broken; there was not much concussion, but the shells, splintering as they exploded, had flown red-hot in every direction. The smoke we had seen had come from fires quickly extinguished. Scarborough was not "in flames."

We left the main business street and picked our way toward the Foreshore and the South Cliff, the more fashionable part of town as well as the school section. Here there was a great deal of havoc, and we had to climb over some of the debris. Roofs were half torn off and balancing in mid-air; shells had shot through chimneys, and some chimneys tottered, while several had merely round roles through the brickwork; mortar, bricks, and glass lay about the streets; here a third-story room was bare to the view, the wall lifted out as for a child's dollhouse and disclosing a single bedroom with shaving materials on the bureau still secure; there a drug store lay fallen into the street, and the iron railing about it was torn and twisted out of shape. A man and a boy had just been carried away dead. All around small pieces of iron rail and ripped-up asphalt lay scattered. Iron bars were driven into the woodwork of houses; there were great gaps in walls and roofs; the attack had not spent itself on any one section of the city, but had scattered itself in different wards. The freaks of the shells

were as inexplicable as those of a great fire that destroys everything in a house except a piano and a mantelpiece with its bric-a-brac, or a flood that carries away a log cabin and leaves a rose bush unharmed and blooming.

Silent pedestrians walked along and searched the ground for souvenirs, of which there were aplenty. Sentries guarded houses and streets where it was dangerous to explore, and park benches were used as barriers to the public. All the cabs were requisitioned to take away luggage and frightened inhabitants. During the shelling hundreds of women and children, breakfastless, their hair hanging, hatless, and even penniless, except for their mere railway fares, had rushed to the station and taken tickets to the first safe town they could think of. There was no panic, these hatless, penniless women all asserted, when they arrived in York and Leeds. A wealthy woman whom I slightly know nearly rushed into my arms, her face very flushed, and told me that she had left the servants to pack her china and vases, and was now on her way to find a workman to dig a hole in the garden to receive them; as for herself, she would eat from kitchen dishes henceforth.

A friend of mine hurried into Scarborough by motor to rescue her sister, who was a pupil at one of the boarding schools. But it appeared that when the windows of the school began to crash the teachers hurried from prayers, ordered the pupils to gather hats and coats and sweet chocolate that happened to be on hand as a substitute for breakfast, and made them run for a mile and a half, with shells exploding about them, through the streets to the nearest out-of-Scarborough railway station. My friend, after unbelievable difficulties, finally found her sister in a private house of a village near by, the girl in tears and pleading not to be sent to London; she had been told that her family's house was

probably destroyed, as it was actually on the seacoast.

On the other hand, instances of self-possession were not lacking. Another school hardly took all its children to the cellars, where the teachers made light of the matter, and the frightened father of one very nervous child was pleasantly amazed to find his child much calmer than himself—and quite delighted with the experience. In St. Martin's Church, the Archdeacon was celebrating holy communion. Shells struck the roof of the church. The Archdeacon stopped the service for a brief moment to say:

"We are evidently being bombarded. But we are as safe here as we can be anywhere," and proceeded calmly with the service.

We left Scarborough at night. The exodus of inhabitants, school children, whose Christmas holidays began earlier by one day on account of the raid, and visitors continued steadily. The cabmen, so idle in Winter, were rejoiced to find that work for today would not be lacking.

"At this rate," said one of them to me as he lighted the carriage candles for our trap and handed me the reins, "if the Germans come again there'll be no one left for them to kill."

There is, the Admiralty tells us, no military significance in this event, and, from the British point of view, I doubt if a woman will ever be considered worthy of a hearing in anything military; but I presume there is some sort of significance from a real estate point of view in the holes made in the hotels and houses, and from the hospital point of view in the sad procession of stretchers. But however little significance the December bombardment of Scarborough has, it is certainly a surprise to be awakened by three hostile cruisers, and one must admit that the Kaiser has at least left his greetings of the season on the east coast.

How the Baroness Hid Her Husband on a Vessel

[Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.]

LONDON, Dec. 7.—The story of how Baroness Hans Heinrich von Wolf, who was Miss Humphreys, well known in New York society, smuggled her husband into Germany after the beginning of the war past a British cruiser and two sets of British shipping inspectors so that he could fight for the Fatherland is revealed in news received here giving details as to the bestowal upon the Baron of the Iron Cross of the First Class.

Baron von Wolf and his wife, who is the daughter of a wealthy patent medicine manufacturer and whose stepfather is Consul General St. John Gaffney, at Munich, were on their plantation in German Southwest Africa, when the Kaiser ordered the mobilization. Being a reserve officer, the Baron started homeward on board a German steamship on July 29, and, fortunately for him, the Baroness accompanied him.

On receipt of wireless information that war had been declared, their ship promptly put into Rio Janeiro toward the middle of August, and it was two weeks later before the Wolfs found a neutral vessel headed for Holland.

In South American waters they were halted by a British cruiser, but although there were many German reservists among the passengers, the cruiser was so full of Germans already that she could not carry any more, so they were permitted to proceed.

Baron von Wolf left the ship "officially" at Vigo, Spain, his wife waving a tearful farewell to his imaginary figure on the tender. He was really secreted, through the connivance of a generously bribed steward, in a tiny closet, where he remained for twenty-four hours. Finally he was spirited into his wife's state-

room, and during the rest of the voyage spent most of his time lying under her berth. All his meals, drinks, and cigarettes were brought in by the steward, who was in the plot, and, as the Baroness remarked laughingly to friends afterward, "I gained a frightful reputation as a heavy drinker and smoker, and one Mrs. Grundy even spread the scandalous report that I had a man in my room."

British warships compelled the Dutch vessel to enter Falmouth, where the authorities searched her for contraband and reservists. Knowing that the Baroness was a German officer's wife, naval officials called upon her several times in the course of the two weeks during which the ship was forced to remain at Falmouth, but each time they found her either doing up her hair, whereupon they retreated hastily with apologies for the intrusion, or lying in her bunk, feigning illness. The ship manifest, of course, showed that Capt. von Wolf had disembarked at Vigo, and the Captain of the vessel, ignorant if the truth, swore that he had seen Capt. von Wolf on board the tender, waving to his wife on deck.

There was a further search at Dover, but von Wolf's hiding place was never discovered.

The Kaiser awarded the Iron Cross to von Wolf for capturing seven English soldiers single-handed near Ypres and for carrying dispatches in an automobile under a fire so hot that his chauffeur and two officers in a car following were killed.

As far as his neutrality will permit, Consul General Gaffney, in whose Munich residence the Baroness is living during the war, has indicated to friends his delight over the valor of his stepson-in-law.

Warsaw Swamped With Refugees

By H. W. Bodkinson of The London Standard.

WARSAW, Oct. 15.—Thousands of fugitives crowd the city. They come from all parts of Poland, but principally from the frontier towns and villages which the Germans have been ravaging for over six weeks.

It rends one's heart to hear of the sufferings of these poor refugees, who are mostly Jews, but with a considerable sprinkling of Poles and Lithuanians. Every available hall and every empty warehouse is filled with them. They must have shelter and food, and Warsaw has risen heroically to the task of providing them with these necessities. Yet how they suffer and what a struggle is theirs for bare existence!

My first visit was to the largest hall in Warsaw, called the Swiss Valley, where the large Philharmonic concerts are usually held and which in ordinary times is the gathering place of society. It is now converted into a refuge for 600 or 700 homeless fugitives, who have left their all behind them and fled in terror, frequently on foot, for many miles, and carrying their possessions on their backs. The majority are old men, women, and children. In the babel of voices are frequently heard pitiful cries of poorly fed children, shrieks of more lusty ones, and groans and wailings of mothers who still seem stunned and stupefied by their frightful experiences.

Dinner was being served when I arrived. At several tables sat women, many with babies in arms, and children, while men were being served in one of the large corridors. Standing in endless rows, they took their turn at the steaming pots. In the main hall many fugitives were crouching on the floor, some on mattresses, and piled about them

were little mounds of household effects that they had succeeded in saving from their wrecked and ruined homes. It was truly a picture of direst misery, and in the faces of young and old one could read calamity.

Kalisch is probably a heap of ruins, these recent arrivals tell me, and of the usual population of 65,000 barely 2,000 are left. German soldiers have abandoned the city, but are quartered three or four miles away, in the village of Oputook. Kalisch is only a fortified camp, visited daily, however, by German cavalry, who use it as a reconnoitring base. All gardens have been destroyed and trees cut up for barricades, and even crosses from the cemetery have been displaced and used in fortification work.

Refugees tell dreadful stories of what they saw on their flight through this unfortunate part of Poland. Everywhere are burned and pillaged villages, towns destroyed, and gardens that are heaps of ashes and ruins.

One old man, formerly a country school teacher, saw three peasants hanging from a tree, with all the signs of having been frightfully tortured, as their arms and legs were broken in several places. They evidently had been accused of espionage and summarily executed. While telling me of this sight the old man fairly shook with the terror of reminiscence, and when he finished he was sobbing aloud.

How Warsaw is going to take care of these poor unfortunates is still an unsolved problem. Already a wave of unemployment is spreading in the city, and it will be impossible to find work for this enormous increase in the town's population. Some are being sent to the southern coal mines and others are being

employed on fortification works at Novo Georgioak, but they are the pick of the lot. It is the old and infirm, the women and children, who must be provided for, and though contributions come in stead-

ily, yet there is not half enough relief for all, and appeals are being made both to Petrograd and Moscow, cities which still are practically free from the horrors of war, for speedy help.

After the Russian Advance in Galicia

[From The London Times.]

LWOW (Lemberg), Oct. 17.

I HAVE returned from a trip of several hundred kilometers through Galicia, covering the zone of the Russian conquest and subsequent occupation. I believe it is fair to consider the district traversed as typical of the general conditions in the existing conquered zones and of those prevailing during and after the fighting.

The portion traversed lies from Lwow in a southeasterly direction to Bessarabia, along the Carpathians and the line of retreat of the heavy Austrian column and the subsequent advance of Gen. Brussiloff. The situation at Halicz offers an opportunity to judge of the conduct of the Russians, as this position was occupied after considerable severe fighting nearby. Gen. Brussiloff's advance was preceded by heavy masses of Cossacks, and two checks were experienced before this point was reached, and therefore it may be assumed that their blood was roused when Halicz was reached and any excesses or lack of control were to be expected here, where there are many Jews. The facts, which are obvious and not dependent upon hearsay or official confirmation, are that though this country was swept by a huge army, three divisions of Cossacks crossing the river at Halicz, besides a mass of infantry, there is in the rural districts no sign to indicate this deluge of a few weeks earlier. The fields have at present an absolutely normal aspect, with stock grazing contentedly everywhere, while in

every village there are quantities of geese, chickens, and pigs. There are acres and acres of rich farming land, with grain still stacked, while the Autumn plowing and belated harvesting are proceeding as usual.

Nine villages through which the Russian armies swept give no sign of war having passed this way. At an occasional station or village a few destroyed buildings are seen, but these in every instance appear to have been places where the retreating Austrians halted or attempted to make stands, and the fire even at these points seems to have been carefully concentrated on strategic points—for instance, a town where the railway depot and a warehouse have been leveled. I was particularly impressed by the village of Botszonce, near Halicz. A few versts from there a stubborn fight lasting several days resulted in the abandonment of the Austrian line of resistance and a retreat, with a halt at Botszonce.

Hence the town was shelled, and the municipal offices and big buildings in the centre were utterly destroyed, but three buildings stand conspicuously among the ruins. These are two churches, and the Town Hall, with a spire resembling that of a church. The fact that the building next to the latter was leveled utterly, while not a single shell entered the supposed church, indicates that the Russian practice at 5,000 meters was sufficiently accurate to insure the protection of sacred edifices, while neighboring buildings were wrecked. It is also

significant of the Russian restraint following a hard battle where losses were substantial.

It is universally observable that where villages were shelled attempts were made to spare the peasants' houses, few of which were damaged, save by fires spreading from other buildings. Everywhere wanton destruction has obviously been avoided, and the percentage of towns in this zone where any damage whatever was done is small. The foregoing facts signify the restraint and soberness exercised both by the Cossacks and the following infantry. The natives were not unfriendly to the Russians, which would partially account for this, but such discipline as was exhibited is significant even in a friendly country, when one considers the size and extent of the invading armies.

Other conclusions based on conversations with Russian officials, which were obviously prejudiced, and with peasants, whose evidence was given to a correspondent who accompanied these officers, must be accepted guardedly. Such infor-

mation as was obtained from these sources indicated no complaint against the Russian soldier. Little material was taken, and this, it is said, has been paid for. This I personally believe, as the merchants and natives appear to be genuinely friendly, the occupying troops stating that even the Cossacks were docile. Many Austrian officials are wearing their old uniforms with Russian colors on their arms.

It would be unwise to attempt to estimate the underlying feelings of the population, but I believe it is a safe assumption that Russia's Galician Government will be the most progressive and liberal of all her experiments, and will probably prove an easy yoke for all those who do not attempt to interfere politically. It is obvious that an exceptional effort has been made throughout the campaign and the occupation to keep the inhabitants friendly and establish the Government here as a demonstration of Russian progressive tendencies. I believe, too, that this time the tendencies are distinctly liberal, but it is futile to attempt to estimate the future.

Officer in Battle Had Little Feeling

[Correspondence of The Associated Press.]

ROTTTERDAM, Dec. 1.—The psychology of the battlefield gets a rather thorough and able treatment by an Austrian reserve officer, who, after having been wounded in an engagement with the Russians, gave the following interview to a Hungarian journalist. The officer in question was with Gen. Dankl in the fighting south-east of Krasnik.

"You feel little or nothing while in battle," he said. "At least, you forget how things affect your mind. The eyes see and the ears hear, but those are perceptions which do not result in impres-

sions one could co-ordinate. They do not even affect your sentiments. But it is not cynicism, for all that; merely the lack of appreciation of what takes place. My Captain, a most lovable fellow, whom I did not alone respect as an officer, but of whom I also thought a great deal personally, was leading his company into fire when three bullets hit him in the abdomen. I saw him fall, but thought nothing of it and marched on.

"In spite of the fact that you have no ill-feelings against the enemy, and may not even fear him, you destroy him as best you can. On the evening before

our first battle we were sitting about the mess table—most of us officers of the line. None of us had ever killed a man. I said: 'Friends, when I meet the first Russian officer tomorrow my impulse will be to shake his hand.' My comrades agreed with me. But on the following day I was obliged to lay a number of Russians low.

"My Slovacs are the most phlegmatic people in the world, but excellent soldiers. They shoot without anger, but simply because they are fired upon. One fights because one is on the battlefield and cannot do any different. The terrible thing is that often you are shot at without being able to return the fire. But this is not as fear-inspiring as it is discouraging. You learn to know what fear is when you begin to realize that you might be killed without killing somebody first.

"Of course I have been scared. That was after I had been wounded. We had been firing a long time, and when next we advanced we came into a deep and sandy road, out of which we could not get because of the enemy's terrible fire. We had to lie perfectly still while bullets simply poured over us. That was awful."

The officer omitted to state that while in this position he was shot three times in the arm, but continued to lead his troops throughout the action.

"It is a well-known fact that the soldier sees very little of the battle. On Aug. 24, early in the morning, we received orders to occupy a low hill at the edge of a tract covered with brushwood. Forming part of the reserve, we were expected to remain under cover. In front of us was a large open battlefield. To each side of us were batteries which had thundered away since early morning. The result of this was that many of the enemy's shells dropped right in front of us. I remember noticing that while the smoke of our shells had a lilac color that of the enemy's was white.

"So far we had not been disquieted by the shells at all. On the edge of the brushwood had been planted a yellow-

black flag, showing that somewhere in that vicinity was to be found our General Staff. Our Colonel left us and walked toward it, possibly to get orders, but just as he got there a shrapnel exploded a little ahead of him in the air and we saw our commanding officer, in whom we placed all our confidence, go down. After that it was a terrible feeling to lie still. From that moment on, too, a veritable hail of shells began to come. Some sappers, who had been busy digging a trench for the protection of the General Staff, started to run. I feared that my soldiers would follow the example, and began to make fun of the poor sappers, scolding them at the same time. Thank God, my battalion found that funny and began to laugh. They lived through a terrific shrapnel fire with not a care and even found occasion for laughter.

"A Major took command of the regiment and we received orders to retake a hill which the enemy had captured under heavy fire. But of the enemy nothing at all was to be seen as we neared the position, though the hail of shell and shrapnel increased in fury. The flag bearer marched about 300 paces off my side. By accident I looked in his direction, saw the white cloud of smoke of a Russian shell, and where the flag bearer had been there was nothing more to be seen.

"The enemy meanwhile had taken to flight, and later we saw the Russians wading through a swamp. Then they got to the River Por and crossed it—we after them, shooting, wading, out of breath. Of a sudden a village behind us went up in flames, the light falling on us like the rays of a huge reflector. Then and there we received a rain of fire, and saw the enemy had taken possession in good order of the other bank. We had to fall back, not because we were afraid, but because those were the orders. The sensation of being in danger of death we did not have.

"Flags and drums are useless things in warfare. What is the use of a flag which by its bright colors reveals your

position, which, as the brown paint on my sabre shows, it has been intended to conceal? In the one case even the slightest reflection of light is guarded against, while in the other a large field of colors undoes all that it has been wished to accomplish. The drummer, on the other hand, must beat his drum as he goes to the attack, yet he is expected to run into the enemy unarmed. He would prefer exchanging his drum for a rifle, so that he would be able to shoot down a soldier.

"One feels nothing of the presence of

the enemy in battle and on the marches. To be wounded is also not such a bad experience. But you begin to think after the battle. To bear the horrors of war a sort of ideal is necessary. Once, when I took my Slovaks into an attack, we passed a cross by the wayside. Many of them knelt down for a moment and said a prayer. That was sincere and sublime. The ideal which makes it possible for me to bear everything is to be a good officer on the battlefield—under the circumstances my duty toward the social aggregate to which I belong."

The Battle of New Year's Day

By Perceval Gibbon.

[Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.]

ZYRARDOW, Poland, Jan. 3, via London, Jan. 8, (Dispatch to The London Daily Chronicle.)—The lines of trenches, the position of which I am able to observe from here, are those extending south from Sochaczew, and to the west of Msczonow. The chief German efforts are being directed against the centre of this line.

They have made a concentration of their best troops opposite our positions west of the village of Guzow, against the trenches of the second army at a point where an army corps of veterans have turned their position into an earthen fortress. Here within the last few days the Germans have brought up guns of all but the largest calibre and generally displayed considerable increases in their artillery. Here also their infantry attacks, those tragic and wasteful assaults in force which send so many thousand German corpses down the streams of the Rawka and Bzura to the Vistula, and so home, are most intense.

During the last few days a certain lull in the frequency of these attacks

has been observable and has been construed by the Russians as preface to renewed endeavors to force the line and advance a short stage on the dangerous road to Warsaw. This premonition was justified on New Year's Day when the enemy's attacks were renewed east of Guzow. The armies are facing each other across their breastworks at a distance varying from 200 to 300 yards. The dawn of 1915, the Germans roused themselves again to the dreary energy of the hopeless battle. I watched the shelling from the headquarters of a regiment which is occupying a trench in the centre of the front line.

It was impossible to approach the trench more nearly during daylight, as the grassless brown flats were noisy with bullets from the German lines. They shoot with wasteful prodigality shrapnel and even heavier shells on any single figure that is discernible; but when early dark came down the attempt was made successfully and the first line held by the Bielojevsky Regiment was reached. I had the advantage of the company up

to the zone of fire of Prince Peter Volkonsky, who is leader of a Red Cross motor column. Throughout our journey the Germans were firing rockets. A slow, green ball of fire ascends as gradually into the air as a loaded balloon, seems to poise aloft for a moment, then sinks slowly to earth, lighting the country for a long way around with a ghastly green illumination. Each rocket is followed by a prompt fire from the field batteries and a short spurt of rifle fire.

The trench to which I finally came at midnight was that in almost the mathematical centre of the Guzow positions. Here behind an eight-foot-high breastwork the famous regiment, which invariably has been in the front line during the five months of the war, has made itself efficiently at home. Since the war began the regiment, whose normal strength is 4,000 men, has lost 5,500, making good its losses out of the reserves, so that now again it is at its full strength.

The Germans have made a routine of their attacks, always making them at night and always ineffectually. They advance as far as the barbed wire, 30 yards in front of the trench. There they encounter the full force of the Russian rifle fire and fall back again. The Germans shell without ceasing. All the Russians speak of their profuse expenditure of ammunition. The commander of the trench told me that at the lowest they fired over 3,000 shells on a single day.

Although intermittent firing continued through the night, no attack was made. With the morning the German guns resumed their exhaustive questing along the rear of the trenches, and a big factory to the southward once more became their target. Its great chimney began to acquire a kind of sporting significance, it was so obviously the object of fire in that direction; and bets were going in the trench backing the chimney against the German gunners.

I counted in an hour thirty-six shells directed at the factory, but the chimney,

like the steeple of a persecuted but triumphant religion, was cocking its unbowed head to the skies.

Now began the shelling of the trench, while the German rifle bullets searched along the front. This, however, is a game at which the Russian riflemen are specially proficient. They can in a few moments organize a combined murderous fire which forces every German who is not weary of life to keep his head down. After a few minutes the German rifle fire goes wild, their bullets no longer striking about our loopholes.

Toward late afternoon their fire increased, and the Russian long-range battery came into position behind us. The gun out of sight astern of us roared grandly. A shell traveled over us, whistling in its flight, then splashed in brief fire, and a great cloud of smoke arose a hundred yards ahead of us and the same distance short of the German trenches. A second shell burst about the same distance beyond the German line. Then, after careful sighting, and the position having been verified, came a third shell and landed superbly and within easy sight upon the very lip of the trench, blowing a great gap in the earthwork. It was gunnery of the most exact and expert kind.

Shell after shell under our eyes, timed to a fraction, raked the trench; then came the reply to it. A German heavy battery out of sight in a dip toward the river came into action. From horizon to horizon the world was noisy with the stupendous drum of artillery, while at each brief interval the rending reverberation of rifle fire from trench to trench tore at one's ears.

The dreary, icy night darkened over the desolate fields which in this war have seen their crops trampled and have been sown with dead men. The darkness was lit by gun flashes and brief moons of shrapnel winking aloft, while from the opposite trench issued a ghostly, flickering blaze of rifles at their work.

The attack developed after all to the left of the trench in which we were. It was part of a great attack along a line

which extended from near Gradow southward to Rawa, and was unsuccessful everywhere.

When dark came I made my way out of the trench in the same way I had previously entered it—under fire; but this time the moon was showing frostily clear over the horrible levels, so that as we went we were silhouetted against her vacant face. We obviously were plainly visible to the Germans, for besides bullets, which were beginning to become commonplace and unremarkable, a shrapnel shell came screaming up and burst on the ground about twenty feet away.

We gained the road to Chervonaneva. The road was white and straight, bare as one's empty hand. Here I endured the most curious experience of my life. Myself and companion, John Bass, correspondent of *The Chicago Daily News*, were walking in our heavy furs between the glaring moon and the German gunners, who will fire extravagantly at anything. Their guns got to work along the road and a shell came screaming up and burst perhaps twenty feet away, followed by three or four others.

Our attempt to take to the fields, where we would not be so conspicuous, was thwarted by the Russian barbed wire and other preparations for the enemy. There was nothing for it but to continue along the naked road till we got out of range. Further on low trees be-

gan at the side of the road. We hastened toward them, hoping to make them serve as cover, but shell after shell arrived, each bursting close by. The trees were of no use.

There was not another soul upon the road for over two miles. Each time we heard a shell coming toward us we cowered with our arms covering neck and face. After each shot we inquired of each other if either had been hit. The shooting of the gunners with such a small and distant target appeared to me superb.

At last a shell exploded overhead, smashing the branches and sending a load of metal flying. I felt blows of flying earth and twigs on my back. Bass asked, "Have they got you?"

"Are you all right?" I inquired.

"Think they have got me in the face," was the reply.

I had an electric pocket lamp, with which I made an examination. He was cut across the jaw with a fragment of shell and bleeding freely. I bandaged him with our handkerchiefs, Bass, as always, uncomplaining and treating the wound humorously.

Several shells followed, each too near for comfort, but we were now reaching the limit of the guns' range, and we came without further incident clear of their fire.

Bass's Story

[Special Dispatch to *THE NEW YORK TIMES*.]

CHICAGO, Jan. 7.—John F. Bass, the staff correspondent of *The Chicago Daily News*, who with Perceval Gibbon had a remarkable escape from being blown to pieces by German shells while returning from a visit to a Russian first-line trench in Poland, cables to his paper his version

of their experiences, which duplicates largely that by Perceval Gibbon cabled to *THE NEW YORK TIMES*.

Recounting their arrival at the trench held by the Bielojevski Regiment, in the centre of the battle line, he says:

"The officers, in small underground bomb-proofs, gave us a hospitable wel-

come. The men had cut small recesses in the front wall of the trench, where they were comfortably housed in straw with bagging in front to keep out the cold. The trenches were in good condition and clean for war time.

"In the loopholes rifles lay ready for firing. One man in every four watched while the other three slept. As we walked through the trench we stepped over dead bodies of men who had recently fallen. Two of the regiment's battalions are commanded by Staff Capt. Podjio, one of the finest specimens of a conscientious, hard-working line officer I have met. He passed the night traveling the trenches, keeping a vigilant watch and encouraging the men, who seemed to be in fine condition.

"It was bitterly cold, so we lay for a time on the straw of a bomb-proof, watching by candlelight a giant orderly sending and receiving messages on a buzzing telephone from different parts of the line. It is a habit of Germans to make night attacks that bring them within fifty yards of the Russian trenches before they are driven off.

"We saw indistinctly across the trenches the Russian videttes in front. It is reported that the Germans do not take the precaution of posting a line

of sentinels before their trenches. Just before morning the videttes came running to report activity in the German trenches. Quickly the sleeping soldiers were roused to man the loopholes. The machine guns cracked and the rifles rolled out volleys in the cold morning light. The Germans answered and bullets kicked the top of our trench. Some of the bullets seemed to crack on striking and it was reported to us that the Germans were using explosive missiles. Under the Russian fire the Germans failed to leave their trench.

"When the light swelled into day the German artillery began shelling the houses, the tall chimney, and the trenches. Black clouds of smoke rose from the spots where the shells struck. On our trench they used shrapnel, which burst for the most part beyond us in white puffs. The German infantry continued a heavy fusillade, but our machine gun fire, which seemed to sweep the dust from the top of the German trench, caused their rifle fire to go high and the bullets hissed overhead.

"Two German aeroplanes swept down the line above the Russian trench, but retired when chased by a Russian biplane. In the distance a German observation balloon hung in the sky like a huge sausage."

The Waste of German Lives

By Perceval Gibbon.

[Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.]

ZYRARDOW, Poland, Jan. 5, (Dispatch to The London Daily Chronicle.)—Once again Poland has seen a great German general attack along the whole line of the Bzura and Rawka positions from Gradow to Rawa. For thirty-six hours the battle has shifted like a moving flame in a long line. Now that its intensity is abated, it is clear that the German purpose has

again failed of accomplishment, and at several points the Russian line has advanced.

We have no key to the German mentality which inspires these attacks so wasteful in lives of soldiers, so ineffectual in their general result. In the records of this struggle along the courses of the two little rivers I have notes of upward of 100 attacks in considerable



H. S. H. PRINCE LOUIS ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG,
Who Was Forced to Resign as First Sea Lord of the British Admiralty.
(Photo © by Pack Bros., N. Y.)



FIELD MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS,
From a Photograph Taken on His Eighty-second Birthday.
(Photo by L. N. A.)

force, of which not a single one resulted in shifting the imperturbable Russian infantry from a trench, but each of which has been accompanied by ghastly loss to the Germans.

A fight characteristic of the operations on this front took place west of Gradow, where the German attack was exceptionally heavy throughout New Year's Day, culminating in an assault by infantry on the same night. Throughout the day they shelled the Russian trenches, spending ammunition with their customary lavishness. The day's shelling justified the Russian opinion that of the German forces their artillery and cavalry are the weakest arm and their infantry is the best. The positions are not greatly disturbed by the day-long aspersions with shrapnel, and the Russians are more than ready for the attack. On this front the infantry attacks usually in line, but this night they came up in dense columns. The Russian guns were at work promptly with the fuses of the shells reduced, so that they burst almost at the gun's mouth, and from the trenches a steady, schooled infantry fire tore gaps in the masses of the enemy.

At Gradow the Russians were utterly outnumbered. To this extent the German concentration of forces was successful, but no further. They succeeded in reducing the Russians' tactics from a mere defense of the trenches to delivering a counter-attack; but this was the limit of their success.

I have talked with three Russian officers here who were wounded during the counter-attack. Five machine guns were at work on them as they left their trenches in a charge. One of the officers was shot through the chest as he climbed the bank of the trench; the second got perhaps twenty yards before being hit in the head; the third, however, led his men home into the German trench. Of the Russians who set out only eighty were alive and unhurt when they reached the German trench, but this eighty took it with the bayonet, killing about five times their own number of Germans.

At Gradow, on the morning of Jan. 2, the ground resembled the strewn battle-

field of Brzezny or the body-littered valleys between the woods of Augustowo in October. As in those other tragic defeats where the ruthless Generals sacrificed their soldiers like water, there were heaps and ridges of gray-clad dead. Gradow is only one single point in the line which the Germans assaulted, yet here alone they lost upward of 6,000 killed. The same night they attacked positions corresponding at the villages of Guzow, Radziwillow, Msczonow, and Rawa. In every place they were beaten back with heavy losses. The estimates from various sources, some official, state that their losses for the single night's abortive fighting, giving them nowhere an advance of a single yard of territory, were assuredly not fewer than 30,000 dead on the ground and three times as many wounded or dead within their own lines.

I am cured of prophecy, but through the fog of imminent events certain happenings are dimly indicated. Roughly speaking, the next fortnight is Germany's final opportunity. During that time they may pour out lives with the same hope as hitherto of making an impression on the steadfast line of the Bzura and Rawka. Then that last glamour of hope of success in Poland vanishes.

In the highest opinions the Austrian Army is finished, and it remains only to clear up the mess they have made and then again the great advance on poor, dim, beautiful Cracow will proceed. Przemyśl is at its last gasp, and then the Russian armies will be in Silesia, the source and headquarters of Prussia's industrial wealth, the one province she cannot afford to see invaded. Within a time, which I hear estimated between three and six weeks, these wind-swept, icy plains of Poland must see a stage in the war completed.

Germans have been captured lately in whose possession was found the last proclamation of the Kaiser that "if compelled to retire from Poland, leave standing neither house nor town; leave only the bare earth underfoot." Well, the road to Berlin does not end at the Polish frontier.

The Flight Into Switzerland

By Ethel Therese Hugli.

[FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES, JAN. 10, 1915.]

BERNE, Nov. 18.—Question: What is Switzerland?

Answer: A small neutral State entirely surrounded by war!

At the first glance such would seem to be the actual state of affairs, for neutral Italy, our southern neighbor, takes up but a small part of our border; to the west we have France, to the north Germany, and to the east Austria, all engaged in deadly combat, all realizing that this time the loser will go down, never to come up again as a power of the first class. The drawback in being so neutral and so near the stage of all these dramatic proceedings, is that we are overwhelmed with "latest dispatches." Our papers bristle with the victories, defeats, denials, assertions, protests, accusations, blame, as contained in the dispatches of the various news agencies.

Reuter is the official English agency. His news is taken with a generous pinch of salt. The German agency is Wolff, whose proud boast it is never to have announced a single German defeat. As a consequence, he is also taken with a large pinch. The French pin their faith to Havas, whose rose-colored dispatches have earned for themselves the name of "Havas-Lies." The Austrians believe in the Wiener agency, whose dispatches are too busy saying: "The reports of Austrian defeats, spread by the enemy, are absolutely untrue," to have time for any real news; while in Italy—"neutral Italy"—the Italian news agency shows such unholy glee over German reverses as to make an impartial person sniff rather suspiciously at its "neutrality." The Wesbuick agency in Russia, severely

censored from Petrograd, gives a dry, business-like view of the White Bear's progress in the east. And so it goes.

Of course, officially, Switzerland is absolutely neutral, but it is asking too much of human nature to expect the individual to have no opinion. The fact, therefore, that French Switzerland sympathizes unofficially with France, and German Switzerland with Germany, has had its effect on the Swiss mobilization, which has called the French-speaking Swiss to the German border and the German-speaking to the French. This fact is about the only one that has leaked out of the movements of our army. The secrecy maintained is absolute, reigning even in the ranks of mothers and sweethearts, to say nothing of wives, who all of them are proud to show their loyalty by at least refraining from saying where their men are posted. It is said that Switzerland is armed, mined, and barbed-wired along every foot of her frontier, and it has lately transpired that this perfect defense, and the fact that practically every soldier is a sharpshooter, led the Germans to give up their plan of breaking through Switzerland to get at France, and made them choose Belgium instead.

Switzerland has always been a sort of sanctuary for refugees, principally political, and now, especially, she is full of all kinds of strangers. In the first days of the war there were streams of Italians, suddenly thrown out of work in Germany and Austria and packed off home, who passed through Switzerland in every stage of want and despair. Every big town organized its soup kitchens at the railway station; women

of the best families took the matter in hand, and so the huddling, apprehensive columns were passed from one town to another, fed, clothed, and comforted, finally landing in their own country, safe and sound. An enthusiastic letter of thanks has been published in the papers, emanating from these grateful "Chinks," (Swiss for "Dago,") and ending up with "Eviva la Svizzera!" ("Long live Switzerland!")

Germany began to clean out the Russians on the first day of the war. Hordes of them poured into our country with fistfuls of ruble notes that no one would take, and with a growing hunger that they could not appease. A doctor was called to visit a band of twelve that were herded together in two rooms of a cheap hotel here. He expected to find emigrants; instead, they were people of the highest refinement. Their story was pitiful. They had been inmates of a private sanatorium in Germany and were summarily dismissed at the outbreak of the war. Separated from their trunks, ill and weak, and too confused to think clearly, they arrived in Berne with nothing but their piles of ruble notes, that no one would take, and the fear of death in their hearts.

They were quartered in the hotel by the committee, and the physician was called. One woman of the party begged him to take a ring, worth many hundred dollars, and give her \$10 for it, so that she might buy some comforts for herself and daughter. Of course, the whole party was immediately removed to a private sanatorium, where its members were cared for, and where, little by little, they recovered their calm and gathered up their scattered wits.

Very far from calm is a Swiss who has just returned from captivity in the interior of Morocco on account of being mistaken for a German. The day of the declaration of war the French authorities ordered him out of his beautiful Moroccan home, giving him forty-eight hours to pack up. His wife was visiting her mother here in Berne, and one can fancy her state of mind on receiving a

telegram to the effect that her husband and babies, twins of 7 and a little fellow of a year and a half, were ordered off, with the nurse, to parts unknown, as political prisoners. In vain the man protested he was Swiss. His name was German, and he was in a German firm; therefore he was a "canaille d'alemand"; so off they went. At first they were packed on a little steamer whose capacity was thirty people—there were 150 of them, and they cruised along the Mediterranean for a night and a day.

At last they lay before Casa Blanca, and, on asking why they were not landed, received the reply that the authorities must first of all clear the pier, as the boatload of refugees landed there the day before had been received with showers of stones and vile epithets from the mob, whose hate of the Germans knew no bounds. When they finally landed they were quartered in a riding school with 150 others, where they all slept on the tanbark. They had coffee for breakfast, and during the three days they were there had a thick soup each day for dinner, and nothing more. One day it was bean soup, one day peas, and the third day lentils. They were finally transported to the interior of Morocco and assigned to the barracks of the Foreign Legion, the members of which are now fighting in France, and here they passed strange, uncomfortable, heart-breaking days.

Finally, when summoned to deliver up his money, the man said: "I shall telegraph this outrage to Berne."

"What, are you Swiss?" was the officer's surprised question.

"Yes."

"Well, keep your money," said the officer; and a few days later Mr. X., through the efforts of our State Department and our Minister to France, was released and joined his wife in Switzerland. This story was told me by the agonized grandmother, whose tears flowed fast at the thought of the hardships to which her daughter's babies had been exposed.

And now come the Belgian refugees

to us, a most pitiable band. French Switzerland has the honor of beginning the movement which has made possible the bringing to Switzerland and placing in hundreds of households these innocent victims of this hideous war. In addition, subscriptions have been opened in various papers, and thousands of francs have been gathered and sent to this most unfortunate of nations. The movement to receive Belgian refugees is gaining ground, too, in German-speaking Switzerland, though here the sympathy for Germany stands somewhat in the way of a full and open hospitality. Some papers write:

"Let the Belgians stay in their country. The Germans will take care of them. Let those that have fled return to their hearths and take up their daily vocations. In this way the misery of the country—which is certainly not entirely the fault of Germany (a hit at England)—will be alleviated. Furthermore, Switzerland's harboring of Belgian refugees is a demonstration against Germany. Let Switzerland beware of doing anything to prejudice her neutrality. Finally, there are in our own country plenty of miserable poor people to exercise our charity upon, and every one knows that charity begins at home."

Articles have appeared in the German papers expressing surprise at Switzerland's hospitality, and to all of these carpers, at home and abroad, these people who have acted out of the purest motives of charity and love for their neighbor, answer somewhat as follows:

The Belgians that have come to take refuge in Switzerland wished nothing better than to stay in their own land. They were driven out in hordes, at the point of the sword, by the Germans. It would be hard to convince them that they ought to go back and that the Germans will take care of them. Some of these miserable beings did return, hoping to pick up their life again after the great shock. They found their village a heap of stones, their business ruined. How could they, therefore, "return to their hearths and take up their daily voca-

tions"? If Switzerland's charitable impulse is to be construed as a demonstration against Germany, then must Switzerland reflect that any excuse will do, and that her neutrality has the same validity in Germany's eyes as had Belgium's. No country, thinking and acting objectively, could find in this movement anything to "prejudice Switzerland's neutrality."

As for charity beginning at home, one might add that it does not end there. It would be hard to find a country whose charitable organizations are so all-embracing as here. In times of peace there are committees who sew for and otherwise look after every kind of human misery. There are the tuberculous poor, the girl-mothers, the creches, the newborn babies, the soup kitchens, the visiting trained nurses, the clinics, the blind, the vicious, the vacation colonies, the swimming lessons, the gymnastics, the tramps and their woodyard, &c., and every organization has its Christmas tree, with distribution of presents when the season of rejoicing comes around. Now that the war is here, and every available man is standing at the frontier guarding his Fatherland from invasion, the soldiers have been added to the list of charities, and none of the old has been stricken off.

In addition to babies' socks, every one has time to knit a pair of soldiers' socks, and in every dainty work basket, lying next to neglected fancy work, there are sure to be some half-finished warm woolen gloves or wristlets or knee warmers for the boys at the frontier. If Switzerland can keep up her home charities and look out so splendidly for her soldiers at the same time, and still have the means and the will to welcome and care for the poor and unhappy of a sister folk whose fate might very well have been her own, it is surely not a subject for adverse criticism, but, on the contrary, for encouragement. And who was it who said: "For as much as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me"?

Once Fair Belgrade Is a Skeleton City

[Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.]

LONDON, Jan. 11.—Z. D. Ferri-man, special correspondent of The Daily Chronicle with the Servian Army and the first English journalist to enter Belgrade since the Austrian occupation, sends a long dispatch describing the Servians' re-entry into their capital, in the course of which he says:

"On the first view Belgrade does not seem to have suffered to any great extent from the bombardment. Walking up the broad thoroughfare of the Rasia, you arrive nearly at the top before you see a house with the upper story blown away and with a fragment of what appears to have been the roof—an imminent peril to passers-by.

"But appearances are specious. Many buildings whose façades are intact are skeletons. Projectiles with high trajectory have fallen through the roof and wrought destruction within. This is the case with a wing of the Royal Palace. The windows are shattered, but the masonry has not suffered. Within, however, all is devastated. Among the public buildings the museum is a shapeless heap of debris, and the university is so much knocked about that the plainest and cheapest remedy will be an entirely new edifice.

"The higher part of the city has suffered most, with the exception, perhaps, of the district around the station, which is completely battered down. Rents in the pavement show that shells charged with very high explosives were employed. One huge gulf I noticed at least twelve feet deep by fifteen long and eight wide.

"There are many instances of the vagaries of these missiles of destruction. I visited a house in which M. Nikovitz, who accompanied me in my peregrinations, had occupied an apartment. There

was nothing the matter with the front, but a neat hole in the side marked the passage of a projectile which had traversed the building and exploded in the adjoining house, now a mound of brick-bats and matchwood. One half of a large establishment in Prince Michael Street was completely wrecked, but the other half was undamaged, and rolls of textile fabrics were in order on their shelves or piled on counters. The best shops are in this street, and much havoc has been wrought.

"I picked up spherical shrapnel bullets on several premises. Shrapnel has no battering force. Its object is to kill or disable men. It can do no harm to walls. Its employment in this instance was a wanton act intended to inspire terror and doubtless augmented the loss of life among the citizens.

"The principal hotel, the Moskwa, situated at the highest part of the town, has been devastated partially within, but the framework of the building is intact. On the other side of the street a row of houses far less conspicuous has been demolished. In one street we met a little girl of 12 coming out of a house opposite to one which was a heap of ruins. We asked her if she had seen it destroyed. She said she had and was very frightened. Shortly afterward a shell fell in their own garden; then they ran away and took refuge with friends at the other end of the town. An old woman had a stall containing tins of shoe polish and other trifles. A jumble of charred wood and twisted iron behind had been her shop. The caretaker at the house occupied by M. Nikovitz, a cheerful old dame, told us how she had hid herself at the other end of the long garden, but it was terrible.

"We asked some urchins, who would

be at school in normal times, but whose occupation and delight are now to hold officers' horses, if they were not frightened. 'At first,' they replied, 'but not afterward. They make a great noise, but they never catch us, and we do not mind them—the shells.' A boy of 12, who was carrying on his father's hair-dressing business single-handed during the latter's absence on service, expressed a similar opinion.

"I am told that about 3,000 people remained, out of the normal population of 100,000, during the bombardment. I cannot ascertain the number of killed and injured, but it certainly runs into the hundreds. Those of the inhabitants who left the city but remained in the neighborhood returned after the bombardment and were here during the eleven days of the Austrian occupation.

"The practice of taking hostages, which it has been reserved for this twentieth century civilized war to revive, was resorted to at Belgrade. I am assured on unimpeachable authority, supported by accounts of several eyewitnesses, that not fewer than 1,000 persons were carried off to Austria. Among them were boys of 15 and 16. Nor were foreign residents immune. M. Bissers, the Belgian Consul, who is also a Director of the electric tram and light company, was of the number. He was handcuffed like a common criminal. Neither the fate nor whereabouts of these civilian prisoners of war is known.

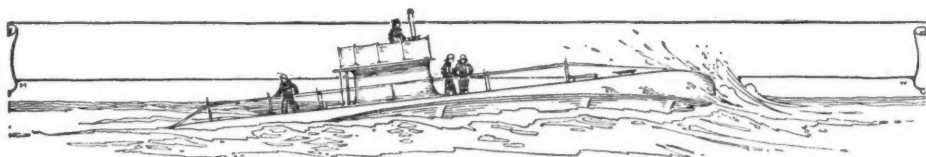
"The plate-glass fronts of many shops in the principal thoroughfares are smashed, and the interiors present a picture of desolation, overturned cash

registers and objects that have not been stolen lying broken and scattered on the floor, but the majority of the establishments that have been ransacked do not show outward signs of it. The system seems to have been to obtain ingress from the back.

"In the Rasia there is a stately mansion. Its owner, M. Kersmanovitz, died a short time ago, leaving large sums for charitable purposes. The house was occupied by his widow when the war broke out. Chalked on the door were names distinguished in the Austro-Hungarian peerage—Baron Zichy, Graf Festetics, and Graf Vanderstraten, all Lieutenants on the staff, who had been its denizens during occupation. Though their tenure was brief they had made the most of their time. The place was gutted, carpets torn up, tapestry torn down, and pictures destroyed. It was also indescribably filthy. This may have been the work of the soldiery after the departure of the young noblemen.

"The poor suffered equally with the rich. A humble restaurant used by the working classes, one of two or three still open, was despoiled of its linen and cutlery. Small shops had been sacked as well as the larger establishments. It was all fish that came to the Austrian net. I have not yet met any one whose dwelling escaped. The Russian Legation is wrecked.

"The Royal Palace was thrown open to the people. 'It is yours,' said the Austrian liberators in the generosity of their hearts; but they had gone over it with care first."



Letters and Diaries

A Group of Soldiers' Letters

A German cavalry division was pursuing a division of English infantry. The English ranks were suddenly reinforced; they turned and charged the Germans, who fled in disorder.

All the Germans fled—but one. Says an English soldier, Trooper S. Cargill:

When they saw us coming they turned and fled, at least all but one, who came rushing at us with his lance at the charge. I caught hold of his horse, which was half mad with terror, and my chum was going to run the rider through when he noticed the awful glaze in his eyes, and we saw that the poor devil was dead.

That ghastly vision of the mounted corpse can find no place in histories of this war. It has no historical significance even if it did receive a place in the cable dispatches from the front. Only from the lips of soldiers or from their pens when they snatch a few moments from the business of war to write to their people at home come such naïvely graphic accounts of trivial but illuminative incidents.

In many an American family is treasured a packet of yellow papers, on which are written, in ink fast fading away, brief and intimate impressions of the civil war by men who waged it. Every war has thus its unknown, unhonored chroniclers, who send to their little home circles narratives that for startling realism no highly paid special correspondent could surpass.

Trooper Cargill's letter is one of a number contained in an extraordinary volume just published by the George H. Doran Company of New York, with the

title "In the Firing Line," (50 cents net.) Mr. A. St. John Adcock collected a large number of letters sent home during the last few weeks by English soldiers fighting in France and has arranged them to form what is perhaps the most essentially human account of the great war that has yet appeared.

Consider, for instance, the narrative of Private Whitaker of the Coldstream Guards. He fought through the terrific four-day battle near Mons, and his account of it follows. It must be remembered that the British troops who took part in that battle had sailed from Southampton only four days before:

You thought it was a big crowd that streamed out of the Crystal Palace when we went to see the Cup Final. Well, outside Compiègne it was just as if that crowd came at us. You couldn't miss them. Our bullets plowed into them, but still they came for us. I was well intrenched, and my rifle got so hot I could hardly hold it. I was wondering if I should have enough bullets when a pal shouted, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" The next second he was rolled over with a nasty knock on the shoulder. He jumped up and hissed, "Let me get at them!" His language was a bit stronger than that.

When we really did get the order to get at them we made no mistake, I can tell you. They cringed at the bayonet, but those on our left wing tried to get around us, and after racing as hard as we could for quite five hundred yards we cut up nearly every man who did not run away.

You have read of the charge of the Light Brigade. It was new to our cavalry chaps. I saw two of our fellows who were unhorsed stand back to back and slash away with their swords, bringing down nine or ten of the panic-stricken

devils. Then they got hold of the stirrup-straps of a horse without a rider and got out of the mêlée. This kind of thing was going on all day.

In the afternoon I thought we should all get bowled over, as they came for us again in their big numbers. Where they came from goodness knows; but as we could not stop them with bullets they had another taste of the bayonet. My Captain, a fine fellow, was near to me, and as he fetched them down he shouted, "Give them socks, my lads!" How many were killed and wounded I don't know; but the field was covered with them.

It is also of the four days' battle that Private J. R. Taft of the Second Essex Regiment wrote. How typical of real life, as distinct from romance, is his ready transition from his devout thanksgiving for his safety to his amused recollection of the popular song that rose above the crash of shot and shell:

We were near Mons when we had the order to intrench. It was just dawn when we were half way down our trenches, and we were on our knees when the Germans opened a murderous fire with their guns and machine guns.

We opened a rapid fire with our Maxims and rifles; we let them have it properly, but no sooner did we have one lot down than up came another lot, and they sent their cavalry to charge us, but we were there with our bayonets, and we emptied our magazines on them. Their men and horses were in a confused heap. There were a lot of wounded horses we had to shoot to end their misery.

We had several charges with their infantry, too. We find they don't like the bayonets. Their rifle shooting is rotten; I don't believe they could hit a haystack at 100 yards.

We find their field artillery very good; we don't like their shrapnel; but I noticed that some did not burst; if one shell that came over me had burst. I should have been blown to atoms. I thanked the Lord it did not. I also heard our men singing that famous song, "Get Out and Get Under." I know that for an hour in our trench it would make any one keep under, what with their shells and machine guns. Many poor fellows went to their death like heroes.

The writer of the following letter, too, was telling of Mons. To friends far away, at peaceful Barton-on-Humber, he wrote:

Just a line to tell you I have returned from the front, and I can tell you we have had a very trying time of it. I must also say I am very lucky to be here. We were

fighting from Sunday, 23d, to Wednesday evening, on nothing to eat or drink—only the drop of water in our bottles which we carried.

No one knows—only those that have seen us could credit such a sight, and if I live for years may I never see such a sight again. I can tell you it is not very nice to see your chum next to you with half his head blown off. The horrible sights I shall never forget. There seemed nothing else only certain death staring us in the face all the time. I cannot tell you all on paper. We must, however, look on the bright side, for it is no good doing any other.

There are thousands of these Germans, and they simply throw themselves at us. It is no joke fighting seven or eight to one. I can tell you we have lessened them a little, but there are millions more yet to finish.

Of the battle that reddened the foam of the North Sea during the last days of August many a seaman recorded his impressions. And what curious things stuck in the memories of the weary, powder-stained survivors! "The funny thing which you should have seen," wrote Midshipman Hartley to his parents, "was all the stokers grubbing around after the action looking for bits of shell." And a seaman on H. M. S. Hearty wrote:

Two cooks were in the galley of the *Arethusa*, just having their rum, when a shell killed one and blew the other's arm off. A funny thing, they've got a clock hanging up; it smashed the glass and one hand, but the blooming thing's still going.

There is fine realism in Seaman Gunner Brown's letter to the parents who waited for tidings in their cottage on the Isle of Wight:

We and another ship in our squadron came across two German cruisers. We routed one and started on the second, but battle cruisers soon finished her off. Another then appeared, and after we had plunked two broadsides into her she slid off in flames.

Every man did his bit, and there was a continuous stream of jokes. We penciled on the projectiles, "Love from England," "One for the Kaiser," and other such messages. The sight of sinking German ships was gloriously terrible, funnels and masts lying about in all directions, and amidships a huge furnace, the burning steel looking like a big ball of sulphur. There was not the slightest sign of fear, from the youngest to the oldest man aboard.

But it remained for a naval Lieutenant,



ENGLAND'S SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR,
FIELD MARSHAL EARL KITCHENER.
(From the Painting by Angelo.)



·GEN. VON BISSING,
Recently Made Military Governor of Belgium to Succeed Field Marshal
von der Goltz.
(Photo from Ruschin.)

whose name is not given, to describe, in a letter to a friend, one of the most remarkable incidents of the war, an incident which might have occurred in the imagination of Jules Verne or of H. G. Wells in his youth. He wrote:

The Defender having sunk an enemy, lowered a whaler to pick up her swimming survivors; before the whaler got back an enemy's cruiser came up and chased the Defender, and thus she abandoned her whaler. Imagine their feelings—alone in an open boat without food, twenty-five miles from the nearest land, and that land the enemy's fortress, with nothing but fog and foes around them. Suddenly a swirl alongside and up, if you please, pops his Britannic Majesty's submarine E-4, opens his conning tower, takes them all on board, shuts up again, dives, and brings them home, 250 miles!

In his introduction to the book *St. John Adcock* calls the private letters of the soldiers "the most potent of recruiting literature." Undoubtedly this is true of some of them. The casual, almost flip-pant, records of splendid heroism, the reflection of a spirit of gay courage, the description of the most picturesque and romantic aspects of battle—these tend, certainly, to fill the mind of the stay-at-home readers with a desire for participation in this great adventure.

But, on the other hand, such passages as "The dead were piled up in the trenches about ten deep, and there were trenches seven miles long," and "Our Maxim gun officer tried to fix his gun up during their murderous fire, but he got half his face blown away," are not likely to make fighting seem a pleasant occupation. It is true that the dead referred to in the first of these passages are the enemy's dead; still, there is a wholesale quality about those seven-mile trenches filled with dead ten deep that is not a recruiting allurements.

Nor is this letter, vivid in its realism, likely to make those not already warlike eager to enlist. It was sent to his parents at Ilfracombe by Private William Burgess of the Royal Field Artillery:

We left our landing place for the front on the Tuesday and got there on Satur-

day night. The Germans had just reached Liège then, and we got into action on the Sunday morning. The first thing we did was to blow up a bridge to stop the Germans from crossing. Then we came into action behind a lot of houses attached to the main street. We were there about ten minutes when the houses started to fall around us. The poor people were buried alive. I saw poor children getting knocked down by bursting shells.

The next move was to advance across where there was a Red Cross hospital. They dropped shells from airships and fired on it until the place was burned down to the ground. Then they got a big plan on to retire and let the French get behind them. We retired eight miles, but we had to fight until we were forced to move again. We got as far as Le Cateau on Tuesday night. We camped there until 2 o'clock next morning.

Then we all heard there was a big fight coming off, so we all got together and cleared the field for action. [The letter mentions the numbers of men engaged, and states that the Germans were in the proportion of three to one.] We cut them down like rats. We could see them coming on us in heaps and dropping like hail. The Colonel passed along the line and said, "Stick it, boys."

I tell you, mother, it was awful to see your own comrades dropping down—some getting their heads blown off and others their legs and arms. I was fighting with my shirt off. A piece of shell went right through my shirt at the back and never touched me. It stuck into a bag of earth which we put between the wheels to stop bullets.

We were there, all busy fighting, when an airship came right over the line and dropped a bomb, which caused a terrible lot of smoke. Of course, that gave the Germans our range. Then the shells were dropping on us thick. We looked across the line and saw the German guns coming toward us. We turned our two centre guns on them and sent them yards in the air. I reckon I saw one German go quite twenty yards in the air.

Just after that a shell burst right over our gun. That one got me out of action. I had to get off the field the best way I could. The bullets were going all around me on the way off; you see, they got completely around us. I went about two miles and met a Red Cross cart. I was taken to St. Quentin Hospital. We were shelled out of there about 2 in the morning, and then taken in a train and taken down to a plain near Rouen. Next morning we were put on a ship for dear old England.

The First German Prisoners

[From The London Times.]

The following letter from a soldier at the front who has taken part in the first fighting appears in the Temps of Paris, Aug. 16:

WE are now able to realize the state of mind in which they arrive. The army corps to which I belong has already brought its guns into action. We have seen prisoners, and we have observed battlefields, and we have noticed a thing or two. First of all, these prisoners are not the least bit fanatics. Many of them don't know what they are fighting about. They have been told a thousand phantasmagoria—that France had declared war, that the Belgians and the Italians were helping the Germans, &c.; and one of them was tremendously proud at having the Czar Nicholas as his honorary Colonel! They were taken for the most part in isolated patrols, and it happened so often that it was impossible to get others to start off on reconnoissances, since their comrades never came back and they had no desire to share a like fate.

The prisoners are gentle and calm, and follow with their eyes the bits of bread which are passed about near them and which one gives them, and they eat them voraciously. For two days they have only received two rations of coffee. Their appetite is so great that, though in presence of a French officer they will click their heels together properly, they never cease at the same time to munch noisily and to fill out their hollow cheeks.

One feels that they believe us French to be up to every sort of devilment, that we are going to undress them, to take their papers, and they tremble from head to foot in fear of being shot. Even when you give them a cigarette, it does not seem to allay their mistrust. One

of them, who was dying of thirst, would not drink the water that was offered him before the gendarme had tasted it in front of him.

They are all astonished at their adventure. They had been told that they were going to enter Maubeuge in company with the Belgians; to seize Maubeuge would be as easy as taking a *café au lait*—and there they are without their *café au lait*!

The officers are absolutely different. Prussian pride gave them an assurance which their mishap has transformed into irritation. A young Baron Lieutenant, like von Forstner, pretended that he couldn't make his bed, and refused to answer before simple soldiers. He couldn't feel anything but the humiliation of being a prisoner, and couldn't get accustomed to his new situation.

We found on the field of battle the medicine chest of a vet., who jotted down his impressions from minute to minute. When he was killed he was writing: "I see the shells bursting with a white smoke in the sky, which is lighted up from the south; luckily my helmet protects me from sunstroke." Evidently he was on an excursion, this veterinary surgeon, and was counting on coming to Paris, and had taken the most minute precautions of hygiene and of elegance. He was provided with scent and eau de cologne. He had even brought with him a rose ointment for the nails, and a superb gilt shoulder-belt which was to raise his prestige for when he passed under the Arc de Triomphe. The battery to which he belonged is annihilated now. We could observe on the spot the terrific effect of our artillery, which was very well commanded. Six abandoned guns, of which three are impossible to move, are there on the

ground with all their crews, all their officers, all their horses—the pieces still mounted, riddled with splinters. They were taken back to the rear, and attracted all the way along the curiosity of the soldiers, with their sumptuous armorial bearings and their motto, *Ultima regis ratio*.

But this lesson seems to have made a bit of an impression on the Germans who have fled, and it has given a new energy to our troops, because the battery to which we owe this success did not have a single man wounded. The Germans seem to be forty years behind the times. They go on just as in 1870. With childish and barbarous imagination they see *francs-tireurs* everywhere and can't yet believe that we have a regular army quite close to the frontier.

They arrive in a village toward 8 in the morning; three French dragoons are there as patrols. When the German column is within range, the three dragoons bring down the Colonel and dash off at full gallop from the other end of the village. The Germans are furious and swear that they have been attacked by *francs-tireurs*, and that they are going to inflict punishment. They seize the

curé, a notable inhabitant, and two or three peasants, and take them off to be present at the burning of their houses, while waiting to be executed themselves.

I have this story from the curé, who arrived to us absolutely done, with his cassock in rags, without a hat on, after a day of shocks such as he has certainly never had in his life before. Although he has got the superb beard of a missionary, they made him march with the chasseurs, hitting him with the butts of their rifles till the moment when the French shrapnel arrived. Then it was *sauve qui peut*. Our brave curé saw all his butchers fall around him. When the noise had finished, five unarmed German chasseurs rushed toward him crying with their great, thick accent, "Catholics, Catholics!" They were Poles who were flying from the army and coming over to our lines. "With my own arms," said the curé proudly, "I made five prisoners."

Altogether bewilderment, softness, and indifference on the part of the men; vanity, cruelty, and foolery on the part of the officers. Those are the virtues which they offered us on first acquaintance. Just compare them with ours!

Two Letters From the Trenches

[From The London Times, Oct. 25, 1914.]

A Canadian officer attached to the British forces writes as follows on Sept. 27:

IT has been very fortunate for me having a recommendation to Gen. C. He said that he would welcome all the French-speaking Canadians with military knowledge that crossed the Atlantic. I keep my rank of Lieutenant and am attached to the — Guards, which does scouting, patrol, and reconnoissance duty in areas prescribed by the Brigadier. We have plenty of most interesting work, which

suits me down to the ground. Nothing could exceed the kindness shown to Canadian officers by their English brethren. We are all one in aim, in spirit, and in that indefinable quality of loyal co-operation which holds together the British Army fighting against enormous odds in France, as it binds together the British Empire by bonds not less strong because they are invisible.

This afternoon we are taking a good sound rest at the house of a retired

French farmer, who has three sons fighting in the country. He is as game as game, and says he is just holding things together until the war is over. He is 75 and remembers the horrors of the last war, in which he fought in the artillery. * * * Our "look-out" men are ever on the alert, for we never take a meal or rest altogether. Sentries and signalers are always posted before we dismount. The curé joined us at the farmer's house and we enjoyed an excellent repast, with the honor of two local gendarmes who had brought in a German spy caught red-handed robbing the house of a peasant the night before and attempting to murder her. The man was dressed as a French peasant. Upon him we found evidence that he was a spy. Summary procedure made it easy to decide that the sentence of drumhead court-martial was death. And here again is an instance of the extraordinary clemency of the French clergy. The curé pleaded that the spy should not be shot and the extreme penalty inflicted. So I consented (not being a man of blood) to the prisoner being sent to the nearest French military post, to be executed or not, as the General shall order.

I really believe that all of the evidence which crowds into me supports the charge that this is not a campaign which has proved attractive to the German rank and file. Prisoners we have taken say that they have no relish for the fighting. They have been well plied with drink, and seem to urge that drunkenness may be pleaded as an excuse for crime.

An officer whose letter from the trenches we published a few days ago has since written a letter, dated Oct. 8, from which we take extracts:

Last week I wrote that we had been in the trenches ten days. Now we have been in them nearly three weeks, and still the fight goes on. We don't mind it now. We hated it at first. The inaction made us ill. But we recovered and began to make jokes about it. And now we don't care. We eat and sleep, and eat again; and we dig, eternally dig, grubbing our way deeper and deeper into

the earth, and making covered ways that lead hundreds of yards back from the firing line into safety.

And at the end of one of these I sit at this moment; away on the rear slope of the hill which is our fortress. The sun is sinking far away down the valley of the Aisne, and the river flickers in the distance between lines of trees, while the little villages at the foot of the slopes are gradually losing themselves in the evening mist. How lovely to sit here in time of peace! Could one bear it after this, I wonder? With all the beauty, there are sad things around me; signs of war every way I look. To the right, a few yards off, are new-cut graves, and they are putting up headstones, made by a reservist who is a mason in private life. One man was killed yesterday, and we buried him after dark. There was no service, because we had neither light nor book; but I said the Lord's Prayer before the earth was thrown in, thinking there could be no harm.

Then away across a bend of the valley are more of our trenches, with the German parapets 200 yards away beyond. And over these our shells are bursting, fired by guns on the slope of the hill beneath me; they whistle softly as they skim through the air over my head, and I hear the burst as they land. Further away to the west is one of the enemy's strongholds, and there bigger shells are bursting, throwing up clouds of black smoke and dust. These pass by with a louder purring whistle like the sound of surplus air escaping from the pipes of an organ in church. They come from our big guns up in the woods across the river, hidden from view. And always up in the sky the German aeroplanes circle round and round, seeking for the guns, their engines buzzing and the sun shining on their wings. Now and then they dash away, perhaps to carry news, perhaps because a British or French machine has come upon the scene. When they spot our positions they drop little silvery packets, which unfold and show their gunners where to shoot. Sometimes they drop bombs, but these do little harm. At times the weather is foggy,



ARCHDUKE FREDERICK,
Commander in Chief of Austrian Armies Operating Against the Russians.
(Photo from Paul Thompson.)



DR. VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR.
In His Field Uniform, Showing the Helmet in Its New Weatherproof Cover.
(Photo by Brown & Dawson, From Underwood & Underwood.)

so that the aeroplanes can do nothing at all, and warfare becomes suddenly ten years out of date.

Now the enemy are firing on the little village behind our lines, dropping shell among the houses, and always near the house where certain staff officers are at work. A curious point this—how close they get to the house when they can't possibly see the result of their fire. The explanation must be "spies." They are everywhere here; they wear British uniform and French uniform, and, most dangerous of all, civilian dress. It is our own fault; we allow the French population to return to the village right in our midst, and who in these times can question every one's rights? The other day three men in civilian dress were found near our lines sitting in trees: they were armed with wire-cutters, and said they were engaged in cutting vines. Now there are no vineyards near, but our wire entanglements were just beyond the wood. Again, one night we were to attack a small position at a given hour, but the order was afterward canceled.

However, at the appointed time the enemy opened fire upon the ground we should have crossed and lighted the scene with rockets.

Nighttime is a period of continuous strain. The sentry peers into the darkness, imagining every bush to be an approaching enemy. Distant trees seem to change their position; bunches of grass, really quite close, seem to be men coming over the sky-line. One man questions another; the section commander is called upon. He in turn explains his fears to an officer. A single shot is ordered at the suspected object, and no sound is heard. So the night goes on. When we were new to the game a single shot was enough to alarm the whole line, and thousands of rounds were fired into the darkness. Now we know better. So also do the enemy. And it was satisfactory to find that our ammunition had not all been wasted, for a patrol recently discovered more than a hundred dead Germans in a wood in front of us. The ammunition had not been wasted that time. But, oh, what a wasteful war!

The Baptism of Fire

[From The London Times, Nov. 4, 1914.]

The following letter, thoroughly characteristic of the pluck and cheerfulness of the young British officer, was received from a cavalry subaltern at the front:

October 27.

YOUR two boxes of cigarettes were heaven. We've been in the trenches two days and nights, but no excitements, except a good dose of shrapnel three times a day, which does one no harm and rather relieves the monotony. I've got my half troop, 12 men, in this trench in a root field, with the rest of the squadron about 100 yards each side of us, and a farmhouse, half knocked down by shells, just

behind. We get our rations sent up once a day in the dark, and two men creep out to cook tea in the quiet intervals. Tea is the great mainstay on service, just as it was on manoeuvres. The men are splendid, and as happy as schoolboys, and we've got plenty of straw at the bottom of the trench, which is better than any feather bed. We only had one pelted night, and we've had three or four fine days. We have not seen any German infantry from this trench, only one patrol and a sniper or two. Their guns, too, are out of sight, but hardly a mile away.

Our first day's real close-up fighting

was the 19th. We cavalry went on about a day and a half in front of the infantry. We got into a village, and our advanced patrols started fighting hard, with a certain amount of fire from everywhere in front of us. Our advanced patrols gained the first group of houses, and we joined them. Firing came from a farm in front of us, and then a man came out of it and waved a white flag. I yelled, "Two hundred; white flag; rapid fire." But — wouldn't let us fire. Then the squadron advanced across the root fields toward the farm (dismounted, in open order), and they opened a sharp fire on us from the farm. We took three prisoners in the roots, and retired to the houses again. That was our first experience of the white flag dodge; we lost two killed and one wounded.

Then I got leave to make a dash across a field, for another farm where they were sniping at us. I could only get half way, my Sergeant was killed and my Corporal hit. We lay down; luckily it was high roots and we were out of sight; but they had fairly got our range, and the bullets kept knocking up the dirt into one's face and all round. We just lay doggo for about half an hour, and then the fire slackened, and we crawled back.

I was pleased with my troop, under bad fire. They used the most awful language, talking quite quietly, and laughing all the time, even after the men were knocked over within a yard of them. I longed to be able to say that I liked it, after all one has heard about being under fire for the first time. But it is beastly. I pretended to myself for a bit that I like it, but it was no good. But when one acknowledged that it was beastly, one became all right again and cool.

After the firing had slackened we advanced again a bit, into the next group of houses, the edge of the village proper. I can't tell you how muddling it is. We did not know which was our front, we did not know if our own troops had come round us on the flanks, or whether they had stopped behind and were firing into us. And besides, a lot of German snipers were left in the houses we had come

through, and every now and then bullets came singing by from God knows where. Four of us were talking in the road when about a dozen bullets came with a whistle. We all dived for the nearest door, and fell over each other, yelling with laughter. — said, "I have a bullet through my new Sandon twillette breeches." We looked, and he had; it had gone clean through. He didn't tell us till two days after that it had gone through him too; but there it was, like the holes you make to blow an egg, only about 4 inches apart.

We stopped about two hours. Then the cavalry regiment on our left retired. Then we saw a lot of Germans among the fires they had lit (they set the houses on fire to mark their line of advance.) They were running from house to house. We were told not to fire, for fear of our own people on the other side. Then came a lot of them, shouting and singing and advancing down the street, through the burning houses. One felt a peculiar hatred for them. We heard afterward that there was a division of infantry, at first we thought there were only a few patrols.

We retired about two miles and dismounted for action. Soon they began to come up from three sides, and we retired again. They were pretty close, advancing higgledy-piggledy across the fields and firing. They shot abominably (nothing like the morning, from the houses, when they had all the ranges marked to a yard). We lost only about 20 horses, no men killed. "Hellfire Herbert" got his horse shot under him when they were within about 200 yards. He was next troop in front of me. He suddenly got complete "fou-rires" when he saw me. I got him a spare horse, and he was still laughing, and cursing them with a sort of triumph. We only trotted away. A man in my troop kept touching his cap to the Germans, saying "Third-class shots, third-class shots."

The next day we went forward to another places and intrenched against a very big German force, but we only had to face their guns. Poor — was killed.

They pushed us pretty hard back to our infantry. We were supposed to have done well.

Since then we have been doing infantry work in the trenches. We have been out of work in our trenches; only shrapnel and snipers. Some one described this war as "Months of boredom punctuated by moments of terror." It is sad that it is such a bad country for cavalry. Cavalry work here against far superior forces of infantry, like we had the other day, is not good enough. The Germans are dashing good at that house-to-house fighting business.

It is horrible having to leave one's horses; it feels like leaving half oneself behind, and one feels the dual responsibility all the time. I hope we get them on the run soon, then will come our chance. They have been having terrific fighting on the line on each side of us, and it has gone well.

I adore war. It is like a big picnic without the objectlessness of a picnic. I've never been so well or so happy. Nobody grumbles at one for being dirty. I've only had my boots off once in the last ten days, and only washed twice.

We are up and standing to our rifles at 5 A. M. when doing this infantry work, and saddled up by 4:30 A. M. when with our horses. Our poor horses don't get their saddles off when we are in trenches.

The dogs and cats left in the deserted villages are piteous, and the wretched inhabitants trekking away with great bundles and children in their hands.

I can't make out what has happened to the Battle of the Aisne; it seems to have got tired and died.

The Indians had two men killed directly, and said, "All wars are good, but this is a bot'utcha war. Now we advance." A Colonel of a French regiment on our flank was sitting in a pub. in the village when the Germans came around that flank and started firing their Maxim gun. The Colonel and his orderly rushed into the street, and each discharged ten rounds quick, and then went back and finished their drinks. It's horrible when they put "Jack Johnsons" into your bivouac at night from about twelve miles off. You can hear them coming for about 30 seconds, and judge whether they are coming for you or a little to one side.

An All-Night Attack

[From The New York Tribune.]

PARIS, Jan. 9.—The most picturesque description of night fighting in the trenches written by any French correspondent at the front is published today in *Le Figaro*. It comes from Charles Tardieu, Corporal in an infantry regiment, and is a detailed record, half hour by half hour, of a night of attacks and counter-attacks from 6 o'clock in the evening until dawn. After describing three successive German assaults, during which searchlights and flashlights

played important parts, the Corporal notes:

2:25 A. M.—All the Corporals run back for ammunition. We had expended a hundred rounds each. Away we go to our ammunition reserve, hid in a big hole twenty yards to the rear, and we come running back and distribute packages of cartridges. Each man cleans his rifle. An hour passes in silence, broken only by the intermittent volleys and by the moaning of the wounded and dying, some of whom exclaim: "Kamarades,

kamarades, drink, drink!" We will look after them when the day breaks.

3:15—Here they come at us again. Bullets whistle over our heads. Our Captain passes the order in whispers not to open fire until the bouches sales reach our wire network, then to shoot like hell. We smile grimly and keep still. Every minute the firing draws nearer. We await behind our loopholes, now and then risking a peep through them. These loopholes are only fifteen or twenty centimeters wide, but if a bullet comes through them it is a skull pierced and certain death. This silent waiting is a tremendous mental and nervous strain.

We keep still as mice, with clenched teeth. Luminous fuses, like roman candles, burst forth in every direction, exploding in dust over our heads. A moment later a dazzling signal light rocket bursts fifty yards high, just above our trenches, lighting them up as clear as day for several seconds. We crouch down under the lower parapet like moles. Immediately afterward a mad fusillade, and the German .77 guns, having got a better range than during the previous attacks, throw shells that burst, luckily for us, nearly one hundred yards behind our trenches. This attack must be general, for we hear fusillades crack- ing far away to the right and left.

Suddenly we tremble in spite of ourselves. The hoarse sound of the short German bugles pierces the night with four lugubrious notes in a minor key, funereal, deathly. It is their charge. Yells, oaths, and vociferations are heard in front of us. Our Captain commands us to fire by volleys: "Aim! Fire!" "They must have felt something," drawls out some one of us in a nasal, Montmartre-like voice. Then again: "Aim! Fire!" What sport! Then comes the cric-crac-cric-crac, sewing machine-like hammering of our mitrailleuses. Our Captain passes the word: "Fire low! fire low! Aim! Fire!" Volley follows volley. The enemy's dash seems checked. Their fire slackens. We hear their of-

ficers swearing and yelling at their men in shrill, high-pitched, penetrating voices. Joyful exaltation gives us a sort of fever. "Aim! Fire!" But the bouches sales make another rush at us. Driven on by their infuriated officers, they again reach our wire network. Our Captain commands, "Fire at will." Then, "Fire at repetition, fire until the magazine is exhausted." Just as the Germans, in wavering, hesitating groups, presenting vague outlines, try to cut our networks they tumble over like marionettes. Already some of our men, intoxicated with fury, stand up in the trenches.

Our Captain commands, "En avant à la baionnette!" ("At them with bayonet.") A fierce roar from our chests, and the only bugler left alive in our company sounds the charge. Away we go with our bayonets. We scarcely reach them when the bouches are put to rout. Some of them escape helter-skelter, throwing down rifles and knapsacks. "Halt!" commands our Captain. We lie down and keep up the firing on the retreating remnants of the enemy. "Back to the trenches!" is the next command. A few more volleys in the direction of the Germans, then comes the command, "Cease firing. Take your haversacks, eat, and rest." All becomes silent again except for the harrowing moans of the wounded. We learn that the German assault has been repulsed all along the line. Their losses must have been awful.

5 A. M.—Gray, misty dawn breaks from behind the orme trees. Soon we are able to see what has happened. Over three hundred bouches are on the ground in front of our company's trench, lying dead or wounded. Our cooks with their soup pots get out of our hole and go to the rear to prepare in the underground kitchens our well-earned coffee and cabbage soup. Our Captain rubs his hands with satisfaction. A strong patrol goes out of our trenches to reconnoitre the enemy's positions in the pine wood. The rest of us try to get some sleep.

The Germans as Seen from a Convent

[From The London Times, Aug. 16, 1914.]

Some interesting sidelights on the events of the past fortnight in Belgium are provided by extracts from the diary of a young English girl, Miss Lydia Evans, who has just returned from a convent school at Fouron, near Visé. The following are among the entries in this graphic narrative, published in The Evening News:

AUG. 2.—All the people of the village passed down with cows, calves, horses, hay, &c., which they were obliged to send in for the Belgian Army near Liège. The first troop of Prussians came into the village this afternoon on the pretense of having a horse shod.

AUG. 3.—Two more troops of soldiers arrived. The Prussians slept at our convent, some in the park, others on beds in the recreation room. The reverend mother put everything at their disposal. They asked nicely, but gave the impression that if refused they would take more. We all went to bed at 10 o'clock. Everybody got an alarm to dress half an hour afterward. We came down and found the place full of Germans, who were exceedingly polite. They are magnificent. The meanest soldier is perfectly equipped, everything perfectly new, and splendid horses. They are like theatre soldiers, they are so perfect. They were awfully nice, and talked a lot.

AUG. 4.—Between Monday and Tuesday there was a terrible fight between the Germans and Belgians at Visé because the Belgians would not let the Germans pass to get to Liège. The Belgians blew up several big bridges between Visé and Liège, also the one at Visé.

AUG. 5.—One man told us all the villagers had left except himself. The German soldiers were here all day, but are very polite. They always bow and salute. We hear a terrible noise at Visé of bombardment, and a great fusillade in

the convent. A wounded man was brought to the convent.

AUG. 6.—A curate near here has been shot. The Germans are very nice if you give them what they want, but if they are refused the pistol comes out. Old Mother Thérèse was at the door when a soldier asked her for a kettle. She refused, and he nearly shot her.

AUG. 7.—A most fearful noise was heard about 2 o'clock. They say that it was a fort blown up. A German aeroplane passed yesterday. The soldiers are camping in the woods. There are seven wounded here. Nearly all the others are taken to Aix-la-Chapelle.

AUG. 8.—Went to mass in the village. A man told us that the Germans had burned two big farms at Warsage (the next village.) Two women and two men arrived from Liège. They said that the people had been living in caves for the last two days and nights. These poor people saw awful sights in coming across the fields, which were covered with dead. We have heard that Berneau is burned and the women and children hung. The Germans are furious at having lost such a number of men before seeing the French. A soldier passed last night, and Maria lifted up a corner of the curtain. In a minute he had out his revolver and threatened to shoot her. Some of the soldiers opposite the convent were drunk.

AUG. 9.—An aeroplane passed right over us, and seemed to drop something white. The soldiers are going about in bands destroying and laying waste every house and garden. They pass with bottles of wine and their pockets bulging out with things they have stolen. They set a house on fire just near the convent. There are 40,000 soldiers between here and Nioulant.

AUG. 10.—There was a terrific crash

at the door. Four German officers, who had come in a motor, pointed their revolvers and asked for wine. They looked as if they had been drinking. We had a fearful fright after dinner. An officer, followed by a soldier, came to ask us where the curé was, and threatened to shoot us because we could not tell him. Miss MacMahon had to lead him to the rector's house, with a revolver pointed at her back all the way. The houses on either side are burning. The nuns asked the German officers if they would spare the convent. They laughed and said they

would make it a cemetery for their dead. They took away the wounded, and as soon as they had gone the nuns woke us up, and we started out, following all the back roads.

A postcard has been received from Miss Agnes Holliday, daughter of a Hammersmith builder, who is at a convent school near Liège, in which she states that on Tuesday night last "the convent was full of German soldiers, to whom we spoke. At Fouron they have had a terrible time."

War-Time Scenes in Rouen

[FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES, SEPT. 8, 1914.]

The following is a literal translation of a letter just received in New York by a French lady's maid from her sister at Rouen, and gives the point of view of the modest laboring classes in France:

ROUEN, Aug. 21, 1914.

MY Dear Sister Henriette:
If I judge according to our impatience to get your news, I understand you are anxious for ours. I hope that you made a good voyage and that nothing disagreeable has happened to you during the journey. There is a little change in life in Rouen. Numerous factories are closed, for the reason that the men are gone to war, and women are powerless to operate the machinery. As for me, the sewing is still going a little, but I do not think that it will last long. Business stops little by little; the most of the stores are closing, which gives the city a sad appearance. Per contra, there is a big bustle in and around the railroad station of the Rue Verte. Hundreds of persons stand on the square near the station, to assist the passing of the English troops on their way to Paris; they are acclaimed by the cry of "Vive la France!" "Vive l'An-

gleterre!" "Down with Germany and the barbarians!"

Numerous trains bring hundreds of young wounded English, French, and Belgian soldiers. Many offices of the Red Cross are settled in the largest hotels of the city. Many citizens have asked to take some of the wounded into their homes. We are going to have several of them at our home. Mother is already preparing two rooms. She has moved Lili's bed into the kitchen. As for us, we are going to sleep in the armchairs. Lili talks of the war like a grown-up person, and so seriously! She also wants to take care of the wounded. She will divert them. She made dresses for all her dolls and put them to bed. She set on the table all the history books to interest the soldiers. Of course she will do the reading herself. Then she collected all the pieces of old sheets to make some lint out of them, but she will do that in the kitchen when the wounded are sleeping, so as not to worry them. If you were in Rouen now you would be proud of your god-child. Maman had to have made for her a big white table "for nurse." She goes to school every day,

and I promised that I would take her with me this afternoon to see an English warship which arrived in the Seine yesterday. It seems that the ship had narrowly escaped capture by the Germans, but I cannot give you much information. We don't have any news from our own soldiers. I do not know where father is. George and Maurice must be artillerymen in Belfort. Jeanne and Helene are in despair, thinking of their husbands. Maurice's baby is always so sweet; he does not suspect that his father is at war. Our aunt has no news from Leon, André, and Joseph.

This is all the news. I hope that my letter will reach you. Do not worry. But

if the Germans arrive in Rouen they will find somebody to receive them. If the men are not strong enough the women will help them.

For my share I would like to kill one of them, and it is the Kaiser himself; I assure you that I would do it gladly. My dear Henriette, I say "au revoir" to you today.

Maman and Lili send you their best kisses. A big kiss from your fragile

MADELEINE.

P. S.—It is a good thing that I am always so cheerful and contented. It happens sometimes that I can make Jeanne and Helene forget, and I give them a little hope.

"It Is for Us and for France"

[From The New York Sun.]

LONDON, Oct. 14.—To those who believe, as Germans would have the world believe, that the French Nation is decadent, fit only to disappear from the face of the earth, the following letter, simple as any letter can be, yet full of the Spartanlike qualities that even a German must admire, will serve as an inspiration.

It was written to a French soldier by his sister. The soldier showed it to his officer, who was so pleased that he had it published anonymously for the troops. One of the men at the front has sent the letter to The Times. A translation of it follows:

Sept. 4, 1914.

MY dear Edward: I hear that Charles and Lucien died on Aug. 28; Eugene is very badly wounded; Louis and Jean are dead also. Rose has disappeared.

Mamma weeps. She says that you are strong, and begs you to go to avenge them.

I hope your officers will not refuse you

permission. Jean had the Legion of Honor; succeed him in this.

Of the eleven of us who went to the war eight are dead. My dear brother, do your duty, whatever is asked of you. God gave you your life, and He has the right to take it back; that is what mamma says.

We embrace you with all our heart and long to see you again.

The Prussians are here. Young Joudon is dead; they have pillaged everything. I have come back from Gerbevillers, which is destroyed. The brutes!

Now, my dear brother, make the sacrifice of your life. We have hope of seeing you again, for something gives me a presentiment and tells me to hope.

We embrace you in all our hearts. Adieu and au revoir, if God permits.

THY SISTER.

It is for us and for France.

Think of your brothers and of grandfather in '70.

"Chant of Hate Against England"

How Ernst Lissauer's Lines Were "Sung to Pieces" in Germany.

[From The Basler Nachrichten.]

The ever-increasing hatred in Germany against England and the constantly diminishing bitterness expressed in German circles toward the French is commented upon at considerable length by the *Basler Nachrichten*, one of the leading German newspapers of Switzerland, which publishes excerpts of utterances of leading Germans to illustrate its deductions. The Swiss paper's article follows:

IT pays to take a birdseye view of a phenomenon which, in a most interesting fashion, is becoming more and more apparent: the increase of the German hatred against Englishmen and the diminution of the German hatred against the Frenchmen.

The most eloquent examples of this white-hot wrath against the English are the now well-known army orders of the Bavarian Crown Prince, Rupprecht. Under date of Oct. 29 the text of the first order was made public. It reads:

Soldiers of the Sixth Army! We have now the good luck to have also the Englishmen opposite us on our front, troops of that race whose envy was at work for years to surround us with a ring of foes and to throttle us. That race especially we have to thank for this war. Therefore, when now the order is given to attack this foe, practice retribution for their hostile treachery and for the many heavy sacrifices! Show them that the Germans are not so easily to be wiped out of history. Show them that, with German blows of a special kind. (*Mit deutsche Hiebe von ganz besonderer Art!*) Here is the opponent who most blocks a restoration of the (Drauf,) peace. Up and at him!

RUPPRECHT.

Under date of Nov. 11 an order of similar purport issued by the same army commander was made public:

Soldiers! The eyes of the whole world are upon you. It is now imperative that in the battle with our most hated foe we shall not grow numb, and that we shall at last break his arrogance. Already he is growing pliable, (mürbe.) Numerous officers and men have surrendered voluntarily, but the great decisive blow is still to be struck. Therefore you must persevere to the end. The enemy must be downed; you must not let him loose from your teeth. (*Ihr musst ihn nicht aus den Zähnen lassen.*) We must, will and shall conquer!

At the same time the Bavarian Crown Prince had the "Song of Hate Against England" of Ernst Lissauer distributed among the troops as an army order. This poem, which was issued as early as Sept. 1 in the "*Kultur-Beiträgen*," published by R. Dammert in Berlin, reads in full:

HASSGESANG GEGEN ENGLAND.

Was schielt uns Russe und Franzos'?
Schuss wider Schuss und Stoss um Stoss,
Wir lieben sie nicht,
Wir hassen sie nicht,
Wir schützen Weichsel und Wasgaupass,
Wir haben nur einen einzigen Hass,
Wir lieben vereint, wir hassen vereint,
Wir haben nur einen einzigen Feind:
Denn ihr alle wisst, denn ihr alle wisst,
Er sitzt geduckt hinter der grauen Flut,
Voll Neid, voll Wut, voll Schläue, voll List,
Durch Wasser getrennt, die sind dicker als Blut.
Wir wollen treten in ein Gericht,
Einen Schwur zu schwören, Gesicht in Gesicht.
Einen Schwur von Erz, den verbläst kein Wind,
Einen Schwur für Kind und für Kindeskind,
Vernehmt das Wort, sagt nach das Wort,
Es wälzt sich durch ganz Deutschland fort:
Wir wollen nicht lassen von unserem Hass,
Wir haben alle nur einen Hass,
Wir lieben vereint, wir hassen vereint,
Wir haben alle nur einen Feind:
ENGLAND!

In der Bordkajüte, im Feiersaal,
Sassen Schiffsoffiziere beim Liebesmahl,
Wie ein Säbelhieb, wie ein Segelschwung,
Einer riss grüssend empor den Trunk,
Knapp hinknallend wie Ruderschlag,
Drei Worte sprach er: "Auf den Tag!"
Wem galt das Glas?
Sie hatten alle nur einen Hass.
Wer war gemeint?
Sie hatten alle nur einen Feind:
ENGLAND!

Nimm du die Völker der Erde in Sold,
Baue Wälle aus Barren von Gold,
Bedecke die Meerflut mit Bug bei Bug,
Du rechnestest klug, doch nicht klug genug.
Was schiert uns Russe und Franzos'!
Schuss wider Schuss, und Stoss um Stoss.
Wir kämpfen den Kampf mit Bronze und Stahl
Und schliessen Frieden irgend einmal,
Dich werden wir Hassen mit langem Hass,
Wir werden nicht lassen von unserem Hass,
Hass zu Wasser und Hass zu Land,
Hass des Hauptes und Hass der Hand,
Hass der Hämmer und Hass der Kronen,
Drosselnder Hass von siebzig Millionen,
Sie lieben vereint, sie hassen vereint,
Sie alle haben nur einen Feind:
ENGLAND!

[Following is a translation of the song
by Barbara Henderson, appearing in
THE NEW YORK TIMES of Oct. 15, 1914:]

French and Russian, they matter not,
A blow for a blow and a shot for a shot!
We love them not, we hate them not,
We hold the Weichsel and Vosges gate.
We have but one and only hate,
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone.
He is known to you all, he is known to you all,
He crouches behind the dark gray flood,
Full of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall,
Cut off by waves that are thicker than blood.
Come, let us stand at the Judgment Place,
An oath to swear to, face to face,
An oath of bronze no wind can shake,
An oath for our sons and their sons to take.
Come, hear the word, repeat the word,
Throughout the Fatherland make it heard.
We will never forego our hate,
We have all but a single hate,
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—
ENGLAND!

In the Captain's Mess, in the banquet hall,
Sat feasting the officers, one and all,
Like a sabre blow, like the swing of a sail,
One seized his glass and held high to hail;
Sharp-snapped like the stroke of a rudder's play,
Spoke three words only: "To the Day!"
Whose glass this fate?
They had all but a single hate.
Who was thus known?
They had one foe and one alone—
ENGLAND!

Take you the folk of the Earth in pay,
With bars of gold your ramparts lay,
Bedeck the ocean with bow on bow,
Ye reckon well, but not well enough now.
French and Russian, they matter not,
A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot,
We fight the battle with bronze and steel,
And the time that is coming Peace will seal.
You we will hate with a lasting hate,
We will never forego our hate,
Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown,
Hate of seventy millions choking down.
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—
ENGLAND!

This poem, according to the *Tägliche Rundschau*, has already had the fate of every folksong—the version of it that was circulated among the Bavarian troops lacks the middle stanza and has in other ways also been "sung to pieces." But it has also been worked over artistically. The Chemnitz Director of Church Music, Prof. Mayerhoff, has set the "Chant of Hate Against England" to music for male voices. The song was rendered publicly at a great meeting in a concert in the Alberthalle at Leipsic, and was taken up in roaring chorus by the audience. The composer himself accompanied his composition on the piano.

As can be seen, therefore, the popularity of the song and its sentiment is by no means confined to Bavaria. It extends throughout the entire empire. Of hundreds of voices in the press, let us mention only one. Councilor of Jus-

tice Eschenbach of Berlin, in the *Neue Gesellschaftliche Korrespondenz* writes:

To honor our immortal heroes of Tsing-tau, and for the eternal shame and reproach of the scoundrel nations, Japan and England, I propose the following: Let the entire German press scorn in the next fourteen days to permit the words "Englishmen" or "Japanese" to appear in its columns and before the eyes of our people and of the entire civilized world; but instead, and invariably, let the word "Mörder" (murderers) be used for "Englishmen" and the word "Raubmörder" (highway assassins) for "Japanese." For no other name will there be hereafter among us for these greatest scoundrels of history. Thereby care will be taken both for the present throughout the world as far as the German language is heard and the results of the German spirit are known, and also for future historians, that the proper point of view shall be given throughout eternity for the condemnation of these murderous gangs accursed of God.

How different is the attitude of the Germans toward the French!

From a trench on the Aisne the following was written to the *Heidelberger Zeitung*:

Four hundred meters from where we lie, likewise intrenched, lie these wretched Englishmen, toward whom our people feel a holy fury, while they regard the battle with the Frenchmen, on the other hand, rather as a member of a university student corps regards an honorable duel. I, too, am entirely of that view.

The well-known psychologist, Prof. W. Hellpach of Karlsruhe, writes to the *Berliner Tageblatt* from the field:

The German soldier, too, does not hate the French people. Indeed, no one hates it. That is one of the most amazing phenomena of this war—our inner relation to France. Daily and hourly we hear words of disgust concerning the Russians, see gestures of hatred against the Britons—but toward France there is expressed amid all purely warlike antagonism a sort of sympathy resembling almost a smiling love for a naughty child which one feels obliged to punish because

it has been guilty of stupid but very serious misbehavior.

We must force France to its knees—perhaps more completely than any of our other foes—but every one seems to hope that after this, after this last lesson, France will come to her senses and conclude a real peace with her German neighbor. Even among the common men in our ranks there has developed almost plant like a certain realization of a common duty of these two nations, a feeling of certain virtues which they, complementing one another, can preserve only by co-operation. But for the cultured ones among us, the idea of a hereditary feud has given way to a clear consciousness that there is a middle European Continental culture, supported by German, Austrian, and French genius in common, and that the preservation, development, and continuation thereof as against a hasty and superficial Anglization must be the task of the future. All, all now learn through experience that this matter with France is a woe of civilization (*kulturjammer*), and that now at last it is going to change, that it could change, if—

In the same newspaper the *Berlin National Economist*, Prof. Werner Sombart, writes:

Against France we probably experience the least aversion or hatred. At bottom we have really nothing "against the Frenchmen," but they have a great deal against us. But we find them, in spite of their fanatical hatred of the Germans (which we honor and respect) chivalrous antagonists, who in their wrath of battle are certainly quite our peers; and in them, we find, there is far more force and will for victory than we were in the beginning wont to believe. They die for their fatherland, and their final reason for fighting is after all an ideal one, the faith in the glory and greatness of a super-individual, the self-sacrifice to a whole that is higher than the personal. Thus, at least, does that France stand opposed to us, that is fighting for its existence in the trenches along the Aisne.

With the rabble that shouts "*à bas la guerre*" in Paris, we need reckon just as little as with the rather doubtful citizens that constitute the immediate Government of France and whose heroism seems to show great rents these days.

Yes, for the heroic race of Frenchmen we feel almost a sort of pity, as with a noble wild game of the forest, wounded unto death. And this pity finds expression in wistful sympathy when we think of the quixotic strain in this wrestling with an overwhelming foe, when we see the childlike faith with which the people have grasped at every unpalatable hope of rescue from its anguish of death and still grasps at it, as a drowning man grasps at a wisp of straw. Don Quixote still remains the "noble knight" for whom—if he appears in the age of firearms—we still fire three salvos of honor over his grave.

And then, when we mention the word "France," there arise all the memories of the imperishable cultural values which its people have given to us. I believe that there are many, very many among us, who in their hearts hope that there may once again be something like a co-operative understanding and journeying together of Germans and Frenchmen, even if in a distant future which the youngest among us will probably not live to see—an agreement which through a union of German and French elements of culture will promise vast achievements for the purposes of humanity. In the last analysis—for that has in these very days been more frequently expressed—these two nations belong together; they are of equal worth, of equal spirit, of equal fineness, and yet so different that they can give each other infinitely much.

Just as has the hate against England, so has this friendship for France found poetic expression. In the *Hamburger Kriegsblatt* we read a poem by Wilhelm Höhne, the final stanza of which reads:

Ma pauvre France! Wann siehst du es
ein
Dass all deine Bündnisse Trug und
Schein?
Was meinst du, wärst du mit dem ver-
eint,
Der dich niederringt heute—ein ehrlicher
Feind!
Auf "Deutsche Treue" da könntest du
zählen!
Mit uns im Bund könnt'st der Welt du
befehlen.
Dem Briten, dem Russen, dem Asiaten!
Deutschland hat nie einen Freund ver-
raten!

(Translation.)

Ma pauvre France, when wilt thou see
That all thy allies are cheating thee?
What, though if thou with him wouldst
go
Who now overwhelms thee—an honest
foe!
On German faith thou couldst reckon
sure;
With us, thou couldst rule the world se-
cure,
The Briton, the Russian, the Asian, bend.
Germany has never betrayed a friend!



ANSWERING THE "CHANT OF HATE."

By BEATRICE M. BARRY.

FRENCH and Russian, they matter not,
For England only your wrath is hot;
But little Belgium is so small
You never mentioned her at all—
Or did her graveyards, yawning deep,
Whisper that silence was discreet?

For Belgium is waste! Ay, Belgium is
waste!

She welters in the blood of her sons,
And the ruins that fill the little place
Speak of the vengeance of the Huns.
"Come, let us stand at the Judgment place,"
German and Belgian, face to face.
What can you say? What can you do?
What will history say of you?
For even the Hun can only say
That little Belgium lay in his way.
Is there no reckoning you must pay?
What of the Justice of that "Day"?
Belgium one voice—Belgium one cry
Shrieking her wrongs, inflicted by
GERMANY!

In her ruined homesteads, her trampled fields,
You have taken your toll, you have set your
seal;

Her women are homeless, her men are dead,
Her children pitifully cry for bread;
Perchance they will drink with you—"To
the Day!"

Let each man construe it as he may.
What shall it be?
They, too, have but one enemy;
Whose work is this?
Belgium has but one word to hiss—
GERMANY!

Take you the pick of your fighting men
Trained in all warlike arts, and then
Make of them all a human wedge
To break and shatter your sacred pledge;
You may fling your treaty lightly by,
But that "scrap of paper" will never die!
It will go down to posterity,
It will survive in eternity.
Truly you hate with a lasting hate;
Think you you will escape that hate?
"Hate by water and hate by land;
Hate of the head and hate of the hand."
Black and bitter and bad as sin,
Take you care lest it hem you in,
Lest the hate you boast of be yours alone,
And curses, like chickens, find roost at home
IN GERMANY!

England Caused the War

By T. von Bethmann-Hollweg, German Imperial Chancellor.

Following is the full text of the speech delivered by the German Chancellor at the session of the Reichstag in Berlin on Dec. 2, 1914:

THE Emperor, who is absent with the army, has charged me to transmit his best wishes and cordial greetings to the German Reichstag, with whom he is known to be united till death in the stress of danger and in the common concern for the weal of the Fatherland.

Our first thought goes out to the Kaiser and the army and navy—our soldiers who are fighting for the honor and greatness of the empire. Full of pride and unshakable confidence, we look to them and to our Austro-Hungarian comrades in arms, who are firmly united to us, to fight great battles with brilliant bravery.

Our most recent ally in battle who has been obliged to join us is the Ottoman Empire, which knows well that with the destruction of the German Empire it, too, would lose its national right to control its own destiny. As our enemies have formed a powerful coalition against us, they will, I hope, find that the arm of our brave allies reaches the weak spots in their world position.

On Aug. 4 the Reichstag expressed the firm resolution of the whole people to undertake the war which had been forced upon them and to defend their independence to the utmost.

Since then great deeds have been accomplished. The incomparable gallantry of our troops has carried the war into the enemy's country. There we still stand firm and can regard the future with every confidence, but the enemy's resistance is not broken.

We are not yet at the end of our sacrifices. The nation will continue to

support those sacrifices with the same heroism as hitherto, for we must and will fight to a successful end our defensive war for right and freedom. We will then remember how our defenseless compatriots in hostile countries were maltreated in a manner which is a disgrace to all civilization. The world must learn that no one can hurt a hair on the head of a German subject with impunity.

It is evident to us who is responsible for this—the greatest of all wars. The apparent responsibility falls on those in Russia who ordered and carried out the mobilization of the Russian Army; the real responsibility, however, falls on the British Government. The Cabinet in London could have made the war impossible if it had without ambiguity declared at Petrograd that Great Britain would not allow a Continental war to develop from the Austro-Servian conflict.

Such a declaration would also have obliged France to take energetic measures to restrain Russia from undertaking warlike operations. Then our action as mediators between Petrograd and Vienna would have been successful, and there would have been no war.

But Great Britain did not act thus. Great Britain was aware of the bellicose machinations of the partly irresponsible but powerful group around the Czar. She saw how the ball was rolling, but placed no obstacle in its path. In spite of all its assurances of peace London informed Petrograd that Great Britain was on the side of France and, consequently, on the side of Russia.

The Cabinet of London allowed this monstrous worldwide war to come about hoping, with the help of the Entente, to destroy the vitality of England's greatest European competitor in the

markets of the world. Therefore, England and Russia have before God and men the responsibility for the catastrophe which has fallen upon Europe. Belgian neutrality, which England pretended to defend, was nothing but a disguise.

On the evening of Aug. 2 we informed Brussels that we were obliged, in the interest of self-defense and in consequence of the war plans of France, which were known to us, to march through Belgium, but already, on the afternoon of the same day, Aug. 2, before anything of our action in Brussels could have been known in London, the British Government promised France unconditional assistance in case the German fleet should attack the French coast. Nothing was said about Belgium neutrality.

How can England maintain that she drew the sword because we violated Belgian neutrality? How could the British statesmen, whose past is well known, speak at all of Belgian neutrality? When, on Aug. 4, I spoke of the wrong which we were committing with our march into Belgium it was not yet established whether the Belgian Government at the last moment would not desire to spare the country and retire under protest to Antwerp. For military reasons I cannot go into whether there was the possibility of such a development on Aug. 4.

As to the guilt of the Belgian Government, many indications were already known at that time, but there were no positive and written proofs. Now, however, that it is demonstrated by documents found in Brussels how the Belgians surrendered their neutrality to England the entire world knows two facts.

One is that when our troops on the night of Aug. 3-Aug. 4 entered Belgian territory they were on the ground of a State which had given up its neutrality long ago. The other is that, not for the sake of the neutrality of Belgium, which she had herself undermined, did England declare war on us, but because she believed that she would be able to master us with the help of two great Continental powers.

Since Aug. 2, since her promise to assist France, England was no longer neutral, and was actually at war with us, and the argument that the declaration of war was a sequel to the violation of Belgian neutrality is nothing but a piece of play-acting performed to mystify the English people and neutral States.

Now that the Anglo-Belgian war plans are unveiled in their smallest details, the policy of British statesmen is branded before the tribunal of history for all time.

But British diplomacy went further. At England's request Japan snatches away heroic Kiao-Chau and violates the neutrality of China. Has England interfered in this violation of neutrality? Has England shown a care for neutral States in this case?

When, five years ago, I was called to office the Triple Alliance was opposed by a firmly united Entente. England's work was designed to serve the known principle of the balance of power, which means in plain German that the principle, followed for centuries by British policy and directed against the strongest Continental power, should find its strongest tool in the Triple Entente. This proves from the beginning the aggressive character of the Entente toward the plainly defensive tendencies of the Triple Alliance.

This was the germ of the forcible explosion. German policy was obliged to try to avert the danger of war by an understanding with the individual powers of the Entente. At the same time she was obliged to strengthen her defensive forces so that she should be prepared if war should come all the same. We did both. In France we always encountered ideas of revanche felt by ambitious politicians. With Russia some agreements were concluded, but Russia's firm alliance with France, her antagonism to us and our ally, Austria-Hungary, her Pan-Slavistic desire for power, her artificial hatred for Germany, made it impossible to conclude an agreement which in the case of a political crisis would exclude the danger of war.

England was comparatively free. Here

the best attempt at an understanding could be made which would have effectively guaranteed the peace of the world. I acted accordingly. The way was narrow, which I knew well. For decades the British insular intellect has been evolving the political principle, the dogma that the arbitrament of the world is due to England, which she can only maintain by undisputed supremacy on the sea and the much-quoted balance of power on the Continent.

I never hoped to break the old principle by persuasion. What I believe possible was that the growing power of Germany and the growing danger of war could be made to compel England to perceive that this old principle was untenable and impractical, and that a peaceable arrangement with Germany was preferable, but that dogma always paralyzed the possibility of an understanding. After the crisis of 1911 public opinion forced British rulers to a rapprochement toward Germany. By wearisome work an understanding was finally reached in different disputed questions of economic interest which related to Africa and Asia Minor. This understanding should have diminished possible political friction if the free development of our strength were not impeded. Both peoples had sufficient space to measure their strength in peaceful competition.

This was the principle always upheld by German policy. But while we were negotiating England was always thinking of strengthening her relations with Russia and France. The decisive factor was that more binding military agreements for the case eventually of a Continental war were concluded outside the political sphere. England negotiated, if possible, secretly. If anything leaked out of importance it was minimized in press and Parliament. It could not be concealed from us. The whole situation was as follows:

England was willing to come to an understanding with us in individual questions, but the first principle always was that Germany's free development of strength must be checked by the balance of power.

We did not fail to warn the British Government. As recently as the beginning of July I notified the British Government that we knew of the secret naval negotiations with Russia concerning the Naval Convention. I pointed out the serious danger which British policy meant for the peace of the world. A fortnight later what I predicted occurred. When war had broken out England dropped her disguise. She loudly announced that she would fight till Germany was conquered in an economical and military sense. We have only one answer. Germany cannot be destroyed. As her military strength has stood the test so has her financial strength.

Look at the diminution in the number of unemployed. The unemployed of yesterday are the army of today—their spirit is that of the soldier of yesterday and of today—the one spirit that animates us all.

When this spirit, this moral greatness of the people, when the proved heroism of our troops is called by our enemies militarism, if they call us Huns and barbarians, we can be proud enough and need not worry. This wonderful spirit in the hearts of the German people, this unprecedented unity, must and will be victorious. When a glorious and happy peace is concluded we will maintain this spirit as the holiest legacy of this terrible and serious and great time. I repeat the words of the Emperor:

"I know no parties. I know only Germans. When the war is ended parties will return without parties, without a political fight. There is no political life, not even for the freest and most united people."

Many seats are vacant here. Where are their holders? You know. There is the vacant seat of Herr Frank, (Socialist member;) but he will return no more. The spirit of cheerful self-sacrifice which animates us here as the guardians of the people's weal inspires the entire people.

Japan joined our enemies from a desire to seize as booty the monument of

German culture in the Far East. On the other hand, we have found an ally in Turkey, as all the Moslem peoples want to throw off the English yoke and shatter the foundations of England's colonial power. Under the banner of our army and the flag of our fleet we shall conquer.

This, then, is our inspiration—our vow! Germany shall fight on and continue to sacrifice herself on the altar of civilization and progress and patriotism until she shall have secured a guarantee from all that none henceforth shall disturb—shall dare to disturb—the peace of this, our German land.

A SONG OF THE SIEGE GUN.

By KATHERINE DRAYTON MAYRANT SIMONS, Jr.

WELDED in the devil-workshop of the
Essen blacksmith's stall,
There conceived and consecrated to
the nations' final fall,
In the iron of my entrails, in my thews of
shrunk steel,
In my mighty bore of barrel, in the claw of
cleated wheel,
Through the travail of my forging, was there
bred the ancient hate—
Primal blood-feud of the races, which the
races' blood must sate!

You, the Empress of the Ocean—did your
statesmen ne'er foretell
That your fortresses should crumble at the
hot kiss of my shell?
While the garnered greed of ages lay in leash
beneath my breast,
Did you deem an oath of honor more than is
a royal jest?
While you slept my masters labored! In the
metal of my frame
Molded they the mighty promise of a con-
tinent in flame!
In the casting of my carriage, in the boring
of my sheath,
They have riveted my armor with the dor-
mant dragon teeth!

By my twelve-mile range projectile, by my
weight of forty tons,
Do I mock the slender playthings which
Allies now call their guns!
Ever angry and unglutted, when the rocking
fight is red,
Then my slogan stirs all sleepers save the
still and dreamless dead!

Lo! The past is but a promise! When my
Saturnalia comes,
Then the Saxon stands uncovered to a march
of muffled drums,
Then the northern snows are trampled where
the Slavic horsemen sleep,
And the Latin women tremble for their lovers
as they weep!



GEN. LIMAN VON SANDERS PASHA.
Commander in Chief of the Turkish Army.
(Photo © by American Press Assn.)



GEN. KAMIO,
Commander in Chief of the Japanese Tsing-Tau Expedition.
(Photo from Paul Thompson.)

Why England Fights Germany

By Hilaire Belloc.

[Copyright, 1915, by The New York Times Company.]

Hilaire Belloc has for years been among the most prominent of English writers, his political and economic opinions being widely quoted. As a historian he has given special attention to the French Revolution, being the author of "Danton," "Marie Antoinette," "The Girondins," and other studies which are regarded by scholars as standard works. Mr. Belloc's military knowledge and experience (he served in the Eighth Regiment of French Artillery) and his understanding of history have made him an acute and interesting chronicler of the present war. The following article appeared in THE NEW YORK TIMES of Jan. 17, 1915.

I SHALL attempt in what follows to answer the question "Why is England at war with Germany?" It is perhaps the most important question upon which neutral countries, and especially neutral English-speaking countries, should have a true answer. Upon their just appreciation of England's position in this war a great deal of the immediate future of the world will depend.

But before proceeding to answer the question directly, we must get rid of certain misconceptions.

The question must be, as the French say, not only "put," but "put in its due proportion." It is not enough to answer the question "Why is England at war with Germany?" unless we know to begin with what that event means to this gigantic war as a whole.

Let us begin, then, by saying that this great war is not primarily a war between England and Germany at all. England and Germany are not the two chief combatants. The issue is not a victory to be achieved by Germany on the one side, or England upon the other. The victory of one of the parties in the great struggle would not produce a much

stronger England, though it certainly would produce a much stronger Germany.

The struggle is primarily and essentially a struggle between two conflicting theories of life and government, which have the Continent of Europe for their theatre, and of which the Prussians upon the one hand, the French upon the other, are the protagonists and have been the protagonists for now more than three generations.

All human conflicts have spiritual roots, and the underlying spiritual forces which by their contrast have led to this war are the forces of the old Latin and Christian civilization, with its doctrines of human equality and the rest, and the North German reaction against that tradition. Of the first the French are the guardians and have always been. Of the second the North Germans of the Baltic plain, and particularly the Prussians, have been the exponents; and one may survey Europe as a whole and say that the conflict spreads through the minds of all Europeans, dividing them between those who would prefer their posterity to live, consciously or unconsciously, under the ancient and continuous tradition of the civilization inherited from Rome or under some reversal of that tradition.

That conflict is apparent in every department of life; in the arts, in the customs of society, and, most important of all, in philosophy.

The direct, immediate, and perceptible issue of the struggle is again something different. It is an issue between the German-speaking peoples and the Slav. If you were to ask an acute, well-traveled observer, say a European

diplomat, what, at bottom, this war was, he would answer you thus:

"This war is an armed conflict provoked by the German-speaking peoples under the leadership of Prussia against the Slavs under the leadership of the Russian Empire. It has been provoked by Prussia as leader of the German peoples, not in a spirit of aggression but in a spirit of self-defense. The German peoples have for centuries regarded themselves as the bulwark of European civilization against Slav barbarism. They believe that the Slav power is rapidly getting so great as to be an immediate peril. They think it must be fought now or never. On this account Austria was induced by Prussia to challenge the Russian Government over the Servian question.

"Either that challenge would be accepted, with the result of war, or Russia would give way, thereby obtaining for the German peoples a victory without bloodshed. And Austria would proceed to administrate the Servian Slavs and to control them—driving a wedge into the whole Slav power and rendering it innocuous for the future.

"In this struggle between Teuton and Slav France comes in as an accessory, having made an alliance with Russia long ago for her own ends, and having nothing to do with the quarrel between Teuton and Slav. The German-speaking peoples regret the interference of France, but are prepared to take on the burden of a French war rather than abandon the moment for restricting the growing power of the Slav.

"Now, in all this," (your experienced man with a wide view of Europe would add,) "England was not concerned. Her position was quite subsidiary in all this quarrel. She had far less to do with it even than France had, and it was in every Cabinet of Europe doubted whether England would come in at all. By the Prussian Government it was taken for granted that England would have no reason to come in. By the French it was feared in spite of the recent relations between the two countries that England would remain neutral. And, in general,

the fact that England is at war at all is a fact on one side of the original quarrel and its original motives, though it is a fact that will profoundly affect the progress and the results of the war."

Such a statement would be no more than the plain truth as educated men know and see it in Europe today. The entry of England into the field of conflict was an entry from one side. It did not fall into line with the general motives of the people. It was, among all English statesmen, a matter of debate; it was decided by but a narrow majority of those responsible for so enormous a decision.

When we have clearly grasped these two fundamental facts—first, that the war is not on its mechanical side mainly a war between England and Germany, but mainly a war between two contrasting European and Continental ideals; secondly, the correlative fact that the entry of England into the war was not certain until the last hour, and was, when it was made, made only after doubtful consideration and after a division among the politicians, responsible for the conduct of her affairs, something almost accidental, as it were—we can proceed to consider the three causes which converging were sufficiently strong in their combination to produce that result, and when we know what those three causes were, their strength and the accidents of their convergence, at this moment we shall have answered the question, "Why is England at war with Germany?"

These three causes are:

1. The fixed cardinal point for English policy upon which no English patriot worthy of the name would hesitate for a moment, and which no historian with any sense of justice can condemn, to wit, that no one, if England can help it, shall have naval predominance over the British fleet, particularly in the narrow seas.

2. The effect of certain undertakings, a whole network of diplomatic actions, particularly in connection with France, engaged in by the English Foreign Office during the last ten years.

3. A certain vague attachment to the Western, or Latin, tradition of civiliza-

tion with its routine of conventions in war and peace, and particularly of treaties as between first-class powers. This tradition was still sufficiently strong to act as a motive converging with the two others mentioned above to produce a sufficient moral stream in favor of war as, though sluggish, to help to turn the scale.

I say that these three things combined, upon the whole and doubtfully, discovered a sufficient strength between them to make the English politicians, after serious hesitation and close division, determine upon war.

Let me take them in their order:

1. The cardinal point of statesmanship upon which all English foreign policy has turned for two hundred years, that no one shall be more powerful at sea than England, especially upon the shores of the narrow seas, appears to foreigners unarguably arrogant.

It is, indeed, of its nature a challenge to the rest of the world, but if the reader will consider a moment he will see that it is a challenge to which modern England, at any rate, is inexorably condemned. However much such a position may clash with the temperament of chivalrous and peaceable men—and it does clash with the temperament of many an English statesman of the past and of the present—no one with a respect for his country, or paying the common duty of allegiance to it, can compromise upon the matter. It is here with England precisely as it has been with all her parallels, the great oligarchic commercial commonwealths of the past; she lives by the sea, and the closing of the sea would be to her not inconvenience, but death.

It is, I think, this very sentiment that England can live only on condition that the English fleet is supreme which has led England to use that supremacy so sparingly. It is true to say that there has been no force of so much superiority to its rivals as the British Navy which in all history has been used for such purely defensive purposes as the British Navy has been used during the present generation, and this moderation I conceive to be due to a clear recognition that morally the

claim to supremacy at sea is a challenge which the great rival nations must feel acutely, and which they have a right to feel acutely, and which, therefore, must be softened in every possible way.

But if it is necessary that Great Britain should brook no rival at sea it is still more necessary that such a rival, should he arise, should not have naval bases within striking distance of her coast. The great exception has, of course, been France, and for two centuries at least that fact has molded the whole of British policy. Had Germany remained a Continental power and rejected maritime ambition that would still continue to mold British policy.

The French have, and Europe being what it is, will always continue to have the aptitude for the sea, the genius in mechanical invention and the superabundant wealth which between them are the three factors of the great modern fleet. A lengthy coast line training millions of her workers to a seafaring life, a long tradition of naval families, and pioneer in every form of modern naval war from the armor plate to the submarine, is the proof of this, if proof were needed.

As against the presence of some part of the French naval power on an opposing coast across a narrow armed water, the English Channel, Great Britain proceeded, generation after generation, to keep her control an essentially defensive naval force. She did it upon the position that her military effort, and therefore expenditure, should be slight; that her economic as her other energies should be chiefly devoted to her marine.

And though the French in the moments of their greatest prosperity were able, for all their constant military effort, to produce navies that rivaled those of Great Britain, yet Great Britain's effort was the more constant. She never engaged large bodies of men in war; she could take advantage of every French reverse during the two centuries when the French were perpetually engaged in huge Continental conflicts.

Great Britain, in a word, by ceaseless vigilance and at a great expense of

energy, managed upon the whole to dominate one branch of the narrow seas, the channel. Upon the other branch, the North Sea, she felt nearly always secure. An exception to this security was found during the brief Dutch period in the seventeenth century and again, much more acutely, when the French were the masters of the Low Countries, and when Napoleon took control of the shipbuilding yards not only from Brest to Dunkirk, but from Dunkirk to the Bight of Heligoland.

This presence of the French power in Holland, Belgium, and Frisia, in particular the French control of Antwerp, was the true cause of violent anxiety, and the no less violent efforts in reply which Britain made during the Napoleonic wars. For twenty-three years she fought, with but two short intervals of repose, upon a dozen nominal pleas, but with one plain piece of statesmanship at the back of her mind—that no one should control the narrow seas against herself.

And especially that if she could not prevent the existence in normal times of a very powerful, dangerous French fleet, rendering her anxious for one-half of those seas, at least the other half should be free from such anxiety.

In the midst of such a secular determination, successfully maintained, Germany began to build her new great modern fleet.

The German Empire had a most unquestioned right thus to challenge the power of Great Britain. It was indeed the most effective challenge which a nation jealous of Britain's commerce could deliver, but it is none the less true that the plain policy of self-preservation compelled Britain to take up that challenge.

For the first time in three hundred years Britain found herself beginning to support French trades, in the general policy of the world.

The French, for reasons which had nothing to do with England and with which the mass of the English governing classes in no way sympathized, had maintained for more than thirty years a determination to restore their own

power at the expense of Prussia. Because modern Germany was building her fleet, modern Britain, in order to check that movement, began thus in novel fashion and against all the old English traditions to support the French.

The thing was done at the bottom with reluctance. All Englishmen felt the common bond of religion which united their country with that which governs modern Germany. Many Englishmen believed that there was some vague bond of race between the two countries. Not a few worthy, ignorant men, and even one or two men of great ability, attempted to direct negotiations whereby a fixed ratio should exist between the two fleets; in other words, whereby the German Empire should pledge itself to a permanent inferiority at sea.

That empire would indeed have been more foolish even than cowardly had it listened to any such proposals. The position, therefore, was one of inevitable and increasing friction. It was a matter of life and death to England that no other great Western fleet should exist besides the French, and it was a matter of national existence to Germany once she had undertaken a policy not to give up that policy at the dictation of any other power—for, among other things, modern Germany lived on prestige; her whole internal structure depended upon it, and for Prussia to lose faith before Europe would be the end of the Germany that Prussia had made.

There are those who say that a Germany conducted by some Richelieu, or even by a surviving Bismarck, would never have attempted the building of a great fleet until accounts had been finally settled with France. There are those who say that the elements of statesmanship required the German Empire first to settle herself politically upon the shores of the Straits of Dover and the Netherlands, first to destroy the danger of a great war in the west on land, then and then only to begin building that fleet which must inevitably challenge Great Britain. It is no part of this criticism to consider the statesmanship of another nation, but at any rate once the

policy of building the fleet was begun conflict with England was in sight.

2. The second cause of England's joining in this war is the effect of a number of internal arrangements, some of them of minor importance, but all leading in one direction and ultimately placing the Government of Great Britain in a position from which it was difficult to retire. In general terms these arrangements were based upon the idea of joining the group of powers, French and Russian, which formed the counterpoise to the Germanic group in Europe, the German Empire and Austria. At the same time there was running through these arrangements the idea of detaching Italy, whose Government was firmly attached to Germany, but whose population was very doubtful, from the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy, which had been the cardinal point in European affairs for a generation.

The various steps by which Great Britain approached this position are well known. In the first place, she came to an arrangement with France whereby she should have a free hand in Egypt and France should be supported by England in the occupation of Morocco. This was done behind the back of Germany to the manifest loss of Germany's colonial ambition and, what is more noticeable, England was openly paying a very high price for the new state of affairs she hoped to create, for she had pretty well a free hand in Egypt, already, while France's opportunity of going to Morocco and exploiting a very large area of valuable territory—something quite new and additional to her—depended upon England's withdrawing her opposition.

That opposition was withdrawn; and though the most violent effect was produced in Germany, though there were threats of war, pitiable quarrels within the French Cabinet and a moment of grave danger, the pact was accomplished, and Morocco, all save the strip opposite Gibraltar, became French, while all that Germany had to show for her share was an irregularly shaped and not valuable couple of slices cut out of tropical Africa in the Congo Basin from the vast French

possessions there, and added to her own still insufficient share.

Another group of arrangements was that with Russia, and here again England willingly paid a heavy price, and again completely reversed her traditional policy. She gave all that is vital in Persia to Russian control. She forgot her old anxiety about the Indian frontier; she lost her old and hitherto unbroken policy of supporting Turkey in Europe. When the war came she was with the French in supporting the Balkan powers, "The Little Nations."

Finally, in the matter of Italy, she supported or permitted the Italian attack upon and annexation of Turkish territory in North Africa, and consistently, before and after that event, worked for the strengthening of Italy in the Triple Alliance and for securing the neutrality of that country, at least in case of a European war.

There were many other arrangements besides these three principal and typical ones, but all, small or great, were based upon the same idea, and pointed in the same direction. England was leaning upon the Russian side against Germany. The most important in the minor details in this new policy, the one which has had most effect perhaps in producing the war, was an understanding whereby the French fleet should virtually evacuate the Northern Seas and undertake for England the policing of the Mediterranean trade routes, and the guardianship of that source of food supply to Great Britain, thus leaving the whole weight of the British Navy free to guard the North Sea, and to face the new and growing German naval force.

Now, it must always be borne in mind that these arrangements, large and small, detailed and general, whereby Great Britain gradually involved herself in a network of French and Russian supports and reciprocal duties, never took the form of an alliance. The utmost pains were taken by English diplomatists and permanent officials at the English Foreign Office, experts and servants, to state that England remained

free in spite of all to act as her conscience or her interest might dictate, whenever, or if, war should break out between the two groups of Continental powers. No one can read the conflict of evidence between the German Ambassador and Sir Edward Grey in the highly typical telephone incident which took place immediately before the recent declaration of war without seeing that liberty of action was maintained by the Government of Great Britain until the very last moment.

But one cannot do a number of things, each weighted with a similar tendency, without one's whole conduct and fate being determined in the direction to which those actions tend. To preserve one's legal or technical independence is not enough. In this specific case, for instance, the naval arrangement proved an exceedingly weighty thing. France could say:

"Relying on your explicit, though not expressed, support of myself and Russia, I guarded your trade routes in the Mediterranean and left my northern coasts undefended. Here is war about to break out with those northern coasts of mine bare against the overwhelming attack from the German fleet, and with nothing wherewith I can guard it; and that nakedness is entirely due to having trusted you. You may not have a legal obligation, but the moral one is not to be shirked."

At any rate, I insist upon the tendency of all these various diplomatic acts, because it has been they that might have dragged the most reluctant Government into this conflict, and it was they which, in combination with the cardinal policy of preventing maritime rivalry in the narrow seas, decided the present policy of this country.

3. But, as I have said, there was a third cause, much vaguer and, until war actually broke out, of little effect. Though there had existed for thirty years from 1880 until after the beginning of the new century such strong bonds of sympathy between Great Britain and North Germany—bonds riveted by Court influence and much more strengthened by

the influence of the universities and of religious leaders—though some contempt for and alienation from the French had become of increasing note in English public utterances and literature, yet Great Britain retained upon the whole the Western doctrine of civilization and of its traditions.

The increasing German reaction against those traditions, particularly in morals, was not wholly sympathetic to the temper of the gentry, at least in England, and was sometimes exasperating.

All nations have cynically violated treaties at one time or another, but there is about a solemnly undertaken treaty by the great European powers and affecting the happiness of the smaller neutral States something particularly sacred. And though it must not for one moment be regarded as the principal cause of the war, it is true that the crudity of Prussia's neglect of treaties, the too simple fashion in which Prussia proposed a breach of international obligations in the matter of Belgium, did affect the conscience of not a few powerful men in England, and, what is perhaps more important, furnished a definite and concrete point on which the doubtful issue of peace or war could repose.

It must be remembered in this connection that Prussia had a novel tradition of her own in such matters. The phrase "The Frederickian tradition" is an accurate phrase. Frederick the Great did start the open and avowed doctrine that a breach of international convention and of international morals is always tolerable in the aggrandizement of one's country.

I think one is not telling the truth if one says that the proposed violation of Belgian territory for the invasion of France was of a nature to cause an explosion of anger in the very hardened minds of the professional politicians in any modern country. There is not one group of them that has not been guilty of something of the sort before. But I think one is telling the truth if one says that the over-simple and cold way in which Prussia took it for granted that the violation of a solemn and most im-

portant treaty was nothing just shocked opinion, even of the politicians, sufficiently to help to incline the balance against her.

There is much more. The Prussian estimate of Russian, of French, and even of English psychology was very erroneous. The Prussian way of getting France not to join is about as subtle as spitting in a man's face, and the elephantine gambols of the German diplomats in London during the fatal week preceding the war were a positive aid to the catastrophe that was about to take place. They blundered as hard and as heavily as it was possible to blunder; going to the wrong people; despising the subtly powerful; paying court to the more advertised and less controlling of the English public men, and in a word behaving themselves after that fashion for which we have coined the adjective "newspaper."

There was further the peculiar aggravation of the tone in which the Austrian note had been addressed to Servia. There

was further the patent and almost puerile double dealing of Berlin in the attempted negotiations for peace between Russia and Austria—in which negotiations the British Cabinet was very prominent. But beyond all these other minor points, these three causes I have mentioned, by their convergence, seem to have determined England's participation in the war, with all the enormous but as yet unguessed consequences that will follow therefrom.

I repeat, I do not say that any one of those three causes would in itself have been sufficient. The three combining were just sufficient, and this account, if I am not mistaken, justly presents the picture that history should have of the manner in which Great Britain determined to conclude the long process of her recent diplomatic revolution and to engage with the Allies against the German Empire and the Hapsburg house, which the German Empire tows in its wake.

AT THE VILLA ACHILLEION CORFU.

By H. T. SUDDUTH.

A HAUNTING presence seems to fill the air,

A shade of grandeur gone and e'er to be
One with the legends of the Ionian Sea—
One memory more linked with Corcyra fair,
Disjoined, alas! from presence elsewhere—
A lost illusion of the years once free
And glorious in the kindling memory
Of grand Homeric Past still lingering there!

The olive orchards crown the hills; the vine
And rose still flourish on the sunny slopes
As in Alcinous' Gardens; Morning opes
Her eyes irradiant with the dawn divine!
But now no longer at Achilleion
The Kaiser wakes to see fair Eos dawn.

In Belgian or in Russian lands afar,
Beneath the smoke-cloud cope of shrouded
Heaven
Where hissing shot and shell and War's red
levin
Spread far and wide the canopy of War!
Where Nature shudders and seems to abhor
The awful scene; where myriad souls, un-
shriven,
From life and all its joys at once are riven,
Behold the Kaiser now 'neath Mars' red star!

A stern and sombre, gray-haired figure he,
And standing midst the wreck of youthful
dreams
Sees he at times through battle smoke the
gleams
Of rippling waves on blue Ionian Sea?
Thinks he not sadly on the days now gone,
And dreams he dreamed at fair Achilleion?

Germany's Strategic Railways

By Walter Littlefield.

GERMANY'S explanation of her violation of Belgium's neutrality has thus far assumed two successive phases which have been placed on record by the Imperial Chancellor in as many speeches in the Reichstag. Before that body Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg said on Aug. 4, 1914:

Our troops have occupied Luxemburg, and perhaps have also found it necessary to enter Belgium territory. This is contrary to international law. The French Government has declared in Brussels that they will respect the neutrality of Belgium as long as she respects the opponent. We know, however, that France was ready to invade Belgium. France could wait; we, however, could not, because a French invasion in our lower Rhein flanks would have proved fatal. So we were forced to disregard the protests of the Luxemburg and Belgian Governments. We shall try to make good the injustice we have committed as soon as our military goal has been reached. Who, like we, are fighting for the highest, must only consider how victory can be gained.

On Dec. 2 last Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg said:

When, on Aug. 4, I spoke of the wrong which we were committing with our march into Belgium, it was not yet established whether the Belgian Government at the last moment would not desire to spare the country and retire under protest to Antwerp. * * * Now, however, that it is demonstrated by documents found in Brussels how the Belgians surrendered their neutrality to England the entire world knows two facts. One is that when our troops on the night of Aug. 3-4 entered Belgian territory they were on the ground of a State which had given up its neutrality long ago. * * *

To both these charges the Belgian Government has made reply. To the first it said that, while the assurance that France would not invade Belgium was sufficient, yet if France did take

the initiative the Belgian Army stood ready to defend its territory from a French invasion.

To the second, it said that the documents found in Brussels merely showed an exchange of ideas as to how England might aid Belgium in defending her neutrality against an attack by Germany, and that there was nothing binding on either England or Belgium as to the outcome of these "conversations" of military experts.

In rebuttal Germany has asked: But why were we also not taken into the confidence of Brussels and similar plans formulated by which we might aid Belgium in repelling an invasion from either France or England?

To this the answer is simple: It has always been one of the objects of British policy to preserve Belgian neutrality, and that, aside from moral considerations, it would not be good military science for France to seek Germany via Belgium.

But this answer is capable of an expansion it has not hitherto received. Why did Belgium appear to fear an invasion from Germany and not one from England or France?

One has heard a great deal about Germany's supposed ambition to expand her North Sea coast at the expense of Denmark, Holland and Belgium, by coercing the Danish and the Dutch Governments to rebuild their coast fortifications toward England and to dismantle their forts on the German frontier. Much has also been said of Germany's contemplated invasion of the Low Countries at the time of the Agadir incident in 1911.

Documentary proof of Germany's contemplated initiative has hitherto been missing. Certain facts have, however,

recently come to hand which enable one to review the German explanation. One of these facts embraces a project for railway expansion engineered and carried out on the Belgian frontier, which can leave no doubt in any reasonable mind that Germany deliberately planned to violate Belgium's neutrality the moment it became a military expediency to invade France.*

If, according to jurisprudence, the planning to commit crime is legally on a par with its achievement, then Germany, for five years prior to the war, had been guilty of violating Belgium's neutrality—guilty in such a manner as to leave no doubt in the minds of Belgian, French, and English statesmen and military experts that the actual commission of the crime would some day take place.

It was Belgium's peculiar duty, as will be seen, to prepare for that day. To have taken Germany into her confidence on a point on which Germany was already fully informed would very likely have hastened the day and the tragedy thereof.

In keeping up her forts facing Germany and building none on the French frontier, in exchanging ideas with English military experts as to how best her

neutrality could be defended, Belgium was preparing for the inevitable. This inevitableness is no longer a matter of moral conjecture. It is a matter of material evidence.

First, let us see what it was that Germany violated. Belgium, partly by a decree of the Vienna Congress in 1815 and partly by revolution, secured her independence from the Netherlands in 1830. The next year she inaugurated her Constitution, and by the Treaty of London, signed Nov. 15, 1831, became the god-child, as it were, of Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia, who guaranteed her neutrality for all time in the following manner:

Article 7—Belgium, within the limits specified in Articles 1, 2, and 4, shall form an independent and perpetually neutral State. She shall be bound to observe this same neutrality toward all other States.

Article 26—Consequent upon the stipulation of the present treaty there shall be peace and unity between H. M. the King of the Belgians, on one part, and H. M. the Emperor of Austria, the King of the French, the King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of all the Russians, on the other, respectively, forever.

The treaty, however, was not at once put into force, for there was a pending quarrel between Belgium and the Netherlands. When peace was made in 1839 the treaty was again brought forward, signed, and promulgated. Thereupon all the States of Europe recognized the Kingdom of Belgium. The plenipotentiaries who then signed the treaty were Palmerston for Great Britain, Sylvan van de Weyer for Belgium, Senfft for Austria, H. Sebastiani for France, Bülow for Prussia, and Pozzo di Borgo for Russia.

It has been asserted that, for various reasons, it was not incumbent upon the German Empire to observe the treaties contracted for by the Kingdom of Prussia. But these assertions, even to German statesmen, amount to nothing. That the German Government recognized that

*Compare the railway maps of Northern France and Northern Germany in "Cook's Continental Time Tables" for the years 1908 and 1914.

A confidential agent of the British Government examined the ground in May, 1914. Part of the results of his work has been published from time to time by the military correspondents of The Times and The Morning Post of London and all is particularly designated in the British Foreign Office Memorandum secured by Prof. Hibben of Princeton on Nov. 9, 1914, and published in THE NEW YORK TIMES of Nov. 25. In this memorandum it is stated:

"The strategic dispositions of Germany, especially as regards railways, have for some years given rise to the apprehension that Germany would attack France through Belgium."

The disposition of the Third, Seventh, Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh German Army Corps and the First, Fourth, and Fifth Cavalry Divisions, from Aug. 2 to 5, shown on French war maps, reveals that the attack was so made.

"the neutrality of Belgium is determined by international conventions" has been repeatedly asserted by its numbers, from the inauguration of the Imperial Constitution, April 16, 1871, down to Aug. 4, 1914, when the Imperial Chancellor admitted that the presence of German troops in Belgium was "contrary to international law."

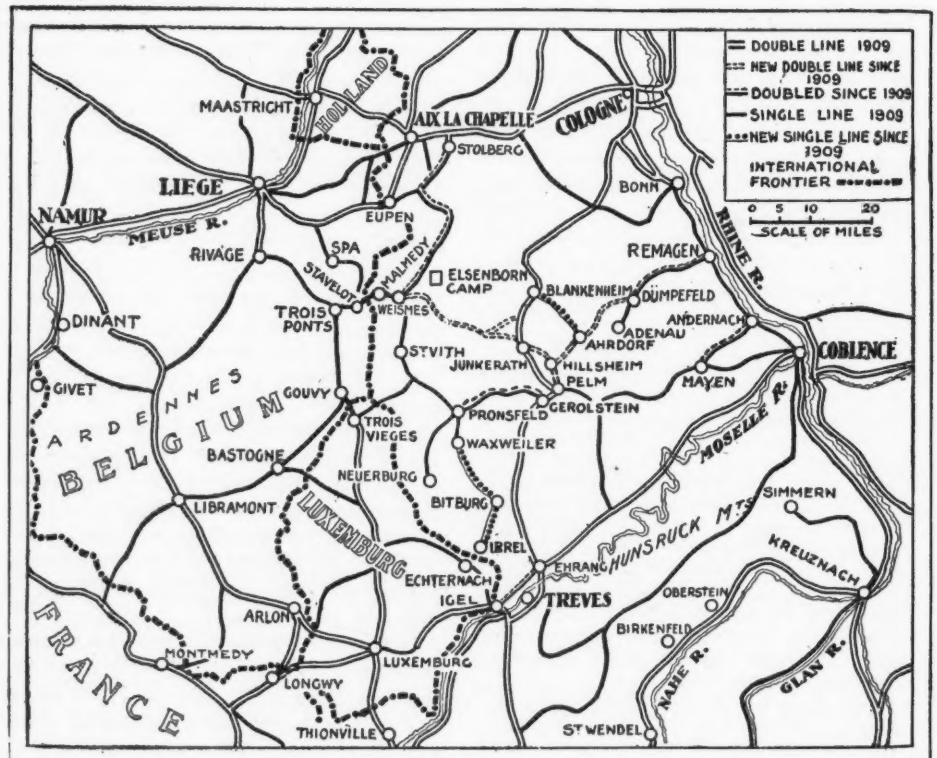
This he stated in the Reichstag. "I speak openly," he had said. That same evening he is reported to have exclaimed to the British Ambassador that "just for a word—'neutrality,' a word which in war time had so often been disregarded—just for a scrap of paper Great Britain was going to make war on a kindred nation who desired nothing better than to be friends with her."

There can be no doubt that Germany realized just what she was doing when she marched her troops into Belgium.

The question is, had she any preconceived idea of such a march?

In the southwest corner of Prussia is a rectangular piece of territory, the western and eastern sides of which are formed respectively by the Belgian and Luxemburg frontiers and the River Rhine. This territory includes about 3,600 square miles, and supports a population including the great centres of Cologne, Coblenz, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Treves, of nearly 1,000,000 souls. In other words, it is an area about half as large as New Jersey, if we omit that State's water surface, and just about as thickly populated.

Five years ago this little corner of Prussia had about 15.10 miles of railway to every 100 square miles of territory and New Jersey 30.23. In five years the Prussian territory has increased her rail-



Map Showing Germany's Plan to Invade Belgium by a Strategic System of Railways Begun in 1909.

way mileage to 28.30 and New Jersey to a little less than 30.25.

Five years ago, in the Prussian territory, the only double lines existing were those from Cologne to Treves, from Coblenze to Treves, and the two double lines, one on each side of the Rhine, from Cologne to Coblenze, thus forming the three sides of a triangle. There was also the double track running from Cologne to Aix-la-Chapelle. These double lines were fed as commerce required, by only two sets of single-track lines, all amounting to a little less than 550 miles of traction—a very fair service, considering the products of the country covered.

In five years, without any apparent industrial and commercial demand for it, this traction has been increased to nearly twice its length, or to about 1,020 miles. Villages like Dumpelfeld, Ahrdorf, Hillesheim, Pronsfeld, and the health resort of Gerolstein of comic opera fame, all of less than 1,300 inhabitants, have been linked up by double-track lines with towns like Remagen, St. Vith, and Andernach, whose populations only range from 1,500 to 9,000.

Exactly what has been done? In the first place the Stolberg-St. Vith line has been relaid and doubled, and very extensive detraining stations constructed at various points along it, especially at Weiwertz and St. Vith. Then the Remagen-Adenau line has been doubled as far as Dumpelfeld, whence a double line has been continued to Hillesheim, with double branches outward from Hillesheim to Pelm and Junkerath, both on the Cologne-Treves railway.

Then from Ahrdorf, between Dumpelfeld and Hillesheim, a single line has been built to connect with the Cologne-Treves line at Blankenheim, and a most important double track laid across the barren country from Junkerath to Weiwertz on the Stolberg-St. Vith line.

It will thus be seen that five lines converge on Pelm: the double line from Cologne, the new double line from Remagen via Hillesheim, and the single line from Andernach. Pelm is $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles from Gerolstein, and yet over this short distance between the two villages there are laid down six parallel lines of rail,

besides numerous additional sidings. Moreover, the double line from Hillesheim to Junkerath crosses over the main Cologne-Treves line by a bridge, and runs parallel to it for some distance before turning off to the left to reach Weiwertz.

In fact the knot of lines around Junkerath, Pelm and Gerolstein is a marvel of construction for heavy, rapid transit, for no congestion would arise in a case of a sudden flood of traffic going in various directions, and to secure still more freedom the line from Gerolstein to Pronsfeld has been doubled.

Few of these lines, it is to be noted, cross the frontier. Three of them as late as last May led to blind terminals within less than a day's march from it—the double line from Cologne via Stolberg to Weiwertz, the double line from Cologne via Junkerath and Weiwertz to St. Vith, and the double line from Remagen via Hillesheim and Pelm to Pronsfeld.

The cost of the whole system, with its numerous bridges and multiple sidings, must have been enormous. The German average of \$108,500 to the mile would hardly cover it.

Here is what a traveler saw when he visited this corner of Prussia last May:

The — is as much struck by the significance of the ordinary traffic along these lines as he is by the huge embankments and cuttings on which nothing has yet had time to grow, and by the inordinate extent and number of the sidings to be seen everywhere. Baby trains, consisting of a locomotive and four short cars, dodder along two or three times a day, and if a freight train happens to be encountered, it will be found to be loaded with railway plant.

Another point that is noticeable is that provision exists everywhere at these new junctions and extensions for avoiding an up-line crossing a down-line on the level; the up-line is carried over the down-line by a bridge, involving long embankments on both sides and great expense, but enormously simplifying traffic problems when it comes to a question of full troop trains pushing through at the rate of one every quarter of an hour, and the empty cars returning eastward at the same rate.

The detraining stations are of sufficient length to accommodate the longest troop train (ten cars) easily, and they generally have at least four sidings apart from

the through up-and-down lines. Moreover, at almost every station there are two lines of siding long enough for troop trains, so that they can be used to some extent as detraining stations, and so that a couple of troop trains can be held up at any time while traffic continues uninterrupted.

It is impossible to believe that this system was constructed for any other purpose than to prepare for the exigency which might some day force Germany to ignore the Treaty of 1839 and invade Belgium. At least it presumably accounts for the vast armies which invested Liège and Namur in the early days of last August.

Its existence, in both the light and the darkness of the Treaty of Neutrality, shows that Belgium was justi-

fied in taking any measures which were likely to preserve her national existence, so obviously threatened. That these measures were always within the letter and spirit of the treaty of 1839 is so much to her credit.

The strategic lines that Germany built on her frontier would have justified her in going further. Her obligations to herself and to her pledged protectors prevented this. Germany went on with her railway building unchallenged. She laboriously constructed an edifice which is both a monument and an altar—a monument to military forethought and expediency, an altar on which she has sacrificed her national honor.

GLORY OF WAR.

By ADELINE ADAMS.

SINGER, why are you white and sad,
And staring through the stars?"
"The friend and brother I once had
Is fallen in the Wars."

"Was he at Mons, or by the Aisne,
Or near the Flanders shore?"
"Also at Rheims, and in Lorraine,
And places many more."

"Had he no children, fair of limb?"
"Yes, he had many sons,
But most are fallen there with him,
Before the monstrous guns."

"And were the daughters of his heart
Crushed also to the sod?"
"The nun who saw their lot and part
Died maniac, cursing God."

"His wife?" "The woman lives, yet dies
Daily, and with the grace
Men say befits her sacrifice,
As if befits her race."

"What was her race, and your friend's rank?
Was he of the first line?
And was he Briton, Russ, or Frank,
Or from beside the Rhine?"

"Ah, many thousand times untold
My friend was each of these,
And went from mart or forge or fold,
To drown in red, red seas!"



Area of War in Western Europe.

Chronology of the War

Showing Progress of Campaigns on All Fronts and Collateral Events
from Oct. 15, 1914, to and Including Jan. 7, 1915.*

CAMPAIGN IN EASTERN EUROPE

- Oct. 16—German-Austrian forces assume offensive between the Vistula River and Galicia; fighting near Warsaw and Przemyśl; Germans forced back into arid country from vicinity of Ivangorod; Servians and Montenegrins defeat Austrians at Glasinatz.
- Oct. 17—Germans advance near Mława; their attempts to cross the Vistula repulsed; Austrians claim successes in Galicia; Montenegrins, French, and British bombard Cattaro.
- Oct. 18—Austrians repulsed at River San; both sides claim victories in Przemyśl district; report that Germans have lost heavily in trying to cross the Vistula at Ivangorod; Servians rout Austrians on the Save and the Drina.
- Oct. 19—Fierce fighting near Warsaw and Przemyśl; Servians capture Serajevo forts.
- Oct. 20—Przemyśl forts damaged; Austrians advance in Stryl and Stica Valleys; Servians win at Prekiet.
- Oct. 21—Russian General Staff announces German rout in Poland and halting of Austrians at the San; Servians repel Austrian attacks in Bosnia.
- Oct. 22—Russians defeat Germans near Warsaw; Russians capture many Austrian soldiers and some guns in Galicia.
- Oct. 23—Russians pursue retreating Austrians in Poland; Germans move fortified positions to River Warthe and claim victory west of Augustowo; Austrians reoccupy Czerńowitz and announce capture of fortifications around Sambor.
- Oct. 24—Russians drive Germans back forty miles from Warsaw; fighting south of Piliza River; Berlin reports repulse of attacks west of Augustowo; fighting in Galicia; both sides claim victory in Bosnia.
- Oct. 25—Russians defeat German rear guard trying to cross the Rivers Ravka, Skernevka, and Rylka; German-Austrian forces repulsed near Przemyśl; fighting in Bosnia.
- Oct. 26—Battle raging between Rawa and the Iljanka River.
- Oct. 27—New Russian Army crosses the Vistula north of Ivangorod; Russians drive Germans from Rawa; Austrians claim victory in Galicia.
- Oct. 28—Germans admit that German and Austrian troops have been forced to retire from Russian Poland as fresh Russians come up; fighting along River San; Hungarian cavalry division almost annihilated in Galicia.
- Oct. 29—Russians split opposing armies north and south of Piliza River; Northern German army in retreat.
- Oct. 30—German Army retreating from the Vistula is hard pressed by the Russians, who capture guns and aeroplanes and reoccupy Czerńowitz; Austrian defeat near Tarnow.
- Oct. 31—Germans lose heavily on East Prussian line; Russians occupy towns beyond the Vistula; Austrians capture several Russian positions and win victory on border of Bukowina.
- Nov. 1—Russians regain more of Poland and advance along whole front beyond the Vistula; fighting at Opatow; Montenegrins bombard Cattaro and advance in Herzegovina; Austrian movement checked at Nadworna.
- Nov. 2—Russians advance on East Prussia, while northern force covers Warsaw; Germans retreat in three lines; German-Austrian armies in Poland make another stand; battle between Austrians and Servians near Rovrye.
- Nov. 3—Russians continue advances in East Prussia and Poland; Austrians storm Sabao.
- Nov. 4—Russians capture Barkalarjewo, drive left wing of German Army back toward Biala and Lyck, and dislodge rear guards from Kola and Przedborz; Austrians defeated on entire front from Kielce to Sandomierz.
- Nov. 5—Germans in critical position; frost a new misery of the campaign.
- Nov. 6—Russians recapture Jarosław; Austrians in retreat along entire Gallician front; Germans continue to retreat in East Prussia.

*This war chronology is continued from the issue of Jan. 23, and will be carried on in successive issues.

- Nov. 7—Russians attack last fortified German position at Sieradz on the Warthe; Germans check Russians at Kola; Austrian Embassy at Washington denies defeat.
- Nov. 8—Russian cavalry invades Posen Province and destroys railroad near Pleschen; German border population in Posen and Silesia in flight; Russians in Wirballen; Przemysl again attacked.
- Nov. 9—Russians are sweeping over the Prussian frontier; they occupy Goldapp; Germans withdraw further from the Vistula; Austrians are pushed back toward Cracow; Russians take many prisoners near Przemysl; Germans win victory near Wyschtuniz Lake and capture 4,000 prisoners; Servians force Austrian retirement near Shabats; Russians are twenty miles from Insternburg and seventy from Posen; Kaiser's estate at Riminten ruined.
- Nov. 10—Right wing of German Army driven back toward Masuran Lakes; Germans rush reinforcements to Thorn and Posen; Russians occupy Miechow; Austrians defeat Servians near Losniza.
- Nov. 11—Russians attack Cracow defenses; Austrians are pursuing Servians on Shabats-Losniza line.
- Nov. 12—Russians control East Prussian frontier railway; siege of Przemysl resumed; Austrians win victory at Pruth; at the San River they try to halt advance on Cracow; Servians rout Austrians who attempt to cross the Danube near Semandria.
- Nov. 13—Austrians evacuate Central Galicia; Russians take Tarnow, Jaslo, and Krosno; Germans face about and advance on Poland on forty-mile front; Germans defeat Russians in Galicia and near Kola.
- Nov. 14—Russians continue advance in East Prussia; they cross the River Schrenliava about fifteen miles from Cracow; Germans have successes at Stallupoenen and Vlaclaweo.
- Nov. 15—Germans withdraw from Kalisz and Weljun; they are repulsed near Czenstochow; Russians reach Angerburg.
- Nov. 16—Germans check Russian advance in East Prussia at Stallupoenen; Russians advancing from Soldau are defeated and driven back toward Plock; Russians in Russian Poland driven back to Kutno after German success at Wlozlawsk; Cracow is besieged.
- Nov. 17—Great battle is being fought in Poland between the Vistula and Warthe Rivers; Germans are falling back on the entire line between Gumbinnen and Angerburg; Austrians reach the Kolubara River and capture 8,000 Servians.
- Nov. 18—Russian advance guard between the Vistula and the Warthe driven back toward the Bzura; battle fought at Soldau; Russians advance in East Prussia; Servians and Montenegrins win fight near Trebinje forts.
- Nov. 19—Russians driven back behind the Bzura; Germans, reinforced, advance twelve miles beyond Lenczyca; Russians push forward in East Prussia and Galicia.
- Nov. 20—Russians check von Hindenburg on the Vistula-Warthe line and win success near Lodz; both sides claim successes on Cracow-Czentochowo line; Russian advance continues in East Prussia around Masurian Lakes; Russians take four towns in Galicia.
- Nov. 21—Russians take Przemysl trenches and find them filled with lime as cholera preventive; heavy fighting in Poland fighting at Cracow; lull in East Prussia; Servians fall back on strong positions; they deny Austrian reports of victories.
- Nov. 22—German Army advances to forty miles from Warsaw; fighting on line from Lowicz to Skierniewice; Russians take Gumbinnen; Austrians evacuate Neu Sandec; Russians take 2,000 prisoners near Cracow; Austrians cross Kolubara River and capture many Servians.
- Nov. 23—German advance on Warsaw checked by arrival of Russian reinforcements; many Germans captured near Lowicz; Austrians capture 2,400 Russians at Pilica; successful sortie by Przemysl garrison.
- Nov. 24—Ten-day battle in Poland ends in Russian victory, Germans being pressed back.
- Nov. 25—Left wing of main German Army surrounded in Russian Poland; remainder of army tries to retreat north of Lodz; von Hindenburg reported cut off from Crown Prince; Russians again invade Hungary and corner Austrians in Carpathian passes; Servians rout Austrians who crossed the Kolubara.
- Nov. 26—Russians report continued successes, while Germans report victories between Lodz and Lowicz; Servians make gains; Austrians report Przemysl undamaged.
- Nov. 27—Germans are sending reinforcements; Austrians admit evacuation of Czernowitz; Montenegrins defeat Austrians near Vishegrad.
- Nov. 28—Germans retreat in Poland, fighting hard; Russians gain near Cracow, and near Strykow; Russians in Czernowitz.
- Nov. 29—Montenegrins defeat Austrians in Bosnia; Russians split German Army at Lodz into three parts and repulse relief column at Gombin; fighting at Strykow and Zgierz; fighting in the Carpathians.
- Nov. 30—Three battles are being fought in Poland; Russians report capture of ten miles of German trenches near Lowicz; Russians fall in attack on Darkehmen; Russians have successes in Galicia and the Carpathians.

- Dec. 1—Germans break through Russian wing near Lodz, capturing 12,000 prisoners and 25 guns; Russians claim they have taken 50,600 Austrian prisoners in two weeks in Galicia; Austrians claim victories and capture of 35,000 Russians in Poland; Russians seize German ammunition barges on the Vistula; Servians capture 1,500 Austrians on the River Djid; Germans are suffering from the cold in Poland.
- Dec. 2—Austrians take Belgrade; both sides claim victories in Poland; Russians win at Szczercow, enter Wieliczka, and occupy strong positions on the Vistula; Montenegrins repulse Austrians trying to cut them off from Servians.
- Dec. 3—Germans claim capture of 100,000 Russians in battles in Poland; they attempt to flank Russian right wing; Austrians repulse assaults on Przemyśl; Russians take Bartfeld; Austrians report continued victories and say that Belgrade was taken at the bayonet's point.
- Dec. 4—Russians win at Lodz; Germans have suffered heavy losses in Poland; Allies land troops in Montenegro.
- Dec. 5—Germans, reinforced, form new battle line and move on Piotrkow, after losing heavily at Lodz.
- Dec. 6—Germans occupy Lodz and drive wedge into Russian centre; one Przemyśl fort falls; Russians shell Cracow.
- Dec. 7—Russians bombard Cracow suburbs; new battle on in Poland; Russians besiege fortress of Lotzen; Germans abandon Zgier; Servians check Austrian advance.
- Dec. 8—Germans again in Cracow.
- Dec. 9—Servians recapture towns of Valjevo and Ushirza, and take many Austrian prisoners; Germans lose heavily in attack on Lowicz; Austrians defeated near Cracow; Russians claim that they have 750,000 Austrian and German prisoners in Russia.
- Dec. 10—Servians capture many Austrians and large stores of supplies.
- Dec. 11—Three German columns repulsed in Poland; Austrians defeated north of Keszma and Parovnitza.
- Dec. 12—Servians repulse Austrians at Kosmai; Germans occupy Przanysz, but their front line is pierced; Lodz has been evacuated by the Russians.
- Dec. 13—Germans are defeated in Mława region; Posen prepares for a siege; Austrian right wing, driven into Bosnia by the Servians, is attacked by Montenegrins.
- Dec. 14—Servians reoccupy Belgrade; Austrians reoccupy Dukla in the Carpathians and capture 9,000 Russians; Germans gain in Northern Poland.
- Dec. 15—Austrians abandon Belgrade without a battle; Germans rush fresh troops to the Vistula; Austrians recross Carpathians into Galicia and drive Russian left back toward the San River.
- Dec. 16—King Peter enters Belgrade at head of an army; Servian General Staff announces that country is free of invaders; Russians have new army in Warsaw.
- Dec. 17—Germans report Russian offensive against Silesia and Posen to be completely broken; battle at Sochaczew; Austrians have success in West Galicia.
- Dec. 18—Russians admit falling back and shifting battle lines, but they deny defeat; Russians win in Galicia between Sanok and Lisko; Austrians announce capture of Piotrkow and Przedborz.
- Dec. 19—Germans capture Lowicz; battle on the Bzura; fighting in Galicia; Russians hold lines on Dunajec River against spirited attacks; Austria claims to hold all West Galicia.
- Dec. 20—Von Hindenburg follows up his success at Lowicz; German wedge driven further toward Warsaw; Russians cross the Bzura and destroy bridges behind them; Death's Head Hussars reported as having been caught in a Russian trap and almost annihilated; Servians and Montenegrins again invade Bosnia.
- Dec. 21—Russians claim that Germans are being pursued into German territory; both sides claim advantages in Poland.
- Dec. 22—Russian Army menaces Thorn-Alenstein-Insterburg Railroad; Germans reform to protect it; von Hindenburg's left threatened by a new invasion of Germany; Germans cross branches of Bzura and Rawka Rivers; Austrians are defeated in the Carpathians.
- Dec. 23—Austrians defeated in Carpathians and Southern Galicia.
- Dec. 25—Movement of civilians to interior of East Prussia.
- Dec. 26—Russians gain in South.
- Dec. 28—Russians have raised the siege of Cracow to shatter Austrian armies attempting flank movement; Russians believe German attack on Warsaw has been checked.
- Dec. 30—Germans retreat over the Bzura; Russians advance in South Poland.
- Dec. 31—Germans claim to have taken 136,000 prisoners, 100 cannon, and 300 machine guns in Poland since November; reports from Petrograd state that the Germans lost 200,000 men at the Bzura.
- Jan. 1—Russians invade Hungary; Germans in Poland move south; Austrian Army split by Russian operations in Carpathian region.
- Jan. 2—Germans commence offensive movement against Kielce; Germans fortify captured Polish towns.
- Jan. 3—Germans capture Bollimow; German advance on Kielce fails, as well as German advance between Bzura and Rawka Rivers; Russians take thousands of Austrian prisoners and sweep through Bukowina; Germans rush to defend Cracow.
- Jan. 4—Russians occupy Suczawa; Cracow again threatened.

Jan. 5—Russians defeat Austrians in Uzsook Pass and prepare to invade Transylvania; Germans renew activities along the Vistula.

Jan. 6—New Russian army to take offensive against Germans at Mlawa; rain is interfering with many field operations; Germans help Austrians check advance against Cracow.

Jan. 7—Mud is hampering Germans.

CAMPAIGN IN WESTERN EUROPE.

Oct. 16—Germans occupy Ostend; battle line reaches the sea; Allies gain near Lille; French are near Metz; Allies check Germans in attempt to reach Dunkirk.

Oct. 17—Germans advancing again on Dunkirk; sharp fighting in Alsace; British take Fromelles; Allies take Fleurbaix and claim gains on line from Ypres Canal to the sea.

Oct. 18—Announcement that Allies' left has pushed forward thirty miles; they retake Armentieres; battle near Nieuport; Belgians repulse German attacks at River Yser; French repulse attack on St. Die and cut railroad in Alsace; Germans evacuate Courtrai; German forces in Bruges move toward French frontier.

Oct. 19—Allies advance between Nieuport and Dixmude; fighting from Ostend to Lille.

Oct. 20—Germans gain near Lille; Allies report recapture of Bruges.

Oct. 21—Allies repulse German attacks at Nieuport, Dixmude, and La Bassee; heavy fighting on the Yser; Germans gain near Lille.

Oct. 22—Battling on the coast; Allies helped by their fleets; cavalry battle at Lille.

Oct. 23—German right wing reinforced and gains ground at La Bassee; Allies gain near Armentieres; French retake Altkirch; heavy fighting between the Ghent-Bruges line and Roulers.

Oct. 24—French gain at Nieuport, but lose ground near Dixmude and La Bassee; desperate fighting along Yser Canal.

Oct. 25—Germans cross Yser Canal near Dixmude; Allies press Germans at Ostend; French gain near Lille and they claim command of German line of communication near St. Mihiel; battle at Nieuport.

Oct. 26—German advance checked on the Yser; fighting at Nieuport.

Oct. 27—Allies capture Thourout; fierce fighting on the Yser Canal; Allies claim that Germans have been driven across the eastern frontier near Nancy.

Oct. 28—Allies repulse night attack near Dixmude; they make gains in Ypres region and between La Bassee and Lens.

Oct. 29—Allies gain near Ostend; Germans gain west of Lille and southwest of Verdun; Germans dig intrenchments near Thielt.

Oct. 30—Belgians flood lower valley of the Yser River and compel Germans to withdraw; Germans gain in Argonne region.

Oct. 31—Allies yield ground in Belgium; Germans take two towns south of Ypres; they have success near Soissons; fighting around Verdun.

Nov. 1—Germans reinforced in Belgium; their advance made difficult by floods along the Yser; Allies take Mariakerke and are near Ostend; Allies cross the Yperlee and occupy Bixschoote.

Nov. 2—Germans, reinforced, capture Mesines; French gain at several points in advance to Ostend; Allies take Ramschapelle with the bayonet.

Nov. 3—Germans are being flooded out of the Yser region; they capture men and guns east of Soissons and gain ground east of Vailly; Allies check Germans in Argonne region; Belgians trap Germans by ruse at Furnes.

Nov. 4—Germans lose along the Yser and shift their line for a new attack; they repulse Allies south of Verdun and in the Vosges; they gain near Vailly; British and Germans have battled for three days in Ypres region; Germans suffer much in flooded trenches.

Nov. 5—Germans repulsed at Arras; Allies lose, then retake trenches; Germans, stated to have been watched by the Kaiser, beaten at Armentieres; Germans gain in Argonne region and in the Vosges; Belgians report progress.

Nov. 6—Allies retake Soupir; they capture German trenches on the Meuse and east of Verdun; battle raging around Ypres; French trap Germans in Arras.

Nov. 7—Battling from the sea to Alsace; Allies recapture lost trenches in centre and take St. Remi; Germans gain southwest of Ypres; Germans set up guns at Ostend.

Nov. 8—Allies gain plateau of Vregny; fighting centres at Ypres; Germans continue attacks between North Sea and the Lys; they gain in Argonne region; Belgians gain at Dixmude and Ypres.

Nov. 9—Germans renew attacks at Ypres and Dixmude; Ypres in flames; fighting on the Aisne.

Nov. 10—Allies advance between Ypres and Armentieres and between Rheims and Berry-au-Bac.

Nov. 11—Germans capture Dixmude, cross Yser Canal, capture first line of Allies' position west of Langemarck, and drive them out of St. Eloi; Allies reoccupy Lombaertzyde and repulse attacks near the coast.

Nov. 12—Both sides claim successes on the Yser.

Nov. 13—Germans break through British lines at Ypres; Allies advance on the coast to Bixschoote.

- Nov. 14—Allies check German assaults near Ypres; fighting at Dixmude; Germans win in centre and take Berry-au-Bac; Germans gain in forest of Argonne.
- Nov. 15—Allies drive Germans across the Yser; German gains in Argonne region; they prepare defensive lines from the North Sea to the Rhine.
- Nov. 16—Snow and floods check fighting; artillery duels in progress from Yser Canal to Dixmude; British Press Bureau report of operations up to Nov. 10 praises bravery of Germans.
- Nov. 17—Allies gain ground on the Yser between Armentieres and Arras; Germans resume bombardment of Rheims.
- Nov. 18—Zouaves take forest near Bixchoote; Germans mine and blow up west part of Chauvencourt, occupied by the French; fighting continues in West Flanders; Germans have successes in Argonne region and near Cirey; pneumonia is in the trenches.
- Nov. 19—Fighting in Flanders slackens; French retake Tracy-le-Val; they are repulsed in the Argonne region; British bombard Dixmude; many cities in West Flanders are in ruins.
- Nov. 20—French abandon Chauvencourt; artillery duel south of Ypres; British gain at Bixchoote; new big gun of Allies is doing effective work; French wreck German earthworks and supply trains near Rheims.
- Nov. 21—French artillery stops German attacks in Woevre district; French capture heights at Ornes and advance in Argonne region.
- Nov. 22—Cold halts fighting on the Yser; Ypres is bombarded; artillery fighting near Soissons and Vailly; Germans trapped by floods at Dixmude; Germans fortify Belgian coast.
- Nov. 23—Fierce fighting in the Argonne; Ypres again bombarded; German operations in Belgium checked by bad weather.
- Nov. 24—Germans attack Allies from Ypres to La Bassée.
- Nov. 25—French bombard Arncliffe and claim general gains; Germans gain at Arras; Indian troops retake lost trenches in Flanders.
- Nov. 26—Allies' armored train wrecks bridge across the Yser.
- Nov. 27—Rheims again bombarded; French gain in Alsace.
- Nov. 28—Germans mass near Arras; new British army has landed in France.
- Nov. 29—Allies capture important positions near Ypres; health of Germans on the Yser endangered by flooded trenches.
- Nov. 30—German losses on the Yser are found to have been very heavy.
- Dec. 1—Germans prepare for new dash toward the sea; cold is depleting the British ranks; Germans on the Belgian coast are suffering from famine, disease, and cold; battle on the Yser renewed; Germans are active north of Arras.
- Dec. 2—British, reinforced, take over the command of the Yser region.
- Dec. 3—Germans take offensive between Ypres and Dixmude; they lose heavily in trying to cross the Yser on rafts; French occupy Lesmenils; they take Tête de Faux in the Vosges, and Burnhaupt in Alsace.
- Dec. 4—Allies repeatedly attack the German lines in Flanders; fresh reserves are waiting behind Allies' lines.
- Dec. 5—French gain in Upper Alsace; they try to drive Germans from St. Mihiel.
- Dec. 6—Allies make advances in France.
- Dec. 7—Allies begin a general offensive movement; Belgians repulse a German boat attack along Yser Canal; Germans are leaving Alsace.
- Dec. 8—German headquarters moved from Roulers; Germans make new attack on Dixmude.
- Dec. 9—Belgians capture German trenches on the Yser by a ruse; Germans shell Ypres and Furnes.
- Dec. 10—Germans evacuate Roulers and Armentieres; French win victory at Vermelles.
- Dec. 11—Allies push forward; Germans rush guns to Ostend.
- Dec. 12—Allies drive Germans across the Yser Canal.
- Dec. 13—Allies have repulsed persistent German attacks in a three-day battle on the Lys; French gain in St. Mihiel region.
- Dec. 14—French continue aggressive movements in Alsace and Lorraine.
- Dec. 15—Allies advance on the whole front in movement to drive Germans from Belgium; German attacks south of Ypres repulsed and way to Roulers opened.
- Dec. 16—Germans evacuate Dixmude; German defenses near Arras mined; Allies maintain offensive; Germans force the fighting in Argonne region; Allies make gains from Arras to the sea; Germans repulsed in Woevre region and in Alsace.
- Dec. 17—Allies enter Westende; Germans rush more troops to Belgium.
- Dec. 18—Allies take Roulers; fighting in Lille and near Arras.
- Dec. 19—Allies gain at several points from the North Sea to the Oise; they lose near La Bassée.
- Dec. 21—Allies extend offensive operations; they report progress in the centre.
- Dec. 22—Allies press offensive; Germans shell hospital at Ypres; they claim that Allies' advance has failed.
- Dec. 23—Allies make slight gains.
- Dec. 24—British are using new howitzers; some German trenches have been torn to bits by French guns.
- Dec. 25—Reported that the French are shelling the outer forts of Metz; unofficial truce along much of the battle front; soldiers feast and get many gifts from home; in some instances Allies and Germans exchange gifts and visits.
- Dec. 26—Fog halts fighting in Flanders.

- Dec. 27—Germans pushing preparations for defense of Antwerp.
- Dec. 28—New Paris defenses are completed; the Rhine is being additionally fortified.
- Dec. 29—Germans reinforce line in Belgium.
- Dec. 31—Lull in the fighting on most of the front in Flanders and France; French take half of the village of Steinbach, Upper Alsace, which is of strategic importance.
- Jan. 3—French gain near Rheims and St. Mihiel, but are repulsed near St. Mennehoult; floods hinder fighting; conditions in Yser trenches are very bad.
- Jan. 4—Germans admit loss of Steinbach.
- Jan. 5—Germans are moving big guns from Ostend; French press on toward Cernay.
- Jan. 6—French make further progress at St. Mihiel; bombardment of Furnes necessitates shifting of Belgian headquarters.
- Jan. 7—French make progress in direction of Altkirch.

CAMPAIGN IN FAR EAST.

- Oct. 30—Japanese attack Germans at Tsingtau; Indian troops aid Japanese.
- Nov. 1—Desperate fighting at Tsingtau; city is in flames.
- Nov. 4—Japanese capture German guns and 800 prisoners at Tsingtau.
- Nov. 6—Germans surrender Tsingtau fortress.
- Nov. 7—Formal capitulation of Tsingtau; Japanese will administer city.

CAMPAIGN IN AFRICA.

- Oct. 28—Belgians defeat Germans on Lake Tanganyika.
- Oct. 29—Allies take Edo.
- Nov. 4—Germans defeat British in German East Africa.
- Nov. 7—Belgians aid British forces in the Congo.
- Nov. 23—British defeated in attack on German railway terminus in East Africa.
- Nov. 27—Maritz, Union of South Africa revolutionist, defeated.
- Dec. 10—Governor General Lord Buxton says that the revolution in the Union of South Africa is ended and reports capture of 7,000 rebels.
- Dec. 23—Portuguese retreat before Germans in Angola.

CAMPAIGN IN ASIA MINOR AND EGYPT.

- Oct. 29—Turkey begins war with Russia by bombarding Odessa from the sea.
- Nov. 2—Russians and Turks are fighting near Trebizond.
- Nov. 3—Turks claim victory over Russians in Armenia; German officers are with camel corps on Turkish-Egyptian frontier; Suez Canal threatened.
- Nov. 4—Russia begins invasion of Armenia.

- Nov. 5—England and France declare war on Turkey; Russians seize Armenian towns; Turks have successes in Kara-Killissa and Tehan districts; England annexes the Island of Cyprus; German officer sentenced to life imprisonment by Egyptian police for having plans to dynamite Suez Canal.

- Nov. 6—Armenians besiege town of Van.

- Nov. 7—Russians have successes northeast of Kara-Killissa.

- Nov. 8—Russians take Keprekli in Armenia and hold road to Erzerum.

- Nov. 9—Russians take Turkish fort near Erzerum and pursue Kurdish cavalry; Russians win at Kohrikoi on River Araxes.

- Nov. 10—France, England, Russia, Belgium, and Servia issue a formal declaration of war against Turkey; both sides claim victories in Erzerum region.

- Nov. 13—Russians advance on Erzerum from three directions; Turks fail in flank attack.

- Nov. 14—Russians rout Kurds in cavalry battle in Armenia; Turks have success on Caucasian border.

- Nov. 15—Turks occupy Persian town of Kotur; British troops land in Basra Province; Indian troops, aided by British cruiser, occupy Turba, Arabia.

- Nov. 16—Russians defeated near Kopruckeul; British take Turkish camp at Fao.

- Nov. 17—Russians checked near Fao; Turks occupy Duzkeuy.

- Nov. 19—Russians defeat Kurds in Persian Armenia; fighting near Urumiah; British success in Arabia.

- Nov. 22—Turks win near Port Said and reach Suez Canal; Russians gain near Juzveran.

- Nov. 23—British defeat Turks near Persian Gulf.

- Nov. 24—Russians defeat Turks in Armenia.

- Nov. 26—Turkish advance checked in Armenia.

- Nov. 28—Fierce fighting in the Caucasus; Enver Bey starts for Egypt.

- Dec. 6—Turks occupy Keda.

- Dec. 8—Turks defeated near Batum.

- Dec. 9—Turks at Kurna surrender to Indian troops.

- Dec. 10—British take 1,100 Turkish prisoners and nine guns.

- Dec. 11—Sheik Kiazim, Chief of the Shiites, proclaims a holy war; Turks report occupation of Geda.

- Dec. 15—Senussi tribesmen threaten Egypt.

- Dec. 18—Turks reinforced in Asia Minor.

- Dec. 20—Turks gain near Lake Urumiah.

- Dec. 21—Russians win in Armenia—Turks lose equipment.

- Dec. 22—Arabs menace Christians in Hodeida; French Consul is seized.

- Dec. 23—Turkish Army leaves Damascus and marches toward Suez Canal.

- Dec. 25—Russo-Turkish operations stopped by cold.
- Jan. 1—Turks invade Russia but fail to envelop Russian forces.
- Jan. 2—Turks penetrate into the Russian Caucasus and occupy Ardahan.
- Jan. 4—Turks ravage Persian territory.
- Jan. 5—Russians rout Turkish columns at Ardahan and Sari-Kamysh; Russians capture Izzet Pasha.
- Jan. 7—Turks occupy Urumiah.

NAVAL RECORD.

- Oct. 16—British cruiser Hawke sunk by German submarine U-9; British tramp steamship Induna sunk by Germans; British steamer Guendolen fires on German ship on Lake Nyassa; British and Japanese warships bombard fort near Tsing-tau.
- Oct. 17—British squadron, led by the Undaunted, sinks four German torpedo-boat destroyers off Dutch coast; allied fleets bombard Cattaro.
- Oct. 19—British battleship Triumph damaged at Tsing-tau; Japanese cruiser Takachiho sunk by German submarine S-90 in Kiaochau Bay; British fleet helps to repel German land attacks between Nieuport and Dixmude; Austrian submarine sunk in Adriatic by French cruiser.
- Oct. 20—German warships sink British submarine E-3; British gunboats fight German submarines and coast batteries; Japanese fleet takes islands of Marianne group; two German ships sunk at Jaluit; British steamer Giltera sunk by German submarine off Norwegian coast.
- Oct. 21—British monitors Severn and Mersey shell German right flank; Cattaro again bombarded by French fleet, attack of Austrian submarines being repulsed; German cruiser Emden sinks five British steamships and captures a sixth in Indian Ocean; British steamer Cormorant sunk.
- Oct. 22—British torpedo boat damaged by German artillery fire off Nieuport; French ships aid British in bombardment near Ostend; British auxiliary cruiser Carmania damaged.
- Oct. 23—Allies' squadrons seeking German cruisers Emden and Karlsruhe; Emden's activity is having a bad effect on Indian shipping; French ships aid British in shelling Belgian coast towns.
- Oct. 24—British destroyer Badger sinks German submarine; Ostend bombarded by French warships.
- Oct. 25—Japanese sink German cruiser Aetolus off Honolulu.
- Oct. 26—Vessel containing French and Belgian refugees sunk near Calais, probably by a mine, the passengers being rescued by a British ship; Germans claim that the British ships have been driven back from the Belgian coast.
- Oct. 27—Germans lay mines off Irish coast; British freighter Manchester Commerce sunk; Germany demands that China release shipwrecked sailors of submarine S-90, which was destroyed by the Germans when being pursued by Japanese.
- Oct. 28—Emden sinks Japanese steamer; Japanese cruiser Chitose repulses attack by two German warships.
- Oct. 29—Emden, flying the Japanese flag, enters Penang Harbor and sinks Russian cruiser Jemtchug and a French destroyer; Turkish warships shell Theodosia and sink two Russian steamers; British vessels slightly damaged off Belgian coast, with ten men killed; Swedish steamer Ornen and two British fishing boats sunk by mine in North Sea; British sink German steamer in the Adriatic.
- Oct. 30—Russian and Turkish fleets in battle in the Black Sea; Turkish torpedo boats bombard Odessa, sinking Russian gunboat Donets, three Russian liners, and French steamer Portugal.
- Oct. 31—Japanese and British warships attack Tsing-tau; German submarine sinks British cruiser Hermes in Strait of Dover; Turkish cruiser bombards Sevastopol; Russian fleet attacks Turkish fleet near Sevastopol.
- Nov. 1—German squadron under Admiral von Spee defeats British squadron under Rear Admiral Cradock off Coronel, Chile; British flagship Good Hope and the cruiser Monmouth do down with all on board; Germans suffer but slightly; shelling of Allied fleets sets fire to Tsing-tau.
- Nov. 2—Turkish (formerly German) cruiser Goeben damaged by fire from Russian forts; British ship scuttled in Black Sea; Turkish commander sinks his ship to prevent capture; Germans blockade coast of Asiatic Turkey with mines; Karlsruhe captures British steamers Vandyck, Hurtsdale, and Glanton.
- Nov. 3—Anglo-French squadron bombards the Dardanelles forts; British cruiser Minerva bombards Akabah, Arabia, and sailors occupy the town; British submarine D-5 sunk by mine in North Sea.
- Nov. 4—Austrian cruiser Kaiserin Elizabeth sunk by Germans to prevent seizure; Anglo-French fleet continues bombardment of Dardanelles forts; German warships seen off coast of England; German cruiser Yorck sunk by mine in Jade Bay.
- Nov. 5—British tow German sailing ship into Queenstown, the Captain not having heard of the war; British mine sweeper Mary sunk in North Sea.
- Nov. 6—British ships shell Belgian coast; Turks bombard Batum; British warship damaged while shelling Dardanelles forts.
- Nov. 7—Japanese squadron searches for German squadron in the Pacific; Russians bombard Turkish Black Sea ports.

- Nov. 8—Russians report sinking of four Turkish transports; Turks sink Greek steamer carrying British flag; two Dardanelles forts destroyed by bombardment.
- Nov. 9—*Emden* escapes British warship, but loses her store ships; Russians bombard Bosphorus ports; Swedish steamer *Ate* blown up by mine.
- Nov. 10—Australian cruiser *Sydney* wrecks German cruiser *Emden*, which had destroyed more than \$5,000,000 worth of British shipping; war risks drop in consequence; British Admiralty reports that the German cruiser *Koenigsberg* has been bottled up in the Rufiji River, German East Africa.
- Nov. 11—British torpedo boat *Niger* sunk by German submarine; Japanese torpedo boat sunk by mine in Kiao-Chau Bay.
- Nov. 12—Turkish torpedo boat captured by Allies; Turkish cruiser *Goeben* crippled by shell.
- Nov. 14—News comes to America by mail of the sinking of the British superdreadnought *Audacious* on Oct. 27 off the Irish coast; apparently done by a mine.
- Nov. 15—Many mines picked up by Dutch coast guards; mine layer flying Norwegian flag and manned by German sailors captured at Belfast; British cruiser *Edinburgh* aids in capture of *Turba*, Arabia, by Indian troops.
- Nov. 16—Mine cast up by sea kills seven in Holland.
- Nov. 17—Swedish steamer *Andrew* sunk by mine in North Sea; German squadron bombards *Libau*; Russian Black Sea fleet attacks *Trebizond*; German cruiser *Berlin* interns at *Trondhjem* to escape enemy.
- Nov. 19—British naval guns bombard *Dixmude*; French cruiser *Waldeck Rousseau* sinks Austrian submarine.
- Nov. 20—Austrian steamer *Metkovitch* sunk by mine off Dalmatian coast.
- Nov. 21—The *Goeben* badly damaged in Black Sea.
- Nov. 22—Turkish warships shell *Taupse*, but are repulsed by Russian land batteries.
- Nov. 23—British warship *Patrol* rams German submarine *U-18* and captures crew off coast of Scotland; German destroyer *S-124* wrecked in collision with Danish steamer.
- Nov. 24—French bark *Valentine* sunk by Germans near Island of *Mas a Fuera*; British ships attack German naval base at *Zeebrugge*.
- Nov. 25—British steamer *Malachite* sunk by German submarine near *Havre*.
- Nov. 26—British battleship *Bulwark* blown up in the Thames; magazine explosion is the accepted theory, but there is some suspicion that it was the work of spies; Turkish mine layer sunk in the Bosphorus; cruiser *Goeben* is being repaired.
- Nov. 27—British collier *Khartoum* blown up by mine off *Grimsby*.
- Nov. 28—Norwegian and Danish trawlers seized by the British for laying mines while using English port as base; British fishermen sweep coast waters for mines.
- Nov. 30—British ships again bombard *Zeebrugge*.
- Dec. 3—Danish steamer *Mary* blown up by mine in North Sea, six men dying.
- Dec. 6—Forty British and French war vessels are off the Dardanelles.
- Dec. 7—British steamer *Charcas* sunk by German transport in the Pacific; Swedish ships *Luna* and *Everilda* sunk by mines.
- Dec. 8—British squadron under Vice Admiral *Sturdee* defeats German squadron under Admiral von *Spee* off the Falkland Islands; German flagship *Scharnhorst* and the cruisers *Gneisenau*, *Leipzig*, and *Nurnberg* are sunk; the British casualties are slight.
- Dec. 9—Three German merchantmen sunk in South Atlantic; Gulf of *Bothnia* closed because of mines.
- Dec. 10—German submarine raid on *Dover* repulsed by the forts; Turkish gunboat sunk by defense mine.
- Dec. 12—Turkish fleet bombards *Batum*.
- Dec. 14—British submarine *B-11*, by diving under five rows of mines, sinks Turkish battleship *Messudieh* in the Dardanelles.
- Dec. 15—German cruiser *Cormorant* interned at *Guam*; Turks bombard *Sevastopol*.
- Dec. 16—German warships shell the English coast towns of *Scarborough*, *Hartlepool*, and *Whitby*; about 120 persons are killed and 550 wounded; British warships shell *Westende*.
- Dec. 17—Austrian training ship *Beethoven* sunk by mine; British squadron bombards Turkish troops on Gulf of *Saros*; Russians sink German steamship *Derentie* off Turkish coast; Norwegian ship *Vaaren* sunk by mine in North Sea; three British ships sunk by mines.
- Dec. 18—British auxiliary cruiser *Empress of Japan* captures collier *Exford* with forty of *Emden's* crew on board; Russian Black Sea fleet sinks two Turkish ships.
- Dec. 19—Russian warship *Askold* captures German steamer *Haifa* and sinks a Turkish steamer; British warships shell German positions between *Nieuport* and *Midelkerke*.
- Dec. 20—Allied fleets bombard interior forts of the Dardanelles.
- Dec. 21—British capture German steamers *Baden* and *Santa Isabel*.
- Dec. 22—Allied fleets shell German positions along Belgian coast; French destroyer shells Turkish troops; allied fleets shell *Kilid Bahr*.
- Dec. 23—Russian destroyers in Black Sea bombard coast villages.
- Dec. 24—French cruiser slightly damaged by Austrian torpedo; French submarine sunk by shore batteries.

- Dec. 26—British make naval and air attack on German fleet without important results; French attack Austrian naval base at Pola on the Adriatic.
- Dec. 27—British cruisers, assisted by seaplanes, attack German naval base at Cuxhaven; British claim to have done considerable damage.
- Dec. 29—English coast towns expected American sympathy over German raid; dread new raid, and hold navy was dilatory.
- Dec. 30—French submarine torpedoes Austrian dreadnought Viribus Unitis, but fails to sink her.
- Dec. 31—Thirty French and British warships are bombarding Pola.
- Jan. 1—British battleship Formidable torpedoed and sunk in English Channel; 600 men lost.
- Jan. 4—Official Press Bureau at Berlin announces that the Formidable was sunk by a submarine off Plymouth; British ships shell Dar-es-Salaam, German East Africa.
- Jan. 6—Turkish cruiser Goeben damaged by mines.
- Jan. 7—Germans state that Austrian submarines are holding back French fleet in the Adriatic.

AERIAL RECORD.

- Oct. 23—German Taube brought down in Dunkirk; Raymond, French aviator, killed near Verdun; German aviators drop bombs on Warsaw.
- Oct. 24—Zeppelins harry fighters southwest of Ostend.
- Oct. 25—Five German aeroplanes destroyed by French.
- Oct. 27—New Zeppelin flies northward from Friedrichshafen; new British gun is effective against airmen.
- Oct. 29—German airmen drop bombs on Bethune, nineteen women being killed; British airman chases bomb-dropping Taube at Hazebrouck.
- Oct. 30—French airmen rain bombs on German officers near Dunkirk.
- Nov. 3—German airman drops bombs on Furnes; three German aeroplanes brought down near Souain; British airman drops bombs in Thielt.
- Nov. 6—Austrian airmen drop bombs on Antivari.
- Nov. 13—Russian cavalry captures two German aviators near Plock.
- Nov. 14—Austrian aeroplane drops bombs on Antivari.
- Nov. 15—Prince Danilo's villa in Antivari wrecked by aeroplane bomb.
- Nov. 21—French and British aeroplanes drop bombs on Zeppelin sheds at Friedrichshafen; one French airman shot down.
- Nov. 24—Aeroplane bomb dropped in Warsaw street kills several people and narrowly misses American Consulate; airmen are using steel arrows to drop from aeroplanes.
- Nov. 26—British aviator wrecks German military train.
- Nov. 29—German aviators drop bombs on Lodz; French aviators drop circulars inviting German soldiers to desert.
- Dec. 5—Aeroplane bombs dropped near Baden.
- Dec. 6—Russian aviators attack Breslau forts; French aviators attack Freiburg.
- Dec. 7—Major Gen. von Meyer killed by an arrow dropped by an aviator; Ostend set on fire by aeroplane bombs; ten killed at Hazebrouck by bomb dropped by German aviator.
- Dec. 8—German airmen drop appeals to Indian troops to desert British.
- Dec. 9—Aviator of Allies destroys Scheldt pontoon bridge at Antwerp; Belgian aviator destroys three German motor trucks and scatters cavalry detachment.
- Dec. 12—German airman who dropped bombs on Hazebrouck killed by French shells.
- Dec. 16—British and French aviators are making raids almost daily into German territory.
- Dec. 18—French aviators drop bombs in Lorraine.
- Dec. 19—Two German aviators stranded on a Danish island and interned in Denmark.
- Dec. 20—German aeroplane drops bomb on Calais.
- Dec. 21—Aviators of Allies drop bombs in Brussels and make night attack near Ostend.
- Dec. 22—Deschamps, Belgian aviator, killed by his own bomb.
- Dec. 24—German aeroplane, trying to reach Paris, is shot down; German aviator drops bomb in Dover.
- Dec. 25—Two German aviators fly up the Thames, but are routed by British.
- Dec. 26—Zeppelin drops bombs on Nancy; German aeroplanes make raid in Russian Poland; French aviators attack Metz.
- Dec. 30—German airmen drop bombs in Dunkirk, killing fifteen; French aviators active in Flanders.
- Jan. 1—German aeroplanes bombard Dunkirk.
- Jan. 3—Austrian aviator drops bombs on Kielce.
- Jan. 4—French aviators drop bombs near Brussels.

AMERICAN INTERESTS.

- Oct. 30—Slight damage to American property in bombardment of Odessa.
- Oct. 31—American Refugee Society formed in the United States.
- Nov. 10—Henry Field, grandson of the late Marshall Field, is serving as a British Army chauffeur.
- Nov. 13—British authorities demand that Americans show passports on embarking for home.
- Nov. 19—American Consulate in Berlin takes charge of the work of finding American baggage in Germany.

- Nov. 25—Rush for new passports by Americans in London.
- Nov. 28—American Ambassador to Turkey says American missionaries are not being molested.
- Dec. 28—American Government sends memorandum to British Government through Ambassador Page vigorously protesting against interference with American commerce by British warships; American Relief Committee in London still busy, and renews lease of its offices.
- Dec. 31—Full text of American note on British interference with American trade is given out in full simultaneously at Washington and London; the war has cost the United States \$382,000,000 in decreased exports up to Dec. 1, according to statement issued by Department of Commerce.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

- Oct. 17—Men formerly found physically unfit to be now re-examined.
- Oct. 20—Wounded fill Budapest and South Austrian towns.
- Oct. 21—Troops rushed from Italian frontier to strengthen German line in Belgium; Gen. Bruderman, defender of Lemberg, disgraced.
- Oct. 27—Acute distress in Southern Hungary; there are reports of sedition in the army.
- Oct. 30—France is arranging for repatriation of Austrian citizens.
- Nov. 3—It is reported that Austria is seeking a separate peace.
- Nov. 10—Lists of losses show that many Hungarian nobles have been killed in battle.
- Nov. 12—Army mutineers are shot.
- Nov. 22—Cholera in Przemysl.
- Dec. 2—Hungarian Chamber of Deputies votes war bills.
- Dec. 3—Opposition members of Hungarian Parliament are bitter against the Germans.
- Dec. 6—Defenses of Vienna are being strengthened.
- Dec. 8—No music after midnight allowed in Vienna; 60,000 wounded are in hospital there.
- Dec. 10—Czech regiments refuse to fight against Serbia.
- Dec. 16—Anti-war riots in some cities.
- Dec. 17—Emperor orders displacement of Field Marshal Potiorek because of defeat in Servian campaign.
- Dec. 22—Many soldiers killed in troop train accident.
- Dec. 23—Discontent is being manifested in Hungary; independence movement gains headway.
- Dec. 30—Anti-war riots throughout the country; Servian campaign is abandoned.
- Dec. 31—Emperor issues a New Year's rescript to the army and navy, praising bravery of soldiers and sailors.
- Jan. 2—Conditions in Trieste are distressing.

BELGIUM.

- Oct. 16—People delay returning to Antwerp, where Germans are levying on city for supplies; refugees flock to Dover.
- Oct. 18—Full text of Belgium's "Gray Paper" published in THE NEW YORK TIMES; movement to secure supplies in England; famine acute.
- Oct. 19—Fifty thousand refugees return from Holland; there are nearly 1,000,000 refugees in Great Britain, France, and Holland.
- Oct. 21—British Official Press Bureau praises Belgian Army; Cardinal Mercier returns to Belgium from Holland and urges all Catholic refugees to follow him; water supply restored and tramways running in Antwerp; Brussels now governed as a German city.
- Oct. 22—Government denies anti-German plot with England before the war and calls on German press to print alleged records of such plot seized at Brussels.
- Oct. 24—German public is stirred by stories of brutalities by Belgian civilians toward wounded Germans.
- Oct. 26—Millions are facing starvation.
- Oct. 28—One-fourth of the Belgian Army is disabled.
- Oct. 29—Many Belgian wounded in Calais.
- Oct. 31—Maeterlinck says that buildings in Brussels have been mined.
- Nov. 12—Sightseers visit Louvain; city is being restored.
- Nov. 16—Fuel supply problem is becoming serious.
- Nov. 18—Faculty of University of Louvain invited to University of Notre Dame.
- Nov. 21—German Information Service says that Belgians interned in Holland are bitter against the British for lack of sufficient aid at Antwerp.
- Nov. 22—Mayor of Ypres shot by Allies as a spy.
- Nov. 23—Maeterlinck appeals to the United States and Italy to save Flemish art treasures.
- Nov. 24—Encounters are frequent between smugglers and Germans at Dutch border.
- Nov. 26—Germany publishes photographic reproduction of document which, it charges, proves Anglo-Belgian military agreement.
- Nov. 30—Rotterdam reports that Germany has decided to levy a tax of \$7,000,000 a month on Belgium, and an additional tax of \$75,000,000.
- Dec. 13—Brussels and suburbs decide to pay fine to Germans.
- Dec. 15—Provincial councils ordered by German Governor General to meet to consider payment of tax; bankers prepare to pay it.
- Dec. 20—Representatives of provinces agree to pay tax.
- Dec. 23—Report from London that Brussels tax has been waived and that the American Minister protested against its imposition.

Dec. 26—Neutral nations notified by Germany that Consuls will not be recognized further.

Dec. 28—Minister to United States protests against cancellation of consular exequaturs by Germany.

Dec. 29—Belgian authorities point out to United States that Germany's decision to cancel exequaturs raises question of sovereignty in Belgium.

Jan. 3—Ghent taxes bachelors to meet German demands.

CANADA.

Oct. 16—Canadian troops go into camp at Salisbury Plain, England.

Oct. 19—There are a considerable number of men from New York in camp at Salisbury Plain.

Oct. 21—Americans in Montreal supply funds for armored motor cars with American crews.

Oct. 29—Border residents apprehensive of raids by Germans and Austrians living in United States.

Nov. 3—German newspaper in the West ordered to stop printing seditious matter.

Nov. 4—King and Queen visit troops on Salisbury Plain.

Nov. 6—Indians contribute to war fund and offer to send warriors.

Nov. 7—Soldiers go sightseeing in London.

Nov. 8—Major Gen. Hughes, Minister of Militia and Defense, returns from England; he says troops are well, but will not go to front for some time; they are to have additional training.

Nov. 11—Mines laid near Victoria.

Nov. 14—Premier Borden says hosts of men are volunteering.

Nov. 18—Men in Canadian regiments who are said to be of German blood are rejected by British authorities.

Nov. 20—German newspapers barred from Canada.

Nov. 24—American Consuls directed to assist German and Austrian subjects in Canada.

Nov. 27—Canadian doctors arrive in France to establish hospital.

Nov. 28—Precautions are taken against possible raids across Niagara River by Germans.

Dec. 26—German reservists reported to be gathering in California to raid Vancouver; report not taken seriously by Canadian authorities.

Dec. 31—Princess Patricia's Light Infantry Regiment reaches the front.

EGYPT.

Nov. 2—Martial law proclaimed.

Nov. 14—Moslems pay no attention to Turkish war moves.

Nov. 21—Turks and Germans seek to sow sedition.

Nov. 29—Princes Abbas and Osman banished by British authorities on charge of engaging in anti-British conspiracy.

Dec. 1—Premier Rushdi Pasha declares for Britain; he tells of benefits conferred on his country by British.

Dec. 17—England declares protectorate; Turkish suzerainty at an end.

Dec. 18—France recognizes British protectorate.

ENGLAND.

Oct. 16—Labor Party declares sympathy with Government; London hotels discharge German and Austrian help.

Oct. 17—Winston Churchill defends sending of marines to Antwerp; he says relief plans miscarried.

Oct. 18—Anti-German riots in London.

Oct. 19—Irish Nationalists, at meeting in London, take pledge to avenge Belgium; many arrests for the looting of German shops.

Oct. 20—Germans and Austrians expelled from Brighton.

Oct. 21—All unnaturalized German and Austrian residents between ages of 17 and 45 are to be taken to detention camps.

Oct. 22—Westminster Abbey heavily insured against aeroplane hazard.

Oct. 24—More anti-German riots in London; paintings removed from National Gallery to places of safety; Kitchener orders sobriety among soldiers; Germany protests to neutrals against seizure of Germans on neutral merchant ships.

Oct. 25—John Redmond urges Irish to enlist.

Oct. 27—Government complains that many Germans are getting consular certificates from American officials by posing as Englishmen.

Nov. 1—British affairs in Turkey turned over to American Embassy.

Nov. 2—Admiralty orders North Sea closed to commerce; Turkish Ambassador handed his passports.

Nov. 3—Government will not molest American ships carrying cotton to German ports.

Nov. 4—Americans will fight as First London Machine Battery.

Nov. 5—Proclamation that holy places in Arabia and Mesopotamia must not be touched.

Nov. 6—Detectives say some London buildings are strong German forts; large trade in mourning clothes in London; Sweden protests against closing of North Sea.

Nov. 7—Government thanks United States State Department for help rendered at Constantinople by Ambassador Morgenthau.

Nov. 8—Japanese Emperor and Empress send thanks for British aid at Tsing-tau.

Nov. 10—Karl Hans Lody shot as a spy in the Tower of London; when first arrested he claimed to be an American.

Nov. 11—Germans are exhibiting dum dum bullets which they charge have been taken from British soldiers.

Nov. 12—Mass meeting in London in support of Kitchener's appeal for temperance by soldiers.

Nov. 13—Officers sent to Russia to discuss tactics of eastern campaign; sentry in concentration camp kills a German prisoner.

Nov. 14—Under Secretary of War Tennant urges football players to enlist.

Nov. 17—War Office denies that British have used dum dum bullets, but accuses Germans of using them; less crime in the country.

Nov. 20—House of Commons votes additional army of 1,000,000 men.

Nov. 21—Balfour says there must be no patched-up truce; Somali chiefs in Jubaland want to join the army; 19,000 members of the Automobile Association have given their cars for army use.

Nov. 22—Five German rioters killed in detention camp on Isle of Man.

Nov. 23—Newspapers show disgust over failure of attempts to get football players and spectators to enlist; recruiting is slow in Manchester; War Office is advertising for officers.

Nov. 25—Coast towns prepare to resist invasion; Indian soldier receives Victoria Cross; shooting of prisoners on Isle of Man has angered Germany; reprisals feared.

Nov. 27—Coroner's jury finds that shooting of prisoners on Isle of Man was justified; London newspapers agree to curtail football news as aid to recruiting.

Nov. 28—Two German spies found in new army just landed in France; famous athletes on casualty lists.

Dec. 1—German-born members of Parliament remain away from war sessions.

Dec. 2—Dublin newspaper suppressed for opposing enlistment and expressing pro-German sentiment.

Dec. 5—Many football players are enlisting.

Dec. 9—Preparations are being made to meet possible German landing.

Dec. 11—Gibraltar is being provisioned.

Dec. 12—German officer found hidden in packing case at Gravesend.

Dec. 14—Government is searching for German wireless station on Norfolk coast which is blocking messages.

Dec. 16—Movement to form women's volunteer reserve.

Dec. 17—Many Germans arrested following raid on coast towns; numerous cases of ptomaine poisoning in Blackheath Camp.

Dec. 19—Many soldiers are insane or have nervous prostration as a result of battle horrors.

Dec. 21—Some German prisoners of war are being placed on prison ships.

Dec. 23—Germany's offer to exchange one British prisoner of war for five German prisoners is declined.

Dec. 26—Government has constructed a bridge of boats across the Thames.

Dec. 30—Archbishop of Canterbury appeals for recruits.

Dec. 31—An undercurrent of irritation is evident over the American note on interference with American commerce; a new decoration, the Military Cross, has been instituted for the army.

Jan. 3—Day of intercession and prayer throughout the Empire; second expeditionary force sails for England from Australia; a third force is being recruited.

Jan. 4—Many men leave their positions in civil life to join the army as a result of the raid on the coast towns.

Jan. 6—Many clergymen are enlisting.

FRANCE.

Oct. 16—Learned societies plan expulsion of German members.

Oct. 17—Germans arrested in Paris; coal supply low in Paris; sugar prices are rising.

Oct. 18—President Poincaré's country house destroyed.

Oct. 20—Military authorities deny German charge that towers of Rheims Cathedral are used as observation post.

Oct. 21—Baron de Coubertin will train young men who would normally enter the army in 1916; Germany protests against alleged cruelties.

Oct. 22—It is reported that 500,000 new soldiers are ready to fight.

Oct. 24—Lille and Rheims have been much damaged by German shells; exchange of civilians with Germany begins.

Oct. 26—German property in France not confiscated, but taken into trusteeship.

Oct. 28—Many volunteer to give their blood to help Dr. Carrel in saving the wounded.

Oct. 29—Count de Chambrun shells his own home.

Oct. 30—Château of Princess Hohenlohe seized.

Nov. 1—Envoy asks for passports from Turkey; French affairs turned over to American Embassy.

Nov. 4—Officers discard swords and conspicuous uniforms; they will direct charges from rear to foil German sharpshooters.

Nov. 7—City of Roulers in ruins.

Nov. 8—Premier Viviani decorates Mayor of Rheims and says city will be rebuilt.

Nov. 9—Military attachés of neutral countries allowed to visit theatre of war.

Nov. 10—Rheims still being bombarded.

Nov. 18—Germans declare they saw observation post on towers of Rheims Cathedral; bombardment resumed; Appenrodt's restaurant looted in Paris.

Nov. 19—Germans are working coal mines and mills in occupied French territory; President Poincaré strikes names of Germans from roll of Legion of Honor.

- Nov. 21—New field gun outranges German guns.
- Nov. 26—German surgeons and deaconesses sentenced to prison for looting.
- Nov. 28—Regimental dispatch dog mentioned in orders as having fallen in duty; Germans charge use of dum dum bullets by the French.
- Dec. 1—Gen. Joffre tells Alsations that the French have come back permanently.
- Dec. 4—Youths 18 years old are called for military examination; Mohammedan soldiers from Tunis are being sent to serve in Europe; Germans charge brutalities to Germans in Morocco.
- Dec. 11—The Cabinet meets in Paris, marking the moving of the capital from Bordeaux; youths of class of 1915 go into training.
- Dec. 13—Full text of France's "Yellow Book" published in THE NEW YORK TIMES; postal notice announces that letters to twenty-one communes in Alsace need only ordinary stamps.
- Dec. 14—Man who mutilated German sentry is shot.
- Dec. 17—Priests hold mass in the trenches; French heroism lauded at meeting of French Academy; but a small percentage of the wounded are dying.
- Dec. 18—French court held in Alsace.
- Dec. 19—Lille is near starvation.
- Dec. 22—Premier Viviani makes address at opening of Parliament in Paris, declaring that the war will end only with restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, restoration of Belgium, and assurance of lasting peace.
- Dec. 25—Portion of Alsace celebrates Christmas under French rule.
- Jan. 7—French Cabinet makes public report of Government Commission which has been investigating German methods of waging war; report charges Germans with habitual "pillaging, outrage, burning, and murder."

GERMANY.

- Oct. 16—Count Zeppelin is supervising construction of new airships; reinforcements sent to von Kluck; tax levied on Bruges.
- Oct. 20—Report that Zeppelin fleet is being prepared for attack on London; Britons over 55 years old to be allowed to leave country.
- Oct. 22—Chancellor Delbrueck announces in Prussian Diet that nation will not lay down arms until victory is won; pioneer company of Lorraine battalion granted right to wear skull and crossbones on caps.
- Oct. 23—Women spies meet death bravely.
- Oct. 24—Looting barred in Antwerp; survey of conditions shows many men eager to enlist.
- Oct. 26—Prince of Monaco protests against manner in which Gen. von Buelow proposes to treat his property in France; Government complains of seizure by England of Red Cross ship Ophelia.
- Oct. 27—Germans in Southern Hungary ask for aid.
- Oct. 29—German tourists flock to Antwerp.
- Oct. 30—Forty thousand teachers are at the front; 1914 reserves called out.
- Nov. 1—Freedom of the City of Blankenburg conferred upon Capt. von Mueller of the cruiser Emden.
- Nov. 3—Consuls of neutral nations allowed to inspect prison camps; Government will not interfere with cargoes of ships carrying cotton to Russian ports.
- Nov. 4—There is a shortage of army officers; the Kaiser decrees promotions on short service.
- Nov. 7—Conspicuous insignia removed from officers; British civilians sent to detention camp.
- Nov. 8—Nation regrets loss of Tsing-tau, but bravery of garrison is praised; border patrols prevent Belgian civilians from crossing into Holland.
- Nov. 10—Admiral von Spee and many men of his squadron receive Iron Crosses.
- Nov. 11—Fortifications of Antwerp are being repaired.
- Nov. 15—Three defensive lines prepared between North Sea and the Rhine, to be used in event of retreat.
- Nov. 16—Names of occupied French and Belgian cities are Germanized.
- Nov. 17—All aliens expelled from Frankfurt.
- Nov. 18—Port of Hamburg deserted, but shipyards are busy.
- Nov. 21—Blast furnaces used as crematory at Charleroi; Government has granted permission for six officers of the American Army to follow forces as military observers; Ambassador Bernstorff files with United States State Department complaint that French have violated Red Cross Convention of 1906.
- Nov. 23—Gen. von Eberhardt removed after defeat in the Vosges.
- Nov. 24—Chile charges that German warships have violated her neutrality; there is a scarcity of copper; order for locomotives to be dismantled to get materials for making ammunition.
- Nov. 25—Fortifications north of Kiel Canal are being strengthened for fear of invasion; Bavarians are reported by the French to be deserting.
- Nov. 29—Indemnity of \$37,500 paid to Luxemburg.
- Nov. 30—Alsations are deserting from the army.
- Dec. 3—Burgomaster Max of Brussels complains of treatment received from Germans.
- Dec. 4—Troops are suffering from typhoid; household utensils of copper are commandeered because of scarcity of the metal; British prisoner of war sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for attack on custodians.
- Dec. 6—Second ban of Landsturm told to be ready for service on Dec. 20.

Dec. 8—Turkish officers are serving with the army in Poland.

Dec. 10—Government has informed the Pope of willingness for Christmas truce if other combatants will observe it.

Dec. 11—Many inhabitants of Autry, France, are exiled to Saxony; preparations are being made for an extended occupation of French territory; French Minister of War obtains affidavits from prisoners in concentration camps that Gen. von Stenger ordered killing of wounded.

Dec. 12—Some women refugees at Kiao-Chau want to go to America.

Dec. 14—Socialists disapprove of the anti-war stand taken by Dr. Liebknecht, a Socialist member of the Reichstag, who alone of that body opposed the new war credit.

Dec. 15—Bavarian soldiers to be court-martialed for mutiny at Antwerp.

Dec. 18—Rumors that Prince Otto of Windisch-Graetz will be the new Belgian King.

Dec. 19—Relations between the Prussian Government and the Poles have improved.

Dec. 21—George Weill, member of the Reichstag from Metz, is fighting in the French Army; Chile protests against alleged violations of her neutrality by the navy.

Dec. 22—Supplies in Ghent commandeered for Christmas celebration.

Dec. 24—Germany denies French charges that neutral ships have been hired to lay mines in the Mediterranean.

Dec. 27—Commander of the Yorcke gets two-year term for losing vessel; German spy seized while trying to enter Gibraltar disguised as a Moor.

Dec. 30—British prisoner sentenced to death for assaulting a German officer.

Dec. 31—Kaiser sends New Year's greetings to President Wilson and the United States; German press has received with exultation the news of American note on British interference with American commerce.

Jan. 7—United States State Department informs Ambassador von Bernstorff that the United States cannot investigate the German charge that British use dum-dum bullets; German military authorities in Belgium deny that Cardinal Mercier has been arrested.

HOLLAND.

Oct. 18—Government anxious to be relieved of care of Belgian refugees; is urging them to return home.

Oct. 19—Cities are feeling the strain of caring for Belgian refugees.

Oct. 28—Army massed on the border because of fear of invasion.

Oct. 31—Ammunition is seized from interned French and Belgian soldiers.

Nov. 7—Soldiers protest to the German Minister at The Hague against alleged atrocities of German troops on the Belgian border.

Nov. 8—Scheldt River is being guarded; new intrenchments are being made; canals are guarded.

Dec. 3—Rioting in Belgian concentration camps; troops kill six Belgians and wound nine.

Dec. 7—Government loans wheat to Belgium.

INDIA.

Oct. 28—Troops surprise German sentries in Belgium and destroy ammunition stores.

Nov. 1—Moslems support England against Turkey.

Nov. 3—The Nizam of Hyderabad issues manifesto proclaiming loyalty to Britain; Aga Khan says Germans coerced Turks.

Nov. 6—Army of Afghans sent to the frontier; border tribes reported in revolt.

Nov. 10—Letters found on wounded Germans show orders to make Indian troops a special target.

Nov. 18—German Emperor tells Crown Prince that Sheik-ul-Islam has issued proclamation of Moslem holy war; Indian troops are being used against Germans in East Africa.

Nov. 21—Detachment of motor ambulances is being formed for troops in fighting in Europe.

Dec. 6—Ruling Princes make large donations to expenses of the war.

Dec. 19—Gaekwar of Baroda buys Empress of India to serve as a hospital ship.

ITALY.

Oct. 16—Austrian Deputy crosses from Trient into Italy and urges people to join Allies.

Oct. 19—Fleet is mobilized, with Duke of the Abruzzi in command.

Oct. 22—Marconi says the country is ready for war.

Oct. 30—Ambassador asked to care for Russian interests at Constantinople.

Nov. 2—Large part of the public wants war.

Nov. 10—Hotels discharge German employes.

Nov. 19—Many members of Parliament urge action for the Allies.

Nov. 20—Demonstration against Prof. Grassi, a leader of the pro-German party.

Nov. 22—Government assigns \$9,200,000 for extraordinary military expenses in Cyrenaica.

Nov. 30—Cabinet meets to consider the nation's international policy; Federation of the Italian Press denounces visit of journalists to Germany.

Dec. 3—Premier Salandro makes speech at opening of Parliament; nation will preserve armed neutrality; Belgium is cheered.

Dec. 4—Anti-German and anti-Austrian speeches made in Chamber of Deputies.

- Dec. 5—Chamber of Deputies passes vote of confidence in the Government.
- Dec. 8—Reported in Rome that Prince von Buelow, new German Ambassador to Italy, comes to offer Trient as price of Italy's neutrality, and that Austria is willing to cede it.
- Dec. 13—Artillerymen of older classes called out.
- Dec. 14—Meetings held in some cities in favor of intervention; pro-Germans mobbed in Rome.
- Dec. 19—Unanimous manifestation in Senate in favor of peace; National Federation of Engineers offers services of 1,000 engineers for enlistment.
- Dec. 20—Transportation company fined for trying to ship foodstuffs to Trieste.
- Dec. 28—Government checks plot to export foodstuffs to Germany; two arrests.
- Dec. 30—Foodstuff smuggling plot proves to be extensive; German Embassy stated to be involved.

JAPAN.

- Oct. 21—Winston Churchill praises the navy.
- Nov. 19—Marshall and other German islands in the Pacific to be handed over to England until war ends.
- Nov. 19—Baron Kato says sending of troops to Europe is a doubtful measure.
- Dec. 3—It is reported that Japanese officers are serving with the Russian Army.
- Dec. 8—Baron Kato tells Diet it has not been decided whether Kiaochow will be returned to China; he says fleet is looking for German ships in South American waters.
- Dec. 9—Baron Kato's statement causes a sensation in China.
- Dec. 10—Military control over South Sea Islands to be divided with Australia.
- Dec. 17—Ships sent to South Sea Islands for investigation of colonization possibilities; great welcome in Tokio to Lieut. Gen. Kamio and Vice Admiral Kato, conquerors of Tsingtau.
- Dec. 22—Gabriel Hanotaux opposes sending of Japanese troops to Europe.
- Dec. 30—Foreign Office denies that troops have landed in Russia.

RUSSIA.

- Oct. 19—Desolation in many parts of Russian Poland; prohibition of use of vodka since the war has resulted in much good.
- Oct. 22—Funds are being raised to help Poland; Russian Poles urge German Poles to lay down their arms.
- Oct. 24—Reservists from Canada, including Doukhobors, reach Petrograd.
- Oct. 28—German girl spy is shot.
- Oct. 29—Polish Catholic regiments are being raised.

- Oct. 30—Gen. Dimitrieff gives the order, "Don't count the enemy; beat him"; nation welcomes the war with Turkey as giving a chance to settle the Eastern question; formation of Polish legions under Polish commanders is sanctioned.
- Nov. 1—Government warns Bulgaria against attacking Servia.
- Nov. 2—Caucasus Moslems are loyal.
- Nov. 6—Newspapers refer to Constantinople as Tzargrad.
- Nov. 8—Grand Duke Nicholas congratulated by Lord Kitchener on his successes.
- Nov. 14—Czar will grant funds to aid Catholics in rebuilding ruined churches; troops withdrawn from Finland.
- Nov. 15—Fines are being levied on conquered Prussian towns.
- Nov. 13—Report that Russian troops passed through Scotland to France is officially denied in British Parliament.
- Nov. 25—Mobilization of first reserves ordered in certain centres.
- Nov. 26—An industrial panic is feared; it is reported that Russian regiments are in Servia.
- Nov. 30—Germans expelled from Petrograd for raising funds for warships.
- Dec. 6—Russian professors deride German "Kultur."
- Dec. 20—Polish legion organized.

TURKEY.

- Oct. 19—Turkey declines to discharge German crews of cruisers Goeben and Breslau at England's protest.
- Oct. 21—Six hundred German officers reported to be in Turkey.
- Oct. 29—Grand Vizier is warned that invasion of Egypt means war with Allies.
- Oct. 30—Allies ask for explanation of bombardment of Odessa.
- Nov. 1—British, French, and Russian subjects begin to leave Constantinople.
- Nov. 2—Grand Vizier expresses regret to Allies for war operations of fleet; Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs Sazonof says it is too late; Allies insist on reparation to Russia, dismissal of German officers from the Goeben and Breslau, and internment of vessels until end of the war.
- Nov. 4—American warship sent to Beirut to protect Christians.
- Nov. 5—Authorities restrained from preventing departure of foreign subjects by intervention of American Consul.
- Nov. 6—Merchandise in cities of Syria seized by Government officials.
- Nov. 11—Conspiracy discovered in Constantinople against Germans and Young Turks; leaders shot; refugees in Petrograd report Christians in peril.
- Nov. 12—Military revolt in Adrianople against German commanders.
- Nov. 13—Bomb in Enver Bey's palace kills five German officers; Enver Bey unharmed.

- Nov. 14—Government issues statement blaming war on England.
- Nov. 16—Government denies intention to violate international character of the Suez Canal; Sultan issues proclamation to army and navy.
- Nov. 18—Anti-German plots discovered; army and navy officers protest against assumption of authority by Germans; committee formed to rid country of German domination.
- Nov. 23—Disorders in Constantinople; British Embassy looted; Russian hospital pillaged.
- Nov. 24—San Stefano church wrecked by mob.
- Nov. 26—British, French, and Russians in Jerusalem are imprisoned and their homes looted; massacre feared; Italian Consul asks for warships.
- Nov. 27—Canadian missionaries allowed to leave the country.
- Nov. 28—Riots in Erzerum; Armenians slain.
- Nov. 29—Moslem priests urge killing of infidels on first appearance of hostile fleets; Government decides to sequester all religious establishments in Palestine belonging to Allies.
- Dec. 1—Turks are becoming brigands at the expense of subjects of the Allies.
- Dec. 4—Rioting throughout the country; holy war proclaimed against Serbia and her allies; foreigners in danger.
- Dec. 12—Many members of religious orders flee from Palestine; British Consul dragged from Italian Consulate in Hodeida.
- Dec. 13—Anti-war demonstration by women in Konak and Erzerum; foreigners held in Beirut; no letters under seal can be dispatched; position of Christians in Armenia is dangerous; mutiny among soldiers in barracks and among naval crews; conspiracy against Field Marshal von der Goltz.
- Dec. 17—Field Marshal von der Goltz is appointed Commandant of Constantinople.
- Dec. 18—Government permits departure of Consuls and other aliens from Syria.
- Dec. 19—Government issues manifesto, replying to England's "White Paper" on Turkish situation, and giving reasons for joining the war.
- Dec. 27—Italian cruiser will help American cruisers in protecting Europeans.
- Dec. 28—British Consul at Saida freed after threat by American Consul; United States cruiser Tennessee takes 500 refugees from Syria.
- Jan. 2—Anti-German feeling is growing.
- Jan. 4—Germans put Young Turks under oath to support present régime.
- Jan. 5—The Pope obtains release of French Catholic missionaries held in Syria.
- Oct. 16—Cardinal Gibbons appeals for Belgians.
- Oct. 22—Dollar Christmas Fund for Belgians is organized; Belgian Relief Committee cables \$50,000 to Belgians through Ambassador Page.
- Oct. 24—British Government lifts embargo on foodstuffs for Belgium.
- Oct. 27—Gov. Glynn names New York State Committee of Mercy; Salvation Army starts "self-denial period."
- Oct. 30—Rohilla, British hospital ship, runs on rocks on Yorkshire coast; it is believed 100 perished; American Commission sends foodstuffs to Belgium.
- Oct. 31—King of the Belgians appeals to the American people for help; American Red Cross unit leaves Petrograd for Kiev; Queen Mary sends thanks for sending of relief ship Red Cross.
- Nov. 2—Rockefeller Foundation is to investigate conditions in Belgium; Commission for Relief in Belgium now on an international basis.
- Nov. 3—Massapequa, Rockefeller Foundation relief ship, sails.
- Nov. 4—Fashion Fete in New York for benefit of Committee of Mercy.
- Nov. 7—Committee formed in England to find work for Belgian refugees; American Women's Fund in England presents motor ambulances to British War Office.
- Nov. 9—New York's gifts exceed \$1,525,000.
- Nov. 11—Wealthy Belgians give \$3,000,000 to relief.
- Nov. 12—Queen Mary visits the American Women's War Hospital at Paignton, Devonshire.
- Nov. 13—Two American Red Cross units in Germany; two more Rockefeller Foundation relief ships to sail.
- Nov. 17—Ambassador von Bernstorff presents statement to Secretary Bryan that Germany welcomes American assistance for Belgians.
- Nov. 18—Cardinal Mercier sends appeal to America for help for Belgians.
- Nov. 20—Cardinal Farley directs special collection for war sufferers.
- Nov. 22—Kansas to give 50,000 barrels of flour.
- Nov. 23—Rockefeller Foundation will rush relief to wide area; it is planned to send supplies to Austria, Serbia, and Russia; Massapequa unloaded at Rotterdam.
- Nov. 25—American Christmas ship Jason, with 5,000,000 Christmas gifts for European children, enters Plymouth escorted by warships; Rockefeller Foundation investigating agents leave England for the Continent; American Relief Clearing House organized to centralize American relief in Europe.
- Nov. 26—Southern and Western States are contributing liberally; American colony in Berlin gives up Thanksgiving dinner to hold entertainment for benefit of war sufferers.

RELIEF WORK.

- Nov. 28—Jason sails from Devonport to Marseilles; American hospital, gift of American colony, opened in Petrograd.
- Nov. 29—Four ships to be sent by Rockefeller Foundation before Jan. 1.
- Dec. 1—American Commission for Relief in Belgium to manage all Belgian relief.
- Dec. 2—Prince of Wales Fund reaches \$20,000,000; Virginia is to send a shipload of food and supplies this month.
- Dec. 3—Ambassador Gerard cables that Germans approve America's relief work.
- Dec. 4—American students at Oxford take up relief work in Belgium.
- Dec. 5—Batiscan, British steamer, sails with food for Belgians under safe conduct from Germany; charity bazaar for benefit of German and Austrian soldiers opens in New York.
- Dec. 6—New Belgian relief plan is started with capital supplied by the Belgian, British, and French Governments; Jason sails for Genoa.
- Dec. 8—Two sections of American Red Cross leave Italy for Servia.
- Dec. 9—Polish-American Relief Committee formed.
- Dec. 10—Fund for the Forgotten Poor of Servia formed.
- Dec. 12—American Red Cross ships large consignment of hospital supplies; Rockefeller Foundation steamer Niches sails with a \$400,000 cargo; Antwerp is suffering from lack of flour; American Consul Diederich asks bread for his family.
- Dec. 15—Thirty-five carloads of food arrive in New York for the Belgians from the South and West; Jason leaves Genoa for Salonika.
- Dec. 17—American commission report shows that cargoes of relief supplies valued at over \$10,000,000 have been delivered or arranged for; Dr. Alexis Carrel is making an inspection tour of the French military hospitals.
- Dec. 19—W. W. Astor contributes \$125,000 for needy families of British officers; American hospital opened in Nice for wounded French soldiers; large American Red Cross consignment of supplies sent to Russia.
- Dec. 20—German bazaar closes, with receipts of \$300,000.
- Dec. 23—King of the Belgians sends message of thanks to America.
- Dec. 28—It is planned that every State shall send a food ship to Belgium.
- Dec. 29—Total amount given by the United States for Belgium through the Belgian Relief Committee is \$1,490,000.
- Dec. 31—Steamer Massapequa, sent by Rockefeller Foundation, sails on her second voyage with supplies for Belgians; Rockefeller Foundation has thus far spent more than \$1,000,000 on relief; sailing of the fifth Belgian relief ship to leave Philadelphia.
- Jan. 1—Rockefeller Foundation buys 6,000,000 bushels of wheat in the Chicago market for Belgians.
- Jan. 3—Shipload of food to be sent from United States to the Albanians.
- Jan. 5—Minister Brand Whitlock sends message that Germany will give Americans free hands in sending supplies to Belgium; British and German Governments require that ships for Belgium shall carry no other cargo than supplies; food ship sent by State of Kansas sails; British War Office sends thanks for American assistance.
- Jan. 7—French Government thanks Americans for work done by Lafayette Fund; Ohio, Nebraska, Maryland, and Virginia will send food ships this week.

RESERVISTS.

- Oct. 23—England orders enemy's reservists on the high seas to be seized.
- Nov. 16—Arrests result from attempt to smuggle Austrian reservists into the United States from Canada.
- Nov. 20—Austrian reservists stranded in New York say Consuls have neglected them.
- Nov. 21—Danish and Swedish reservists in Canada told to report for duty.
- Dec. 2—Belgian reservists of classes from 1899 to 1914 summoned by Consul General in New York.
- Dec. 12—French reservist living in Northern Canada walks 1,300 miles to the nearest railway station to start for the front.
- Jan. 2—Four German reservists taken off Norwegian-American liner Bergenfjord in New York Harbor and placed under arrest; extensive fraudulent passport plot is charged.
- Jan. 4—John Doe warrants issued for reservists holding fraudulent passports; Bureau of Investigation of Department of Justice is conducting inquiry in Philadelphia.
- Jan. 6—Federal Grand Jury in New York is to investigate.



South-eastern Theatre of the War

BE HAPPY!

NOW, more than ever, Mark Twain proves a blessing to you. Let in the sunshine of Mark Twain's radiant humor! Revel in the hearty and robust fun of the great story-teller. Next to sunshine and fresh air, Mark Twain has done more for the welfare of mankind than any other agency. His is the antidote par excellence for the blues, all species of grouch, melancholy, and general debility of the intellect. You want Mark Twain's Collected Writings now more than ever, and here is your opportunity. You may still obtain the Author's National Edition of

MARK TWAIN AT ½ PRICE

Over a million copies of this edition have been sold. Every state, every city, practically every hamlet, contains a purchaser.

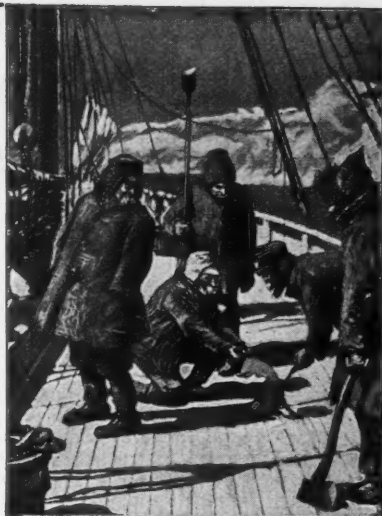
Their names would make a book-lover's "Who's Who," because every type of reader is here represented.

This edition will be withdrawn from the market, for arrangements are now under way for a more expensive set.

The set is in twenty-five volumes, each measuring 5 x 7½ inches. They are carefully printed on excellent paper and bound in a handsome red crepe cloth, have titles in gold, decorative design on shelf-back, a medallion of the great author on the cover, head-bands and title-pages in two colors.

"Harper's Magazine" or "The North American Review" is included at this special price.

There's a coupon below awaiting your signature to bring the books THE HARPER WAY. Buying these books THE HARPER WAY is like this—We send the books at our expense. You examine them five days—if then you do not like the books, you send them back to us "collect." We are making it possible for any one to be bright and cheery. Send no money. You have a year within which to pay for the twenty-five volumes. Sign the coupon below for "Your Mark Twain." Tomorrow may be too late!



The Mate's Shadow Froze to the Deck
From "Following the Equator"

Theodore Roosevelt

"He was not only a great humorist, but a great philosopher, and his writings form one of the assets in America's contributions to the world of achievement, of which we have a right as a nation to be genuinely proud."

President Woodrow Wilson

"All the world knows that in Mark Twain it has lost a delightful humorist, a man able to interpret human life with a flavor all his own; but only those who had the privilege of knowing him personally can feel to the full the loss of a man of high and lovely character, a friend quick to excite and give affection; a citizen of the world who loved every wholesome adventure of the mind or heart; an American who spoke much of the spirit of America in speaking his native thoughts."

William Howard Taft

"Mark Twain gave pleasure—real intellectual enjoyment—to millions, and his works will continue to give such pleasure to millions yet to come. He never wrote a line that a father could not read to a daughter."

MARK TWAIN
THE HARPER WAY
N. Y. T.—2—6

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York City

Please send me in THE HARPER WAY, charges prepaid, a set of **MARK TWAIN'S WORKS**

twenty-five volumes, cloth binding, and enter my name as a subscriber for one year to HARPER'S MAGAZINE under the terms of your offer. It is understood I may retain the set for five days, and at the expiration of that time if I do not care for the books I will return them at your expense and you will cancel the subscription to the MAGAZINE. If I keep the books I will remit \$2.00 a month until the full price of the books and the MAGAZINE, \$25.00, has been paid, or within thirty days will send you \$23.75 as payment in full.

Signature.....

Send books to.....

"The North American Review" may be substituted for "Harper's Magazine."

MARK TWAIN: A BIOGRAPHY. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated. 3 vols., \$6.00 net; Gift Tops, \$7.00 net; Three-quarter Calif, \$14.50 net; Three-quarter Morocco, \$15.50 net.
A Portfolio describing our Standard Sets will be sent upon request.

Why Troubled Mexico Has Had Seven Presidents Since the Flight of Porfirio Diaz

DE LA BARRA—MADERO—HUERTA—CARBAJAL—CARRANZA—GUITERREZ—GARZA have followed each other in rapid succession in the Mexican presidential chair since the flight of Porfirio Diaz. The real history of the political intrigues and the subterranean influences which have brought about this chaotic state of affairs is told with amazing candor and graphic power in

THE POLITICAL SHAME OF MEXICO

By EDWARD I. BELL

Formerly Editor and Publisher of *La Prensa* and *The Daily Mexican*

Illustrated. 8vo. \$2.00 net. By mail \$2.20

As an eye-witness of many incidents, Mr. Bell writes of what he observed. As an acquaintance of many years with some of the actors of the political drama and in more intimate relations with many other leaders of all factions, he writes of the inside facts. These facts he stands behind knowing full well the storm of criticism they will provoke.

"No popular romance ever matched the story it unfolds of high play, by giant players, for the stake of empire . . . for epic irony it outdoes anything ever written into the human comedy."—*Boston Transcript*.

What the Times Correspondent Saw in Mexico THE REAL MEXICO

By HAMILTON FYFE

Special Correspondent of the *London Times*

"The book is receiving high praise and it deserves it, because it deals sanely with events since the downfall of Diaz."—*N. Y. Sun*

Mr. Fyfe does not rest his case upon observations in Mexico City, but has visited every state and city, interviewing Federal and Constitutionalist leaders, *peons*, officers in troop trains, foreign residents and governing Mexicans.

12mo. \$1.25 net. By mail, \$1.35

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

Send for Complete Catalogue

McBRIDE, NAST & CO., Publishers
31 Union Square, North, New York

Five Men Who Threw a Whole World Into War

These five men were the Kaiser, the Chief of the General Staff, the Minister of War, the Minister of Railways and the Chief of the "Admiralstab." How these men set in motion the most stupendous and efficient military machine of all history is told in

The Secrets of the German War Office

10th Edition

By Armgaard Karl Graves

Secret Agent

With the collaboration of Edward Lyell Fox

The Outlook says:

"The stories he tells are extraordinary. . . . One almost hopes that the narratives are fiction, because they are so good as fiction. Mr. E. P. Oppenheim could not have done better!"

Illustrated. \$1.50 net. Postage 14 cents

Germany was not taken by surprise says Maximilian Harden in *His Paper, the Zukunft*—

"Let us stop trying to justify ourselves. We have not been taken by surprise. It is not against our will that we have embarked on this great adventure. We wanted the war; we must carry it through."

The German Empire's Hour of Destiny

Colonel H. Frobenius

This book predicts the War and the strategy thereof, and shows the why and wherefore of The Kaiser's Challenge to Europe and his defiance of the opinion of the civilized world.

12mo. \$1.00 net. Postage 10 cents

The Modern Army in Action

By Major-General John F. O'Ryan

Commanding the National Guard of the State of New York, Graduate of the U. S. War College and

Capt. W. D. A. Anderson, U. S. A.

U. S. Corps of Engineers, formerly Instructor of Military Art at West Point

This book enables the layman to easily follow the movements of the great armies, tells how the soldiers are mobilized, how they are fed, and how they are transported to the scene of conflict. It will also be of interest to the officers and men of the National Guard, who have no leisure to study or digest an advanced technical study of strategy.

8vo. \$1.50 net. Postage 14 cents

Tommy Atkins at War

As Told in His Own Letters

Edited by James A. Kilpatrick

"Tommy Atkins at War" is a book that throbs with life—the soldier's own story of battle—a record of his glories, achievements, and sufferings that cannot be excelled in human interest as a memorial of the greatest war in history.

12mo. 50 cents net. Postage 8 cents

Send for Complete Catalogue

McBRIDE, NAST & CO., 31 Union Square North, NEW YORK



Boy's Book of Famous Regiments

By H. A. Ogden

With the collaboration of

H. A. Hitchcock

A spirited narrative of the history and exploits of world famous fighting corps like those in the Continental Army and the Civil War; the Highland and Guard Regiments of England; the Imperial Guard and Cuirassiers of France; the Giant Guard of Prussia and Frederick the Great's Grenadiers of Germany; the Cossacks and Preobrajinsky of Russia; the Dragoons and Jägers of Austria; the Alpine Infantry and Bersaglieri of Italy and many others.

Illustrated in color and line by H. A. Ogden. \$1.50 net; postage 14c.

WHERE TO GET RELIABLE WAR NEWS

The
Army & Navy Journal

is the ONLY paper in the United States whose reports of the European war are strictly professional, stripped of all sensational, unconfirmed rumors and other misleading matter, thus enabling its readers to follow intelligently the progress of events from week to week.

Order from your News-dealer or from the

ARMY & NAVY JOURNAL

20 VESEY STREET

ESTABLISHED 51 YEARS NEW YORK CITY

Finance Commerce Economics

In one or another of their phases all three are subjects of very real interest to every business man. If he is to form sound judgment he needs fundamental facts accurately recorded; if he would not weary of mere facts, if he would get most out of them—he needs them interestingly presented and helpfully interpreted. It is the aim of *The Annalist* so to present facts and so to discuss current economic developments that they may not only inform but interest as well. Published every Monday morning.

Annual Subscription \$4.

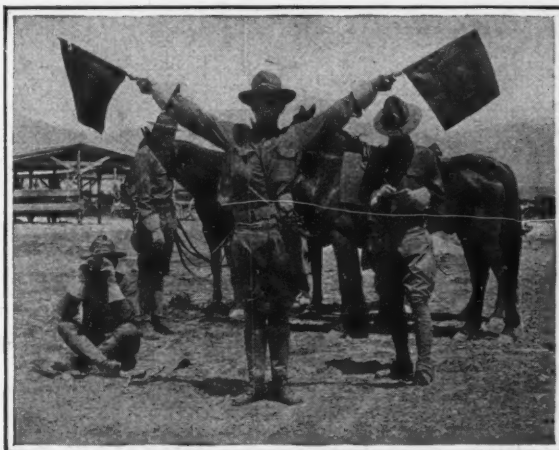
Send for sample copy

On news stands 10c a copy.

The Annalist

TIMES SQUARE

NEW YORK



HELPLESS UNITED STATES

You hear much, these days, of national defense, of our paucity of soldiers and war material. What are the facts? Can we defend ourselves from invasion by a foreign power? How does our Army—how does our Navy—compare with the military and naval forces of other powers? **Authoritatively discussed in the February 6th issue of the**

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

MORE INTERESTING WAR NUMBERS

Each day reveals some new artifice, scientific in character, of which the general public knows little. It is the peculiar province of the Scientific American to describe and illustrate these developments in the art of warfare.

The widespread and lively interest of the American people in these subjects prompts us to continue the special War Issues. The next, **Our National Defense Number**, will be dated **February 6th**.

SPECIAL OFFER

Three Scientific American War Numbers (price 25 cents each) and four months' subscription, 16 copies, for

ONE DOLLAR

This offer is limited on account of the few remaining copies of the War Numbers on hand. Supply of first two numbers exhausted. You will want to preserve these issues. Cut and clip the coupon. Send in your order now.

Regular yearly subscription, 52 issues of the Scientific American, Three Dollars, including War Numbers.

MUNN & CO., Incorporated
361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

T.M.

**MUNN
& CO.
INC.**

361 Broadway
New York City

Enclosed find \$1.00.
Send me "Scientific
American" for six-
teen weeks, and
copies of three War
Issues.

Name.....

Address.....

P. O.....

State.....

"THERE IS NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT IN THE COUNTRY"

THE NEW REPUBLIC
is publishing every week a running
comment on the deeper aspects of the
great war in Europe by such thinkers
as H. N. Brailsford, Henry W. Nevinson,
Frank H. Simonds, Rebecca West,
Hugh Walpole and Roland G. Usher.

Send for a specimen copy

THE NEW REPUBLIC, 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK CITY

A Record of Contemporary Events
FOR MEN OF AFFAIRS

The New York Times Index

WOULD BE OF GREAT
SERVICE TO:

Students,
Educators,
Lecturers,
Librarians,
Newspaper Men,
Editors and Writers,
Biographers and Research
Workers,
Business Men,
Bankers and Brokers,
Lawyers and Jurists,
Heads of Corporations,
Credit Men and Statisticians,
Federal, State and Municipal
Officers,
Heads of Railroads and
Steamship Lines.

Because it answers the many
questions which come up in
the discussion of the news as
it appears in the daily news-
paper. It is a complete index
of news matter, day by day,
for years.

THE INDEX gives a brief
and satisfying account of
every news development, by
means of subjects, dates and
column notations to issues
of THE NEW YORK
TIMES, and by its arrange-
ment of dates it is a
MASTER-KEY to all
NEWSPAPERS.

Any man in touch with the
activities of the world to-day
can hardly afford to do with-
out this valuable NEWS
DIGEST.

Frequent recourse to the
specific references to sources
of information has already
become a habit with influen-
tial men and women who in-
dorse THE INDEX.

The volume measures 7x10
inches, requiring very little
space on the desk, and is
always on hand to answer,
WHAT, WHEN, WHERE.

Issued Quarterly

Bound in Cloth

Per Annum \$8.00

A COPY SENT FOR EXAMINATION

The New York Times Index

Times Square

New York

WAR ARTICLES in the JANUARY YALE REVIEW

The New American Quarterly
Edited by Wilbur L. Cross

Vol. IV: No. 2.

THE POLITICAL TEACHINGS OF HENRICH VON TREITSCHKE

By *Arthur T. Hadley*, President of Yale University.

This is an article giving the personal impressions of the historian, with an estimate of the relation of his teachings to the war.

AMERICA AND THE EUROPEAN WAR

By *Norman Angell*, Pacifist, and author of "The Great Illusion."

What Americans can do to bring about international peace.

THE RUSSIAN PROBLEM

By *Paul Vinogradoff*, Regius Professor of Jurisprudence, Oxford.

Considerations of the political and educational reforms that are remoulding Russian life.

GERMAN ECONOMICS AND THE WAR

By *Henry Crosby Emery*, Sometime Chairman of the Tariff Board, Professor of Economics at Yale.

A study of economic fact in Germany which exposes many current fallacies regarding the war.

THE LITERATURE OF THE BELGIANS

By *Charles Cameron Clarke*, Professor of French at Yale.

A sympathetic study of the notable literature produced in the years immediately preceding the great tragedy.

OTHER IMPORTANT ARTICLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER

FIFTY YEARS OF HAWTHORNE	Henry A. Beers
OUR "COMMERCIAL" DRAMA	William C. de Mille
SOUTHEY AS POET AND HISTORIAN	Thomas R. Lounsbury
WORLD SANITATION AND THE PANAMA CANAL	Richard P. Strong
PAST AND PRESENT	Theodore Winthrop
CREDO	Kenneth Rand
THE HUNTING	William Young
THE WORST EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE	Charles S. Brooks
ACADEMIC SUPERSTITION AND DEMOCRACY	Florence V. Keys
AND SIGNED BOOK REVIEWS	By Well Known Authorities

The Economic and Historical Background of Important Events in Current History are treated in THE YALE REVIEW by world-famous authorities both in the United States and Europe who have something interesting to say, and who can say it in a way to command attention.

"The rapid rise of this new American quarterly is the most brilliant literary event in contemporary American publication."

The January Number Free with One Year's Subscription.

----- Mail this coupon. -----

The Yale Review, NEW HAVEN, CONN.:

Enclosed find \$2.50 for The Yale Review for one year beginning with the April number. In accordance with your special offer, send me the January issue free of charge.

Name.....

T. C. H.

Address.....

Canadian postage 20 cents extra.

Foreign postage 30 cents extra.

WAR AND SUFFRAGE

*1915 Is Likely To Be A Decisive
Year For Both Of Them*

Woman Suffrage has a chance to go through in five big States of the Union. If it does, the backbone of the fight is broken.

You didn't know that, Mr. Reader, did you! There are a good many other things we casual newspaper readers don't know.

ON THURSDAY, February 25th, the *New York Evening Post* will issue a special

WOMAN SUFFRAGE NUMBER

EDITED BY WOMEN

Twenty pages or more will be set aside exclusively for this purpose. Everything you want to know, or ought to know, will be presented here by experts and leaders.

It will be done under the direction of a Committee appointed by the Suffrage Associations, international, national and local.

It will be sold by the women in every city in the East and in many of the larger Western cities. Not the least interesting features will be articles showing just what the effect of the war has been.

This will be the best thing of its kind ever prepared by any newspaper. Nevertheless, the purchase and advertising rates will remain the same.

The New York Evening Post

20 VESEY STREET

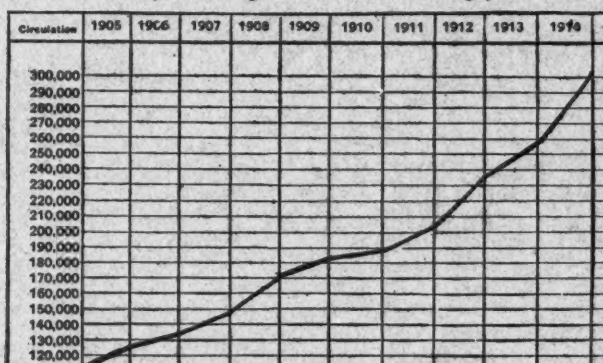
NEW YORK

Remember the date—February 25th

1905

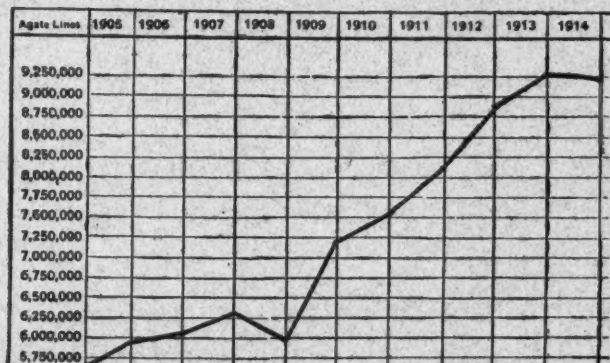
1915

Ten-year Record of
The New York Times
 Circulation—Advertising
 CIRCULATION, Daily and Sunday, Over 300,000



Gain in 10 Years—200,000

ADVERTISING, Over 9,000,000 Lines



Gain in 10 Years—4,000,000 Lines

This steady gain, both in circulation and advertising, establishes a record unparalleled in newspaper history.

The circulation of The New York Times—Over 300,000 copies daily and Sunday—(more than 2,000,000 per week) and an advertising rate of 45 cents an agate line, make it the cheapest as it is the best advertising medium in the world.

The New York Times

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL WAR EXTRA

**Printed by the New
Rotogravure Process**



THE most remarkable achievement in modern pictorial enterprise is this weekly record of the war issued every Thursday. A magazine of twenty-four pages, containing only the latest and most important photographs from all the war zones, together with a notable series of portraits of men of the hour, and many special art features exquisitely rendered by the Times' new process of printing—Rotogravure.

Start your war-album today. A collection of this unique publication will be cherished for years to come.

Ten cents a copy, of your dealer, or mailed for three months, \$1.25, or \$5.00 a year postpaid.

THE NEW YORK TIMES MID-WEEK PICTORIAL
TIMES SQUARE NEW YORK

